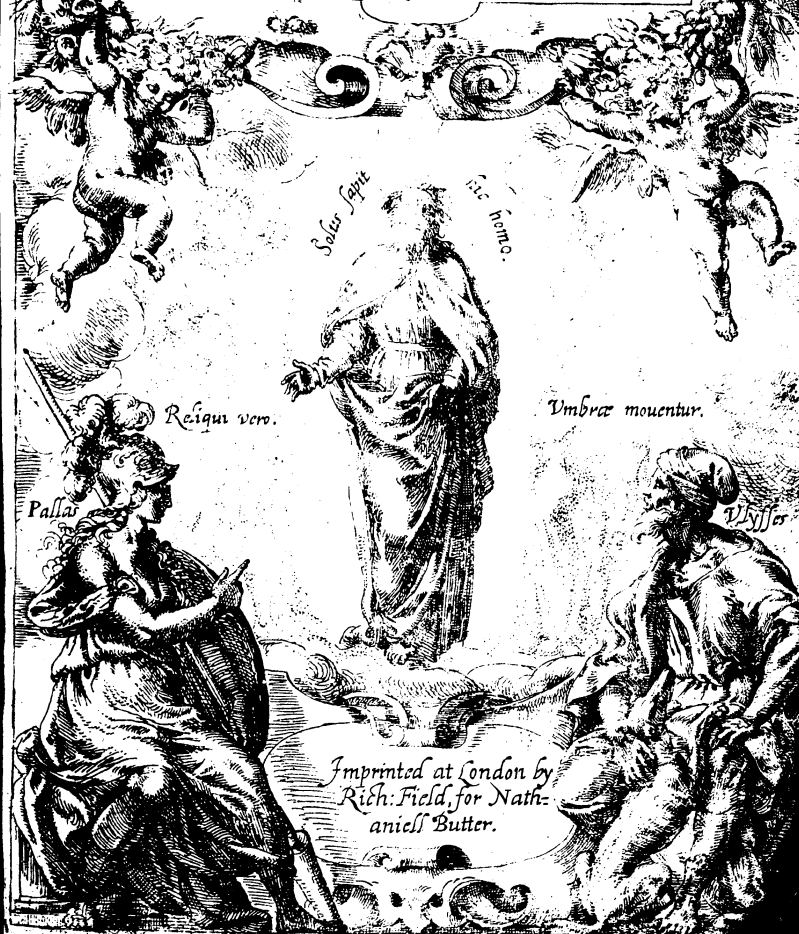


HOMER'S ODYSSEY.
Translated according to the Greek.
By Geo. Chapman.
At mihi si vivo detraxerit Invida Turba
Post obitum duplici jamore reddet Honor.





TO THE MOST WORTHILY HONO-

RED, MY SINGVLAR

GOOD LORD, ROBERT,

Earle of SOMERSET,

Lord Chamber-

laine, &c.



*Have aduentured (Right Noble Earle) out of
my ymoſt, and ever-vowed ſervice, to your
Vertues, to entitle their Merits to the Patro-
nage of Homers Engliſh life: whoſe wiſht
naturall life, the great Macedon would
haue protected, as the ſpirit of his Em-
pire,*

That he to his vnmeaſur'd mightie Acts,
Might adde a Fame as vaſt; and their extracts,
In fires as bright, and endleſſe as the ſtarres,
His breſt might breathe; and thunder out his warres.
But that great Monarks loue of fame and praife,
Receiues an enuious Cloud in our foule daies:
For ſince our Great ones, ceaſe themſelues to do
Deeds worth their praife; they hold it folly too,
To feed their praife in others. But what can
(Of all the gifts that are) be giuen to man,
More precious then *Eternitie* and *Glorie*,
Singing their praifes, in vnſilenc't ſtorie?
Which No blacke Day, No Nation, nor no Age;
No change of Time or Fortune, Force, nor Rage,

THE EPISTLE

Shall euer race? All which, the Monarch knew,
Where *Homer* liu'd entitl'd, would enſue:

Ex Angeli Po-
litiani Ambra.

*Cuius de gurgite vino
Combit arcanos vatum omnis turba furor, &c.*
From whose deepe Fount of life, the thirſtie rout
Of Theſpian Prophets, haue lien ſucking out
Their ſacred rages. And as thinfluent ſtone
Of Father *Ioues* great and laborious Sonne,
Liſts high the heauie Iron; and tarre implies
The wide Orbs; that the Needle rectifies,
In virtuous guide of euery ſea-driuen courſe,
To all aſpiring, his one boundleſſe force:
So from one *Homer*, all the holy fire,
That euer did the hidden heate inſpire
In each true Muſe, came cleerly ſparkling downe,
And muſt for him, compoſe one flaming Crowne.

He, at *Ioues* Table ſet, ſils out to vs,
Cups that repaire Age, ſad and ruinous;
And giues it Built, of an eternall ſtand,
With his all-ſinewie Odyſſean hand.
Shifts Time, and Fate; puts Death in Lifes free ſtate;
And Life doth into Ages propagate.
He doth in Men, the Gods affects inflame;
His ſuell Vertue, blowne by *Praiſe* and *Fame*:
And with the high ſoules, firſt impulſions driuen,
Breakes through rude Chaos, Earth, the Seas, and Heauen.
The Nerues of all things hid in Nature, lie
Naked before him; all their Harmonie
Tun'd to his Accents; that in Beaſts breathe Minds.
What Fowles, what Floods, what Earth, what Aire, what Winds,
What fires & thereall; what the Gods conclude
In all their Counſels, his Muſe makes indude
With varied voices, that euen rockes haue mourd.
And yet for all this, (naked Vertue lou'd)
Honors without her, he, as abie& prifes;
And fooliſh Fame, deriurd from thence, deſpiſes.
When from the vulgar, taking glorious bound,
Vp to the Mountaine, where the Muſe is crownd;

He

DEDICATORIE.

He ſits and laughs, to ſee the iaded Rabble,
Toile to his hard heights, t'all acceſſe vnable. &c.

Thm ſar Angel,
Politianus, ſar
the moſt parts
translated.

And that your Lordſhip may in his Face, take view of his Mind: the
firſt word of his *Iliads*, is *μῆτις*, wrath: the firſt word of his *Odyſſes*,
is *νῆπις*, Man: contracting in either word, his each workes Propoſition. In
one, Predominant Perturbation; in the other, ouer-ruling Wiſe-
dome: in one, the Bodies ſeruour and faſhion of outward Fortitude, ſo
all poſſible height of Heroicall Action; in the other, the Minds inward,
conſtant, and vnconquer'd Empire; vnbroken, vnalter'd, with any moſt
inſolent, and tyrannous inſtigation. To many moſt ſoueraigne praiſes is this
Poeme entitl'd; but to that Grace in chiefe, which ſets on the Crowne,
both of Poets and Orators; *τὰ μικρὰ, μεγάλως; καὶ τὰ κείνα κατὰ τοὺς*: that is,
Parua magnè dicere; peruulgata nouè; ieiuna plenè: To ſpeake
things litle, greatly; things commune, rarely; things barren and empie,
fruitfully and fully. The returne of a man into his Countrey, is his whole
ſcope and obiect; which, in it ſelfe, your Lordſhip may well ſay, is ieiune
and fruitleſſe enough; alſoording nothing feaſtfull, nothing magnificent.
And yet euen this, doth the diuine inſpiration, render vaſt, illuſtrous, and
of miraculous compoſure. And for this (my Lord) is this Poeme pre-
ferred to his *Iliads*: for therein much magnificence, both of perſon and
action, giues great aide to his induſtrie; but in this, are theſe helpes, ex-
ceeding ſparing, or nothing; and yet is the Structure ſo elaborate, and
pompos, that the poore plaine Groundworke (conſidered together) may
ſeeme the naturall rich wombe to it, and produce it needfully. Much won-
derd at therefore, is the Censure of *Dionyſius Longinus* (a man o-
therwiſe affirmed, graue, and of elegant iudgement) comparing *Homer* in
his *Iliads*, to the Sunne riſing; in his *Odyſſes*, to his deſcent or ſet-
ting. Or to the Ocean robd of his aſture; many tributorie ſtouds and
riuers of excellent ornament, withheld from their obſeruaunce. When this
his worke ſo farre exceeds the Ocean, with all his Court and concourſe;
that all his Sea, is onely a ſerueable ſtreame to it. Nor can it be com-
pared to any One power to be named in nature; being an entirely wel-ſorted
and digeſted Confluence of all. Where the moſt ſolide and graue, is made
as nimble and fluent, as the moſt aire and fire; the nimble and fluent, as
firme and well bounded as the moſt graue and ſolid. And (taking all to-
gether) of ſo tender impreſſion, and of ſuch Command to the voice of the
Mute; that they knocke heauen with her breath, and diſcouer their foun-
dations as low as hell. Nor is this all-comprifing Poëſie, phantaſtique,

A 4

or

or meere fiction; but the most material, and doctrimall illustrations of Truth; both for all manly information of Manners in the song, all prescription of Justice, and euen Christian pietie, in the most graue and high-gouern'd. To illustrate both which, in both kinds, with all beight of expression, the Poet creates both a Bodie and a Soule in them. Wherein, if the Bodie (being the letter, or historie) seemes fictiue, and beyond Possibilitie to bring into Act: the since then and Allegorie (which is the Soule) is to be sought: which intends a more eminent expresseure of Vertue, for her louelineesse; and of Vice for her vgliness, in their severall effects; going beyond the life, then any Art within life, can possibly delineate. Why then is Fiction, to this end, so hatefull to our true Ignorants? Or why should a poore Chronicler of a Lord Maiors naked Truth, (that peraduenture will last his yeare) include more worth with our moderne wizerds, then Homer for his naked Vlysses, clad in eternall Fiction? But this Prozer Dionysius, and the rest of these graue, and reputatiuely lea. ned, (that dare undertake for their grauities, the headstrong censure of all things; and challenge the vnderstanding of these Toyes in their childhoods: when euen these childish vanities, retaine deepe and most necessarie learning enough in them, to make them children in their ages, and teach them while they liue) are not in these absolutely diuine Infusions, allow'd either voice or reliq: for, Qui Poeticas ad fores accedit, &c. (sayes the Diuine Philosopher) he that knocks at the Gates of the Muses; sine Musarum furor. is neither to be admitted entrie, nor a touch at their Thresholds: his opinion of entrie, ridiculous, and his presumption impious. Nor must Poets themselues (might I a little insist on these contempts, not tempting too farre your Lordships Vlyssian patience) presume to these doores, without the truly genuine, and peculiar induction. There being in Poetrie a twofold rapture, (or alienation of soule, as the abovesaid Teacher termes it) one Infania, a disease of the mind, and a meere madnesse, by which the infected is thrust beneath all the degrees of humanitie: & ex homine, Brutum quodammodo redditur: (for which, poore Poetrie, in this diseas'd and impostorous age, is so barbarously vilified) the other is, Diuinus furor; by which the sound and diuinely healthfull, supra hominis naturam erigitur, & in Deum transit. One a perfection directly infused from God: the other an infection, obliquely and degenerately proceeding from man. Of the diuine Furie (my Lord) your Homer hath euer bene, both first and last Instance; being pronounced absolutely, *the most wise and most diuine Poet.*

Poet. Against whom, whoeuer shall open his prophane mouth, may worthily receiue answer, with this of his diuine defender; (Empedocles, Heraclitus, Protagoras, Epicharmus, &c. being of Homers part) *THE W.* &c. who against such an Armie, and the Generall Homer dares attempt the assault, but he must be reputed ridiculous? And yet against this boast, and this inuincible Commander, shall we haue euerie Belogne and foole a Leader. The common herd (I assure my self) readie to receiue it on their hornes. Their infected Leaders, Such men, as fiddling ride the ambling Muse; Whose saddle is as frequent as the stufe. Whose Raptures are in euerie Pageant scene; In euerie Wallfall rime, and Dancing greene; When he that writes by any beame of Truth, Must diue as deepe as he; past shallow youth. Truth dwels in Gulphs, whose Deepes hide shades so rich, That Night sits muff'd there, in clouds of pitch: More Darke then Nature made her; and requires (To cleare her tough mists) Heauens great fire of fires; To whom, the Sunne it selfe is but a Beame. For sicke soules then (but rapt in foolish Dreame) To wrestle with these Heau'n-strong mysteries; What madnesse is it? when their light, serues eies That are not worldly, in their least aspect; But truly pure; and aime at Heauen, direct. Yet these, none like; but what the brazen head Blatters abroad; no sooner borne, but dead.

Holding then in eternal contempt (my Lord) those short-lived Bubbles; eternize your vertue and iudgement with the Grecian Monark; esteeming, not as the least of your New-yeares Presents, Homer (three thousand yeares dead) now reuiu'd, Euen from that dull Death, that in life he liu'd; When none conceited him; none vnderstood, That so much life, in so much death as blood Conueys about it, could mixe. But when Death Drunke vpon the bloudie Mist, that humane breath Pour'd round about him (Povertie and Spight, Thickning the haplesse vapor) then Truths light Glimmerd about his Poeme: the pinch soule,

(Amidst

THE EPISTLE

(Amidst the Mysteries it did enroule)
 Brake powrefully abroad. And as we see
 The Sunne all hid in clouds, at length got free,
 Through some forc't couert, ouer all the wayes,
 Neare and beneath him, shootes his vented rayes
 Farre off, and sticks them in some litle Glade;
 All woods, fields, riuers, left besides in shade:
 So your *Apollo*, from that world of light,
 Closde in his Poems bodie; shot to light
 Some few forc't Beames; which neare him, were not seene,
 (As in his life or countrie) Fate and Spleene,
 Clouding their radiance; which when Death had clear'd;
 To farre off Regions, his free beames appear'd:
 In which, all stood and wonderd; striuing which,
 His Birth and Rapture, should in right enrich.

Twelue *Labours* of your *Thessian Hercules*,
 I now present your Lordship: Do but please
 To lend Life meanes, till th'other Twelue receaue
 Equall atchieuement; and let Death then reauce
 My life now lost in our Patrician Loues,
 That knocke heads with the herd: in whom there moues
 One blood, one soule: both drownd in one set height
 Of stupid Enuie, and meere popular Spight.
 Whose loues, with no good, did my least veine fill;
 And from their hates, I feare as little ill.
 Their Bounties nourish not, when most they feed,
 But where there is no Merit, or no Need:
 Raine into riuers still; and are such showres,
 As bubbles spring, and ouerflow the flowres.
 Their worse parts, and worst men, their Best subornes,
 Like winter Cowes, whose milke runnes to their hornes.
 And as litigious Clients bookes of Law,
 Cost infinitely; taste of all the Awe,
 Bench't in our kingdomes Policie, Pietie, State;
 Earne all their deepe explorings; satiate
 All sorts there thrust together by the heart,
 With thirst of wisdome, spent on either part:

Horrid

DEDICATORIE.

Horrid examples made of Life and Death,
 From their fine stufte wouen: yet when once the breath
 Of sentence leaues them, all their worth is drawne
 As drie as dust; and weares like Cobweb Lawne:
 So these men set a price vpon their worth,
 That no man giues, but those that tror it forth,
 Through *Needs* foule wayes; feed *Humors*, with all cost,
 Though *Iudgement* sterues in them: *Rout: State* engroft
 (At all Tabacco benches, solemne Tables,
 Where all that crosse their Enuies, are their fables)
 In their ranke faction: Shame, and Death approu'd
 Fit Penance for their Opposites: none lou'd
 But those that rub them: not a Reason heard,
 That doth not sooth and glorifie their preferd
 Bitter Opinions. When, would *Truth* resume
 The cause to his hands; all would flie in fume
 Before his sentence; since the innocent mind,
 Iust God makes good; to whom their worst is wind.
 For, that I freely all my Thoughts expresse,
 My Conscience is my Thousand witnesses:
 And to this stay, my constant Comforts vow;
You for the world I haue, or God for you.





Certaine ancient Greeke Epigrammes
Translated.

*All starres are drunke up by the frize Sunne;
And in so much a flame, lies forunke the Moone::
Homers all-lin'd Name, all Names leanes in Death;
whose splendor onely, Muses Bosomes breath.*

Another.

*Heavns fires shall first fall darkn'd from his Sphere;
Grave Night, the light weed of the Day shall wear:
Frisht streames shall chase the Seas tough Plowes shall tear
Her fishie bottomes: Men in long date dead,
Shall rise, and live; before Oblivion shed
Those still-greene leanes that crowne great Homers head.*

Another.

*The great Mazonides doth onely write;
And to him di'ates the great God of Light.*

Another.

*Seven kingdomes strowe, in which should swell the wombe
That bore great Homer, whom Fame freed from Tombe:
Argos, Chius, Pylos, Smyrna, Colophon;
The learn'd Athenian, and Vlyssian Throne.*

Another.

*Art thou of Chius? No. Of Salamine?
As little was the Smyrmean Countrie thine?
Nor so, which then? Was Cumas? Colophon?
Nor one, nor other. Art thou then of none,
That Fame proclaimes thee? None. Thy Reason call.
If I confesse of one, I anger all.*



THE FIRST BOOKE
OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT.

THe Gods in counsaile sit, to call
Vlysses from Calypso's thrall;
And order their high pleasures, thus;
Gray Pallas, to Telemachus
(In Ithaca) her way adrest;
And did her heavenly lims unste
In Menta's likeness; that did raigne
King of the Taphians (in the Maime,
Whose rough waves neare Leucadia runne)
Advising wise Vlysses sonne
To seek his father; and adreste
His counse to yong Tantalides
That gourn'd Sparta. Thus much said,
She shewd she was Heavns martiall Maid,
And vanisht from him. Next to this,
The Banquet of the wooers is.

Another.

*Alas! The Destinies sit;
The Man retir'd:
Th' Olyssian wit,
By Pallas fir'd.*



He Man (O Muse) informe, that many a way,
Wound with his wisdom to his wished stay.
That wandred wondrous farre, when, He, the towne
Of sacred Troy, had sackt, and shuierd downe.
The cities of a world of nations,
With all their manners, mindes, and fashions
He saw and knew. At Sea felt many woes,
Much care sustaind, to saue from ouerhrowes
Himselfe, and friends, in their retreat for home.
But so, their fates, he could not ouercome,
Though much he thirst it. O men vnwise,
They perisht by their owne impieties,
That in their hunger rapine would not shunne
The Oxen of the loftie-going Sunne:

*The information
or fashion of an
absolute man;
and necessitie
(or fatal) passage
through many
afflictions (ac-
cording with the
most sacred Law-
ter) to his natu-
rall haue and
country: is the
whole argument,
and scope of this
inimitable, and
miraculous Po-
eme. And there-
fore is the epi-
these wordes*

*given him in the first verse: ποικίλως σφισσίζων, Homo cuius ingenium velut per multas, & varias vias, vertitur in ve-
ram.*

Who therefore from their eyes, the day bereft
Of safe returne. These acts in some part left,
Tell vs, as others, desicd seed of *Ioue*.

Now all the rest that austere Death out-throne
At *Troy* long siege, at home safe anchor'd are,
Free from the malice both of sea and warre;
Onely *Vlysses* is denide accesse
To wife and home. The Grace of Goddesses
The reuerend Nymph *Calypso* did detain
Him in her Caves: past all the race of men,
Enflam'd to make him her lou'd Lord and Spouse.
And when the Gods had destin'd that his houle,
Which *Ithaca* on her rough bosome beares,
(The point of time wrought out by ambient yeares)
Should be his haue; Contention still extends
Her enuie to him, euen amongst his friends.
All Gods tooke pitie on him: onely he
That girds Earth in the cincture of the sea,
Diuine *Vlysses* euer did enuie,
And made the fixt port of his birth to flie.

*Distances pro-
gress to the
Ethiops.*

But he himselte solemniz'd a retreat
To th' *Ethiops*, farre dislunder in their seat;
(In two parts parted; at the Sunnes descent,
And vnderneath his golden Orient,
The first and last of men) & enioy their feast
Of buls and lamber, in *Hecatonbs* adrest:
At which he sat, giuen ouer to Delight.

*These notes fol-
lowing, I am in-
ferred to inferre,
(since the words
they containe,
differ from all
other translati-
ons) lest I be
thought to erre
out of the igno-
rance that may
perhaps: suffice
my depraue,
a. *apropos*
translated in this
place inculpati-
liques made the
epithete of *At-
tillans*, a from
the true sense of
the word, as it is
here to be under-
stood: which is
quite contrary
to *atros* & is
to be expounded
to some place
Diuine, & Deo
similis but in a
manner (from after)
constrains Deo. The person to whom the Epithete is giuen, giuing reason to dis-
tance is to the
Epithete giuen to *Atros* instantly following, in one place signifies Meote petriolus in the next, qui uerba mente gerit.*

The other Gods, in heavens supreamest height
Were all in Councell met: To whom began
The mightie Father, both of God and man,
Discourse, inducing matter, that inclin'd
To wife *Vlysses*, calling to his mind
Faultfull *Ægillhus*, who to death was done,
By yong *Orestes*, *Agamemnon*'s sonne.
His memorie to the Immortals then,
Mou'd *Ioue* thus deeply: O how fallly, men
Accuse vs Gods, as authors of their ill;
When, by the bane their owne bad liues instill,
They suffer all the miseries of their states,
Past our inflictions, and beyond their fates.
As now *Ægillhus*, past his fate, did wed
The wife of *Agamemnon*; and (in dread
To suffer death himselte) to thugne his ill,
Incurre'd it by the loose bent of his will,
In slaughtering *Atreides* in retreat.
Which, we fortoold him, would so hardly set

To his murtherous purpose, lending *Mercurie*
(That slaughter'd *Argus*) our considerate spie,
To giue him this charge: Do not wed his wife,
Nor murther him; for thou shalt buy his life,
With ranfome of thine owne, impolde on thee
By his *Orestes*; when, in him shall be
Atreides selfe renew'd; and but the prime
Of youths spring put abroad; in thirst to clime
His haughtie Fathers throne, by his high acts.
These words of *Hermes*, wrought not into fates
Ægillhus powres; good counsell he despisde,
And to that Good, his ill is sacrificde.

Pallas (whose eyes did sparkle like the skies)
Answerd: O Sire! supream of Deities;
Ægillhus past his Fate, and had desert
To warrant our infliction; and conuert
May all the paines, such impious men inflict
On innocent sufferers; to reuenge as strict,
Their owne hearts eating. But, that *Ithacus*
(Thus neuer meriting) should suffer thus;
I deeply suffer. His more pious mind
Diuides him from these fortunes. Though vnkind
I Pietie to him, giuing him a fate,
More suffering then the most infortunate;
So long kept friendlesse, in a sea-girt soile,
Where the seas nauile is a syluane Ile,
In which the Goddess dwels, that doth deriue
Her birth from *Atlas*; who, of all aliue,
The motion and the fashion doth command,
With his wife mind, whose forces understand
The inmost deepes and gulfs of all the seas:
Who (for his skill of things superiour) staves
The two steepe Columnes that prop earth and heauen.
His daughter tis, who holds this homelesse-driuen,
Still mourning with her. Euermore profuse
Of soft and winning speeches; that abuse
And make so languishingly, and posselt
With so remiss a mind; her loued guest
Manage the action of his way for home.
Where he (though in affection ouercome)
In iudgment yet; more longs to fiew his hopes,
His countries smoke leape from her chimney tops,

*Pallas to Iupi-
ter.*

*b In this place
is Atlas giuen
the Epithete.
omnes, which
signifies qui uer-
ba mente a-
gitat, here giuen
him, for the po-
wer the starres
hine in all
things. Tes this
receiues other
interpretation
in other places,
as above said.
c. *Atros* is
here turned by
others, in felix
in the generall
collection when
it hath here a
particular expre-
ssion, applied to*

*expresse Vlysses desert errors, uerba uerba, ut sit, qui uix locum inuenire potest ubi consistat. d This is thus transla-
ted, she saith to express and approve the Allegorie driven through the whole Odysse. Disciphering the intangling of the wisest
in his afflictions; and the torments that breeds in every pious mind: to be thereby hindred to arrive so directly as he desires, at the
proper and only true naturall countrie of every worthy man, whose habitation is heauen and the next life, to which, this life is but a
see, in continuall affluere and vexation. The words occasioning all this, are *paranast*, *repsis*: *paranast* signifying, qui languide, de
animo remisso rem aliquam gerit: which being the effect of *Calypso*'s sweete words in *Vlysses*, is here applied passively to his
owne sufferance of their operation.*

And death asks in her armes. Yet neuer shall
Thy lou'd heart be conuerted on his thrall,
(Austere *Olympian*;) did not euer he,
In ample *Troy*, thy altars gratifie?
And Grecians Fleete make in thy offerings swim?
O *Ioue*, why still then burnes thy wrath to him?

The Cloud-assembler answerd: What words flic
(Bold daughter) from thy Pale of *Ivorie*?

As if I euer could cast from my care
Divine *Vlysses*, who exceeds so farre
All men in wisdome: and so oft hath giuen
To all th' Immortals thron'd in ample heauen,
So great and sacred gifts: But his decrees,
That holds the earth in with his nimble knees,
Stand to *Vlysses* longings so extreme,
For taking from the God-foe *Polyphemus*
His onely eye; a *Cyclop*, that excell'd
All other *Cyclops*: with whose burthen swell'd
The Nymph *Thoosa*, the diuine increafe
Of *Phorcus* seed, a great God of the seas.
She mixt with *Neptune* in his hollow caues,
And bore this *Cyclop* to that God of waues,
For whose lost eye, th' Earth-shaker did not kill
Erring *Vlysses*; but referres him still
In life for more death. But vfe we our powres,
And round about vs cast these cares of ours,
All to discouer how we may preferre
His witht retreat; and *Neptune* make forbear
His sterne eye to him: since no one God can
In spite of all, preuaile, but gainst a man.

To this, this answer made the gray-eyed Maide:
Supream of rulers, since so well apaide
The blessed Gods are all then, now, in thee
To limit wise *Vlysses* miserie,
And that you spake, as you referd to me
Prescription for the means; in this fort be
Their sacred order: let vs now addresse
With utmost speed, our swift *Argicides*,
To tell the Nymph that beares the golden Tresse
In th' *Ogygia*, that tis our will
She should not stay our lou'd *Vlysses* still;
But suffer his returne: and then will I
To *Ithaca*, to make his sonne apply
His Sires inquest the more; infusing force
Into his soule, to summon the concourse
Of curld-head Greekes to counsaile: and deterre
Each wooer that hath bene the slaughterer
Of his fat sheepe and crooked-headed beecues,

*Impiter to Pallas
e. space above.
vid. v. clum or
claustrum den-
tation. which, for
the better found,
is here turned,
Pale of Iuue.
The teeth being
that r. amper or
pale, given vs by
nature in that
part, for re-
flection and com-
pression of our
speech, till the
imaginations ap-
petite and soule
(that ought to
rule in their ex-
amination, be-
fore their delin-
er) have giuen
worship: off to
them, the most
great and diuine
Poet, teaching
therein, that not
so much for the
necessarie
chewing of our
sustenance, our
teeth are giuen
vs, as for their
stay of our
words, lest we
retire them
rashly.*

Calyps.

From more wrong to his mother; and their leaues
Take in such termes, as fit deserts so great.
To *Sparta* then, and *Pylus*, where doth beate }
Bright *Amatbus*, the flood and epithete }
To all that kingdome; my aduice shall send
The spirit-aduanc'd Prince, to the pious end
Of seeking his lost father; if he may
Receiue report from Fame, where rests his stay;
And make, besides, his owne successiue worth,
Knowne to the world; and set in action forth.

This said, her wingd shooes to her feete she tied,
Form'd all of gold, and all eternified,
That on the round earth, or the sea, sustaind
Her rauisht substance, swift as gusts of wind.
Then tooke she her strong Lance, with Steele made keene,
Great, massie, actiue, that whole hoasts of men
(Though all Heroes) conquers; if her ire
Their wrongs inflame, backt by so great a Sire.
Downe from *Olympus* tops, she headlong diu'd;
And swift as thought, in *Ithaca* arriu'd,
Close at *Vlysses* gates; in whose first court,
She made her stand; and for her breasts support,
Leand on her iron Lance: her forme imprest
With *Mentus* likenesse, come, as being a guest.
There found she those proud wooers, that were then
Set on those Oxe-hides that themselves had slaine,
Before the gates; and all at dice were playing.
To them the heralds, and the rest obaying,
Fill'd wine and water; some, still as they plaid;
And some, for solemne suppers state, puruaid;
With porous sponges, censing tables, seru'd
With much rich feast; of which to all they keru'd.

God-like *Telemachus*, amongst them sat,
Grieu'd much in mind; and in his heart begat
All representment of his absent Sire;
How (come from far-off parts) his spirits would fire
With those proud wooers sight, with slaughter parting
Their bold concourse; and to himselfe conuerring
The honors they vsurp, his owne commanding.

In this discourse, he, first, saw *Pallas* standing
Vnbidden entrie: vp rose, and addrest
His pace right to her; angrie that a guest
Should stand so long at gate: and coming neare,
Her right hand tooke; tooke in his owne, her speare;
And thus saluted: Grace to your repaire,
(Faile guest) your welcome shall be likewise faire.
Enter, and (cheard with feast) disclose th'intent
That caus'd your coming. This said; first he went,

*The preparation
of Pallas for
Ithaca.*

*Pallas, like
Mentus.*

And *Pallas* followd. To a roome they came,
 Steepe, and of state, the Iaulin of the Dame,
 He set against a pillar, vast and hie,
 Amidst a large and bright-kept Amorie,
 Which was, besides, with woods of Lances grac'd,
 Of his graue fathers. In a throne, he plac'd
 The man-tur'd Goddesse, vnder which was spread
 A Carpet, rich, and of deuicfull thred;
 A footstoolle staying her feete, and by her chaire,
 Another seate (all garnisht woodrous faire,
 To rest, or sleepe on in the day) he set
 Farre from the prease of wooers, lest at meate
 The noise they still made, might offend his guest,
 Disturbing him at banquet or at rest,
 Euen to his combat, with that pride of theirs,
 That kept no noble forme in their affaires.
 And these he set farre from them, much the rather
 To question freely of his absent father.

A Table fairely polish't then, was spread,
 On which a reuerend officer set bread;
 And other seruitors, all sorts of meate,
 (Salads, and flesh, such as their haste could get)
 Seru'd with obseruance in. And then the Sewre,
 Prow'd water from a great and golden Ewre,
 That from their hands, & a siluer Caldron ran,
 Both washt, and seated close; the voicefull man
 Fetcht cups of gold, and set by them; and round
 Those cups with wine, with all endeavour crown'd.

Then rusht in the rude wooers; themselves plac't;
 The heralds water gaue; the maids in haste
 Seru'd bread from baskets. When, of all prepar'd,
 And set before them; the bold wooers shar'd;
 Their Pages plying their cups, past the rest.
 But lustie wooers must do more then feast;
 For now (their hungers and their thirsts allaid)
 They call'd for songs, and Dances. Those, they said,
 Were th'ornaments of feast. The herald strait
 A Harpe, raru'd full of artificiall sleight,
 Thrust into *Phemius* (a leard fingers) hand,
 Who, till he much was vrg'd, on termes did stand;
 But after, plaid and sung with all his art.

*Telemachus to
Pallas*

Telemachus, to *Pallas* then (apart,
 His eare inclining close, that none might heare)
 In this sort said: My Guest, exceeding deare,
 Will you not sit incens't, with what I say?
 These are the cares these men take; feast and play:
 Which easly they may vse, because they eate,
 Free, and vnpunisht, of anothers meate.

And

And of a mans, whose white bones wasting lie
 In some farre region, with th'incessancie
 Of shoures pow'd downe vpon them; lying ashore,
 Or in the seas washt nak'd. Who, if he wore
 Those bones with flesh, and life, and industrie,
 And these, might here in *Ithaca*, set eye
 On him return'd; they all would wish to be,
 Either past other, in celeritie
 Of feete and knees; and not contend t'exceed
 In golden garments. But his vertues feed
 The fate of ill death: nor is left to me
 The least hope of his lifes recouerie;
 No nor, if any of the mortall race
 Should tell me his returne; the chearfull face
 Of his return'd day, neuer will appeare.
 But tell me, and let Truth, your witness beare;
 Who? and from whence you are? what cities birth?
 What parents? In what vessell set you forth?
 And with what mariners arriu'd you here?
 I cannot thinke you a foote passenger.
 Recount then to me all; to teach me well,
 Fit vlage for your worth. And if it fell
 In chance now first that you thus see vs here,
 Or that in former passages you were
 My fathers guest? For many men haue bene
 Guests to my father. Studious of men,
 His sociable nature euer was.
 On him againe, the grey-eyd Maide did passe
 This kind reply; Ile answer passing true,
 All thou hast askt: My birth, his honour drew
 From wife *Anchialus*. The name I beare,
 Is *Mentor*, the commanding Ilander
 Of all the *Taphians*, studious in the art
 Of Navigation. Hauing toucht this part
 With ship and men; of purpose to maintaine
 Course through the darke seas, & other languag'd men.
 And *Temestes* sustaines the cities name,
 For which my ship is bound; made knowne by fame,
 For rich in brasse; which my occasions need;
 And therefore bring I shining Steele in steed,
 Which their vse wants; yet makes my vessels freight;
 That neare a plowd field, rides at anchors weight,
 Apart this citie, in the harbor call'd
Retrus, whose waues, with *Neius* woods are walk'd.
 Thy Sire and I, were euer mutuall guests,
 At eithers house, still interchanging feasts:
 I glorie in it. Aske, when thou shalt see
Laertes, th'old *Herue*, these of mee,

*Pallas to Tele-
machus.*

B 4

From

From the beginning. He, men say, no more
 Visits the Citie; but will needs deplore
 His sonnes beleu'd losse, in a priuate field;
 One old maide onely, at his hands to yeeld
 Foode to his life, as oft as labour makes
 His old limbs faint, which though he creepes, he takes
 Along a fruitfull plaine, set all with vines,
 Which husbandman-like (though a King) he prouides.
 But now I come to be thy fathers guest;
 I heare he wanders, while these woens feast.
 And (as th'Immortals prompt me at this houre)
 Ile tell thee, out of a propheticke powre,
 (Not as profect a Prophet, nor cleare keene
 At all times, what shall after chance to men)
 What I conceiue, for this time, will be true:
 The Gods inflictions keepe your Sire from you.
 Diuine *Phyfes*, yet, abides not dead
 Aboue earth, nor beneath; nor buried
 In any seas, (as you did late conceiue)
 But, with the broad sea sieg'd, is kept aline
 Within an Ile, by rude and vp-land men,
 That in his spite, his passage home detain.
 Yet long it shall not be, before he tread
 His countries deare earth, though solicited,
 And held from his returne, with iron chaines.
 For he hath wit to forge a world of traines,
 And will, of all, be sure to make good one,
 For his returne, so much relide vpon.

But tell me, and be true: Art thou indeed
 So much of a sonne, as to be said the seed
 Of *Ithacus* himselfe? Exceeding much
 Thy forehead and faire eyes, at his forme touch:
 For oftentimes we met, as you and I
 Meete at this houre; before he did apply
 His powres for *Troy*. VVhen other *Grecian States*,
 In hollow ships were his associates.
 But since that time, mine eyes could neuer see
 Renownd *Phyfes*; nor met his with me.

The wife *Telemachus* againe replide:
 You shall withall I know, be fatiside.
 My mother, certaine, sayes I am his sonne:
 I know not; nor was euer simply knowne
 By any child, the sure truth of his Sire.
 But would my veines had tooke in liuing fire
 From some man happie, rather then one wife,
 Whom age might see seiz'd of what youth made prize.
 But he, whoeuer of the mortall race
 Is most vnblest, he holds my fathers place.

*Telemachus to
 Pallas.*
 I knowe more
 Than thou thinkest
 Pallas thou can
 foretell her que-
 stions, to stirre vp
 the son the more
 to the fathers
 wrathfull selfe.

*Telemachus to
 Pallas.*

This, since you aske, I answer. She, againe:

The Gods sure did not make the future straine
 Both of thy race and dayes, obscure to thee,
 Since thou wert borne so of *Penelope*.
 The stile may by thy after acts be wonne,
 Of so great Sire, the high vndoubted sonne.
 Say truth in this then: what's this feasting here?
 What all this rout? Is all this nuptiall cheare?
 Or elie some friendly banquet made by thee?
 For here no shots are, where all sharers be.
 Past measure contumeliously, this crew
 Fare through thy house; which should th'ingenuous view
 Of any good or wife man come and find,
 (Impietie seeing playd in euery kind)
 He could not but through euery veine be mou'd.

Again *Telemachus*: My guest much lou'd,
 Since you demand and list these fights so farre,
 I grant twere fit, a house so regular,
 Rich, and so faultlesse, once in government,
 Should still, at all parts, the same forme present,
 That gaue it glorie, while her Lord was here.
 But now the Gods, that vs displeasure beare,
 Haue otherwise appointed; and disgrace
 My father most, of all the mortall race.
 For whom I could not mourne so, were he dead,
 Amongst his fellow Captaines slaughtered
 By common enemies; or in the hands
 Of his kind friends, had ended his commands;
 After he had egregiously bestow'd
 His powre and order in a warre so vow'd;
 And to his tombe, all Greekes their grace had done;
 That to all ages he might leaue his sonne
 Immortall honor: but now *Harpies* haue
 Digg'd in their gorges his abhorred graue,
 Obscure, inglorious, Death hath made his end;
 And me (for glories) to all griefes contend.
 Nor shall I any more mourne him alone;
 The Gods haue giuen me other cause of mone.
 For looke how many Optimates remaine
 In *Samos*, or the shoares *Dulichian*,
 Shadie *Zacynthus*; or how many beare
 Rule in the rough browes of this Iland here;
 So many now, my mother and this house,
 At all parts make defam'd and ruinous.
 And she, her hatefull nuptials, nor denies,
 Nor will dispatch their importunities:
 Though she beholds them spoile still, as they feast,
 All my free house yeelds: and the little rest

*Pallas to Tele-
 machus.*

Of my dead Sire in me, perhaps intend
 To bring, ere long, to some vntime end.
 This *Pallas* sigh'd, and answer'd: O (said she)
 Absent *Vlysses* is much mist by thee:
 That on these shamelesse suiters he might lay
 His wreakfull hands, Should he now come, and stay
 In thy Courts first gates, armd with helme and shield,
 And two such darts as I haue seene him wield,
 When first I saw him in our *Taphian* Court,
 Feasting, and doing his deserts disport;
 When from *Ephyru* he return'd by vs
 From *Iliu*, sonne to *Centaure Mermerus*,
 To whom he traueild through the watric dreads,
 For bane to poison his sharpe arrowes heads,
 That death, but toucht, cauld; which he would not giue,
 Because he fear'd, the Gods that euer liue,
 Would plague such death with death; and yet their scare
 Was to my fathers bosome not so deare
 As was thy fathers loue; (for what he sought,
 My louing father found him, to a thought.)
 If such as then, *Vlysses* might but meete
 With these proud wooers; all were at his feete
 But instant dead men; and their nuptials
 Would proue as bitter as their dying galls.
 But these things in the Gods knees are reposed;
 If his returne shall see with weakie inclosure,
 These in his house, or he returne no more.
 And therefore I aduise thee to explore
 All waies thy selfe, to set these wooers gone;
 To which end giue me fit attention;
 To morrow into solemne counsell call
 The Greeke *Heroes*; and declare to all
 (The Gods being witnesse) what thy pleasure is:
 Command to townes of their natiuities,
 These frontlesse wooers. If thy mothers mind,
 Stands to her second nuptials, so enclinde;
 Returne she to her royall fathers towers,
 Where th'one of these may wed her, and her dowers
 Make rich, and such as may comfort with grace,
 So deare a daughter, of so great a race.
 And thee I warne as well, (if thou as well
 Wilt heare and follow) take thy best built saile,
 With twentie owers mann'd, and haste t'enquire
 Where the abode is of thy absent Sire;
 If any can informe thee, or thine care
 From *Ioue* the fame of his retreat may heare;
 (For chiefly *Ioue* giues all that honours men).
 To *Pylas* first be thy addression then

To god like *Nestor*. Thence, to *Sparta*, haste
 To gold-lockt *Ateneleu*, who was last
 Of all the brasse-armd Greekes that saild from *Troy*.
 And trie from both these, if thou canst enioy
 Newes of thy Sires return'd life, any where;
 Though sad thou sufferst in his search, a yeare.
 If of his death thou hear'st, returne thou home;
 And to his memorie erect a tombe:
 Performing parent-rites, of feast and game,
 Pompous, and such as best may fit his fame:
 And then thy mother a fit husband giue.
 These past, consider how thou maist deprive
 Of worthlesse life, these wooers in thy house;
 By open force, or proiects ingenious.
 Things childish fit not thee; th'art so no more:
 Hast thou not heard, how all men did adore
 Diuine *Orestes*, after he had slaine
Agislaus, murdering by a trecherous traine
 His famous father? Be then (my most lou'd)
 Valiant and manly, euery way approu'd
 As great as he. I see thy person fit,
 Noble thy mind, and excellent thy wit;
 All giuen thee, so to vse and manage here,
 That euen past death they may their memories beare.
 In meane time Ile descend to ship and men,
 That much expect me. Be obseruant then
 Of my aduice, and carefull to maintaine
 In equall acts thy royall fathers raigne.

Telemachus replide: You ope (saie Guest)
 A friends heart, in your speech; as well exprest,
 As might a father serue t'informe his sonne:
 All which, sure place haue in my memorie wonne.
 Aside yet, though your voyage calls away,
 That hauing bath'd, and dignifie your stay
 With some more honour, you may yet beside,
 Delight your mind, by being gratifide
 With some rich Present, taken in your way;
 That, as a Iewell, your respect may lay
 Vp in your treasure; bestowd by me,
 As free friends vse to guests of such degree.

Detaine me not (said she) so much inclinde
 To haste my voyage. What thy loued minde
 Commands to giue, at my returne this way,
 Bestow on me; that I directly may
 Conuey it home; which (more of price to mee)
 The more it asks my recompence to thee.

This said, away gray-eyd *Minerua* flew,
 Like to a mounting Lark; and did endue

His mind with strength and boldnesse, and much more
Made him, his father long for, then before.
And weighing better who his guest might be,
He stood amaz'd, and thought a Deitie
Was there descended: to whose will he fram'd
His powres at all parts; and went, so inflam'd
Amongst the wooers; who were silent set,
To heare a Poet sing the sad retreat
The Greekes performd from *Troy*: which was from thence
Proclaim'd by *Pallas*, paine of her offence.

When which diuine song, was percei'd to beare
That mournfull subiect, by the listning care
Of wise *Penelope* (*Icarus* seed,
Who from an vpper roome had giu'n it heed)
Downe she descended by a winding staires;
Not sol:; but the State, in her repaire,
Two Maides of Honour made. And when this Queene
Of women, stoop'd so low, she might be scene
By all her wooers. In the doore, aloofe
(Enting the Hall, grac'd with a goodly rooffe)
She stood, in shade of gracefull vailles implide
About her beauties: on her either side,
Her honor'd women. When, (to teares mou'd) thus
She chid the sacred Singer: *Phemius*,
You know a number more of these great deeds,
Of Gods and men (that are the sacred seeds
And proper subiects of a Poets song,
And those due pleasures that to men belong)
Besides these facts that furnish *Trois* retreat,
Sing one of those to these, that round your feate
They may with silence sit, and taste their wine:

But cease this song, that through these eares of mine,
Conuey deseru'd occasion to my heart
Of endlesse sorrowes; of which, the desert
In me, vnmeasur'd is, past all these men;
So endlesse is the memorie I retaine;
And so desertfull is that memorie
Of such a man, as hath a dignitie
So broad, it spreads it selfe through all the pride
Of *Greece*, and *Argo*. To the Queene, replide
Inspir'd *Telemachus*: Why thus enuies
My mother, him that fits & societies
With so much harmonie, to let him please
His owne mind, in his will to honor these?
For these be ingenuous, and first fort of men,
That do immediatly from *Ioue* retaine

g. ioune acide.
Cantor, cuius
tam apta est fo-
cietas homini-
bus.
h. astorum,
adversus.
Epithete proper-
ta Poet. for their
first finding
out of Arts and
documents tend-
ing to elocution
and government:
inspired easily by
Ioue: and are
here called the
first of men: since
first they gave
rules to manly
life, and hence
their instruction
immediatly from *Ioue*: (as Plato in *Iou* witnesseth) The word deduced from *σπασ*, which is taken for him, qui primas tenet aliquo
to res. And will aduersus then be sufficiently express'd with ingenuous them which, no suspicion goes further.

Their

Their singing raptures, are by *Ioue* as well
Inspir'd with choice, of what their songs impell.
Ioues will is free in it, and therefore theirs;
Nor is this man to blame, that the repaires
The Greekes make homeward, sings: for his fresh Muse,
Men still most celebrate, that sings most newes.

And therefore in his note, your eares employ:
For, not *Ulysses* onely lost in *Troy*
The day of his returne; but numbers more,
The deadly ruines of his fortunes bore.
Go you then, In; and take your worke in hand;
Your web, and distaffe, and your maids command
To plie their fit worke. Words, to men are due,
And those reproving counsels you pursue;
And most, to me, of all men; since I beare
The rule of all things, that are manag'd here.
She went amaz'd away; and in her heart,
Laid vp the wiselome *Pallas* did impart
To her lou'd sonne so lately, turn'd againe
Vp to her chamber; and no more would raigne
In manly counsels. To her women, she
Applied her sway; and to the wooers, he
Began new orders; other spirits bewraid
Then those, in spire of which, the wooers swaid.
And (whiles his mothers teares, still wash't her eies,
Till gray *Minerva* did those teares surprise
With timely sleepe; and that her woo'r's did rouse
Rude *Tumult* vp, through all the shadie house,
Dispos'd to sleepe because their widow was)
Telemachus, this new-given spirit did passe
On their old insolence: Ho! you that are
My mothers wooers! much too high ye beare
Your petulant spirits: sit; and while ye may
Enioy me in your banquets: see ye lay
These loud dunces to sleepe; nor do this man the wrong,
(Because my mother hath dislik't his song)
To grace her interruption: tis a thing
Honest, and honour'd too, to heare one sing
Numbers so like the Gods in elegance,
As this man flowes in. By the morne's first light,
He call ye all before me, in a Court,
That I may cleerly banish your resort
With all your rudenesse, from these roofes of mine.
Away; and elsewhere in your feasts combine
Consume your owne goods, and make mutual feast
At eithers house. Or if ye still hold best,
And for your humors more suffic'd fill,
To feed, to spoile (because vnpunisht still)

*Telemachus in
new comes
with the wooers.*

*i. ioue,
prima luce.*

C

On

On other findings: spoile; but here I call
Th'eternall Gods to witnesse, if it fall
In my wisht reach once, to be dealing wreakes,
(By *Ioues* high bountie) these your present checks,
To what I giue in charge, shall adde more reines
To my reuenge hereafter; and the paines
Ye then must suffer, shall passe all your pride,
Euer to see redrest, or qualifie.

At this, all bit their lips; and did admire
His words sent from him, with such phrase, and fire:
Which so much mou'd them; that *Antinous*
(*Euphrosone* sonne) cried out: *Telemachus*!
The Gods, I thinke, haue rapt thee to this height
Of elocution; and this great conceit
Of selfe-abilitie. We all may pray,
That *Ioue* inuict not in this kingdomes sway,
Thy forward forces; which I see put forth
A hote ambition in thee, for thy birth.

Be not offended, (he replide) if I
Shall say, I would assume this emperie,
If *Ioue* gaue leaue. You are not he that sings;
The rule of kingdomes is the worst of things.

Nor is it ill, at all, so sway a throne:
A man may quickly gaine possession
Of mightie riches; make a wondrous pile
Set of his vertues; but the dignities
That decke a King, there are enough beside
In this circumfluous Ile, that want no pride
To thinke them worthy of; as yong as I,
And old as you are. An ascent so hie,
My thoughts affect not: dead is he that held
Desert of vertue to haue so exceed.
But of these turrets, I will take on me
To be the absolute King; and reigne as free
As did my father, ouer all, his hand
Left here, in this house, slaues to my command.

Eurychmus, the sonne of *Polybus*,
To this, made this reply: *Telemachus*!
The Girland of this kingdom, let the knees
Of deitie runne for: but the faculties,
This house is leas'd of, and the turrets here,
Thou shalt be Lord of; nor shall any beare
The least part of, of all thou dost possesse,
As long as this land is no wilderness,
Nor rul'd by out-lawes. But giue these their passe,
And t. il me (best of Princes) who he was

*Upon this answer
of Telemachus
he answered thus
sodain a change
and so farre let
downe his late
bright speeches
altering & tem-
pering, so circum-
distinghis affec-
tions, I thought
not, might so in-
fect here: ponda-
nus further in-
notation, which
within: Pruden-
ter Telemachus
ioco, futurorem
Antinoi ac alpe-
ritate emollit.
Nam ita dictu
illius interpretat-
ur, ut exstume-
tur, et cedere so-
cote illa etiam
ab Antioo ad-
uerbum le pro-
nunciata. Et pri-
mum ironice se
Regem esse ex-
optat propter
commoda que
Reges solent
comitari. Ne ta-
men inuidiam
in se ambitione
concitet, te sta-
tur le regnum
thace non am-
bire, motuo Vlyssē, cum id alij possidere queant se longe prestantiores ac digniores hoc vnum ac se moliri, ut proprium
adum & bonorum solus sit dominus, is exclusus ex excelsu, qui illi occupare ac dispendere conatur.*

That

That guested here so late: from whence? and what
In any region boasted he his state?
His race? his countrie? Brought he any newes
Of thy returning Father? Or for dues
Of money to him, made he fit repaire?
How sodainly he rust into the aire?
Nor would sustaine to stay, and make him knowne?
His Port shewd no debauched companion.

He answerd: The returne of my loud Sire,
Is past all hope; and should rude Fame inspire
From any place, a flattering messenger,
With newes of his suriuall; he should beare
No least beliefe off, from my desperate loue.
Which if a sacred Prophet should approue,
(Calld by my mother for her cares vntrest)
It should not moue me. For my late faire guest,
He was of old my Fathers: touching here
From Sea-girt *Taphos*; and for name doth beare
Mentes; the sonne of wife *Anchialus*;
And gouernes all the *Taphians*, studious
Of Nauigation. This he said: but knew
It was a Goddesse. These againe withdrew
To dances, and attraction of the song.
And while their pleasures did the time prolong,
The sable Euen descended; and did steepe
The lids of all men in desire of sleepe.

Telemachus, into a roome built hie,
Of his illustrious Court; and to the eie
Of circular prospect; to his bed ascended;
And in his mind, much weightie thought contended.
Before him, *Euryclen* (that well knew
All the obseruance of a handmaids due,
Daughter to *Opis Pysenorides*)
Bore two bright torches. Who did so much please
Laertes in her prime; that for the price
Of twentie Oxen, he made merchandize
Of her rare beauties; and Loues equall flame
To her he felt, as to his nuptiall Dame.
Yet neuer durst he mixe with her in bed;
So much the anger of his wife he fled.
She, now growne old, to yong *Telemachus*
Two torches bore; and was obsequious,
Past all his other maids; and did apply
Her seruice to him, from his infancie.
His wel-built chamber, reacht; she op't the dore;
He, on his bed sat. The soft weeds he wore,
Put off; and to the diligent old maid
Gaued all; who sitly all in thicke folds laid,

C 2

And

And hung them on a beame-pin neare the bed;
That round about was rich embroidered.
Then made she haste forth from him; and did bring
The doore together with a siluer ring;
And by a string, a barre to it did pull.
He, laid, and couerd well with curled wooll,
Wouen in silke quilts: all night employd his minde
About the taske that *Pallas* had design'd.

Finis libri primi Hom. Odysf.

THE



THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemaachus to Court doth call;
The wooers; and commands them all
To leave his house: and taking then
From wise *Minerua*, ship and men;
And all things fit for him beside,
That *Euryclæa* could provide
For *Telemachus*, till he found his Sire;
He hosts his sole, when heaven stoopes his fire.

Another.

Bale. The old Maids store
The voyage cherer;
The ship leaves shore,
Minerua sters.

Now when with rosie fingers, th'early borne,
And, throwne through all the aire, appear'd the mome;
Vlysses low'd sonne from his bed appear'd;
His weeds put on; and did about him gird
His sword, that thwart his shoulders hung; and tied
To his faire feete, faire shooes; and all parts plied
For speedie readinesse; who when he trod
The open earth, to men, shew'd like a God.

The Heralds then, he strait charg'd to comfort
The curld-head Greekes, with lowd calls to a Court.
They summon'd; th'other came, in vtmost haste;
Who, all assembl'd, and in one heape plac't;
He likewise came to counsell; and did beare
In his faire hand, his iron-headed speare:
Nor came alone, nor with men troopes prepar'd;
But two fleet dogs, made, both his traine, and Guard.
Pallas supplied with her high wisedomes grace,
(That all mens wants supplies) *States* painted face.
His entring prefrence, all men did admire;
Who tooke seate in the high throne of his Sire;
To which the graue *Pæres* gaue him reuerend way.
Amongst whom, an *Egyptian Heroe*,
(Crooked with age, and full of skill) begun
The speech to all. Who had a loued sonne,
That with diuine *Vlysses* did ascend
His hollow fleet to *Troy*: to serue which end,

C 3

He

*The Greekes cal-
led to counsell
by Telemachus.*

He kept faire horse, and was a man at Armes;
 And in the cruell Cyclops sterne alarmes,
 His life lost by him, in his hollow caue;
 Whose entrailes open'd his abhorred graue;
 And made of him (of all *Phyfes* traine)
 His latest supper, being latest flaine.
 His name was *Antiphus*. And this old man,
 This crooked growne; this wife *Egyptian*,
 Had three sonnes more; of which, one riotous,
 A wooer was, and call'd *Eurynomus*;
 The other two,ooke both, his owne wisht course.
 Yet, both the best fates, weighd not downe the worke;
 But left the old man mindfull still of monie;
 Who, weeping, thus bespake the Session:

Heare, *Ithacians*, all I fildy say;
 Since our diuine *Phyfes* parting day
 Neuer was counsell call'd, nor session;
 And now, by whom is this thus vndergone?
 Whom did Necessitie so much compell,
 Of yong or old? Hath any one heard tell
 Of any coming armie, that he thus now
 May openly take boldnesse to auow?
 First hauing heard it. Or will any here
 Some motion for the publicke good preferre?
 Some worth of note there is in this command;
 And, me thinkes, it must be some good mans hand
 That's put to it: that either hath direct
 Meanes to assit; or, for his good affect,
 Hopes to be happie in the proof. he makes;
 And that, *Ioue* grant, what ere he vndertakes.

Telemachus (reioycing much to heare
 The good hope, and opinion men did beare
 Of his yong actions) no longer sat;
 But longd t'approoue, what this man pointed at;
 And make his first prooffe, in a cause so good:
 And in the Councels chiefe place, vp he stood;
 When *Strait, Pylenor* (Herald to his Sire,
 And leard in counsels) felt his heart on fire,
 To heare him speake; and put into his hand
 The Scepter that his Father did command;
 Then (to the old *Egyptian* turn'd) he spoke:

Father, not farre he is, that vndertooke
 To call this counsell; whom you soone shall know.
 My selfe, whose wrongs, my griefes will make me show,
 Am he that author'd this assembly here;
 Nor haue I heard of any armie neare;
 Of which, being first told, I might iterate;
 Nor for the publicke good, can aught, relate;

Only

Onely mine owne affaires all this procure,
 That in my house a double ill endure;
 One, hauing I lost a Father so renownd,
 Whose kind rule once, with your command was crown'd;
 The other is, what much more doth augment }
 His weightie losse, the ruine imminent }
 Of all my house by it, my goods all spent.
 And of all this, the wooers, that are sonnes
 To our chiefe Peeres, are the Confusions:
 Importuning my Mothers mariage
 Against her will; nor dares their blouds bold rage
 Go to *scarnus*, her fathers Court,
 That, his will askt, in kind and comely sort,
 He may endow his daughter with a dowre;
 And, the consenting, at his pleasures powre,
 Dispose her to a man, that (thus behau'd)
 May haue fit grace; and see her honor sau'd;
 But these, in none but my house, all their liues
 Resolue to spend; slaughtring my sheepe and beeces;
 And with my fattest goates, lay feast on feast;
 My generous wine, consuming as they list.
 A world of things they spoile; here wanting one,
 That like *Phyfes*, quickly, could set gone
 These peace-plagues from his house, that spoile like warre.
 Whom my powres are vnfit, to vrge so farre,
 My selfe immariall. But had I the powre,
 My will should serue me, to exempt this houre
 From out my life time. For past patience,
 Bafe deeds are done here, that exceed defence
 Of any honor. Falling is my house,
 Which you should shame to see so ruinous.
 Reuerence the censures, that all good men giue,
 That dwell about you; and for feare to liue
 Expose to heauens wrath (that doth euer pay
 Paines, for ioyes forfait) euen by *Ioue* I pray
 Or *Themis*; both which, powres haue to restraine
 Or gather Councel; that ye will abstaine
 From further spoile; and let me onely waste
 In that most wretched grieve I haue embrac't
 For my lost Father. And though I am free
 From meriting your outrage; yet, if he
 (Good man) hath euer, with a hostile heart
 Done ill to any Greeke; on me conuert
 Your like hostilitie; and vengeance take
 Of his ill, on my life; and all these, make
 Ioyne in that iustice; but to see abuse
 Those goods that do none ill, but being ill vs'de,
 Exceeds all right. Yet better tis for me,

C 4

My

*Telemachus pro-
 poses his office
 to the Greekes.*

My whole possessions, and my rents to see
 Consum'd by you; then lose my life and all;
 For on your rapine a revenge may fall,
 While I live; and so long I may complain
 About the Cities; till my goods againe
 (Oft askt) may be with all amends repaid.
 But in the meane space, your mis-rule hath laid
 Griefes on my bolome, that can onely speake,
 And are denied the instant powre of wrecake.

This said; his Scepter gainst the ground he threw,
 And teares still'd from him; which mou'd all the crew:
 The Court strooke silent; not a man did dare
 To giue a word, that might offend his eare.

Antinous onely, in this sort replied:

*Antinous to Te-
 lemachus.*

High-spoken, and of spirit unpacified;
 How haue you sham'd vs, in this speech of yours?
 Will you brand vs, for an offence not ours?
 Your mother (first in craft) is first in cause.
 Three yeares are past, and neare, the fourth now drawes,
 Since first she mockt the Peeres *Achaian*.
 All, she made hope, and promist euery man:
 Sent for vs euer; left loues shew in nought;
 But in her heart, conceal'd another thought.
 Besides, (as curious in her craft) her loome
 She with a web charg'd, hard to overcome;
 And thus bespake vs: Youths that seeke my bed;
 Since my diuine Spouse rests among the dead,
 Hold on your suites, but till I end, at most
 This funerall weed; lest what is done, be lost.
 Besides, I purpose, that when th'austere fate
 Of bitter death, shall take into his state,
Laertes the *Heroe*, it shall decke

*The wife of Pe-
 nelope to her
 wooers.*

His royall corse; since I should suffer checke
 In ill report, of euery common dame,
 If one so rich, should shew in death his shame.
 This speech she vs'd; and this did soone perswade
 Our gentle mindes. But this, a worke she made

*Telam Penelo-
 pe retreates;
 Prouerbiu.*

So hugely long; vndoing still in night
 (By torches) all, she did by dayes broade light;
 That three yeares her deceit, diu'd past our view;
 And made vs thinke, that all she faind, was true.
 But when the fourth yeare came, and those sicke houres,
 That still surpris'd at length, Dames craftiest powres;
 One of her women, that knew all, disclos'd
 The secret to vs; that she still vnloose
 Her whole daies faire affaire, in depth of night.
 And then, no further she could force her sleight,
 But, of necessitie, her worke gaue end.

And

And thus, by me, with euery other friend,
 Professing loue to her, reply to thee;
 That euen thy selfe, and all Greeks else may see,
 That we offend not in our stay, but thee. }
 To free thy house then, send her to her Sire;
 Commanding that her choice be left entire
 To his election, and one ferd will.
 Nor let her vex with her illusions still,
 Her friends that woo her; standing on her wit;
 Because wife *Pallas* hath giuen wiles to it,
 So full of Art; and made her vnderstand
 All workes, in faire skill of a Ladies hand.
 But (for her working mind) we reade of none
 Of all the old world; in which *Greece* hath shoun't
 Her rarest peeces, that could equal her:
Tyro, *Alcmena*, and *Myceia* were
 To hold comparisn in no degree
 (For solide braine) with wife *Penelope*.
 And yet in her delayes of vs, she shewes
 No profits skill, with all the wit she owes;
 For all this time, thy goods and victuals go
 To vtter ruine; and shall euer so
 While thus the Gods, her glorious mind dispose.
 Glorie, her selfe may gaine; but thou shalt lose
 Thy longings euen for necessary food;
 For we will neuer go, where lies our good;
 Nor any other where; till this delay
 She puts on all, she quits with th'endlesse stay
 Of some one of vs; that to all the rest
 May giue free farewell with his nuptiall feast.

The wise yong Prince replide: *Antinous*!
 I may by no means turne out of my house,
 Her that hath brought me forth, and nourish't me.
 Besides: if quicke or dead my Father be
 In any region, yet abides in doubt.
 And twill go hard, (my meanes being so runne out)
 To tender to *Teacrus* againe
 (If he againe, my mother must maintaine
 In her retreat) the dowre she brought with her.
 And then, a double ill it will conferre;
 Both from my Father, and from God, on me;
 When (thrust out of her house) on her bent knee,
 My Mother shall the horrid Furies raise
 With imprecations: and all men dispraise
 My part in her exposure. Neuer then
 Will I performe this counsell. If your splene
 Swell at my courtes; once more I command
 Your absence from my house. Some others hand

*Telemachus to
 Antinous.*

Charge

Charge with your banquets. On your owne goods eate;
 And eith other mutually intreate,
 At eith of your houes, with your feast.
 But if ye still esteeme more sweete and best,
 Anothers spoile; so you still wreakelesse liue:
 Gnaw (vermine-like) things sacred: no lawes giue
 To your deuouring; it remains that I
 Inuoke each euer-liuing Deitie;
 And vow if *Ioue* shall daigne in any date,
 Powre of like paines, for pleasures so past rate;
 From thenceforth looke, where ye haue reuel'd so,
 Vn wreakt, your ruines, all shall vndergo.

Augurium

Thus spake *Telemachus*, t' assure whose threat,
 Farre-seeing *Ioue*, upon their pinions set
 Two Eagles from the high browes of a hill;
 That, mounted on the winds, together still
 Their strokes extended. But arriuing now
 Amidst the Councell; ouer euery brow,
 Shooke their thicke wings; and (dreading deaths cold feares)
 Their neckes and checkes tore with their eager Seres.
 Then, on the Courts right-hand away they flew,
 About both Court and Citie: with whose view
 And studie what euents they might foretell,
 The Councell into admiration fell.

Haliburfes as
Augur.

The old *Heræ*, *Haliburfes* then,
 The sonne of *Nestor*; that of all old men
 (His Peeres in that Court) onely could foresee
 By flight of fowles, mans fixed destinie;
 Twixt them and their amaze, this interpos'd:
 Heare (*Ithacians*) all your doubts disclofde;
 The wooers most are toucht in this ostent,
 To whom are dangers great and imminent.
 For now, not long more shall *Phyllis* beare
 Lacke of his most lou'd; but firs some place neare,
 Addressing to these wooers, Fate and Death.
 And many more, this mischief menaceth
 Of vs inhabiting this famous Ile.
 Let vs consult yet, in this long forewhile,
 How to our selues we may prevent this ill.
 Let these men rest secure, and reuell still:
 Though they might find it safer, if with vs
 They would in time prevent what threats them thus:
 Since not without sure triall, I foretell
 These coming stormes; but know their issue well.
 For to *Phyllis*, all things haue euent,
 As I foretold him; when for *Ilium* went
 The whole Greeke flecte together; and with them,
 Th' abundant in all counsels, tooke the streame.

I told him, that when much ill he had past,
 And all his men were lost; he should at last,
 The twentieth yeare turne home; to all vnknowne;
 All which effects are to perfection growne.

Eurymachus, the sonne of *Polybus*,

Oppos'd this mans preface, and answerd thus:

Hence, Great in yeares; go, prophecie at home;
 Thy children teach to shun their ills to come.
 In these, superiour farre to thee, am I.
 A world of fowles beneath the Sunne-beames flie,

Eurymachus ex-
cuses against the
prophecie.

That are not fit t'enforme a prophecie.
 Besides, *Phyllis* perisht long ago,
 And would thy fates to thee had destin'd so;
 Since so, thy so much prophecie had spar'd
 Thy wronging of our rights; which for reward
 Expecte I home with thee, hath summon'd vs
 Within the anger of *Telemachus*.

But this will I preface, which shall be true,
 If any sparke of anger, chance t'ensue
 Thy much old art, in these deepe Auguries,
 In this yong man incens'd by thy lies;
 Euen to himselfe, his anger shall confere
 The greater anguish; and thine owne ends erre
 From all their objects: and besides, thine age
 Shall feele a paine, to make thee curse preface,
 With worthy cause, for it shall touch thee neare.

But I will soone giue end to all our feare,
 Preuenting whatsoeuer chance can fall,
 In my suite to the yong Prince, for vs all
 To send his mother to her fathers house,
 That he may sort her out a worthy spouse;
 And such a dowre bestow, as may besit
 One lou'd, to leaue her friends, and follow it.
 Before which course be, I beleue that none
 Of all the Greekes will cease th'ambition
 Of such a match. For, chance what can to vs,
 We, no man feare; no not *Telemachus*,
 Though ne're so greatly spoken. Not care we
 For any threats of austere prophecie
 Which thou (old dotard) vanst of so in vaine.
 And thus shalt thou in much more hate remaine;
 For still the Gods shall beare their ill excuses;
 Nor euer be dispos'd by competence,
 Till with her nuptials, she dismisst our suites.
 Our whole liues dayes shall fow hopes for such fruites.
 Her vertues we contend to; nor will go
 To any other, be she neuer so
 Worthy of vs, and all the worth we owe.

I told

He

*Telemachus to
the wooers.*

He answerd him: *Eurymachus*! and all
Ye generous wooers, now, in generally;
I see your braue resolues; and will no more
Make speech of these points; and much lesse, *implore*.
It is enough, that all the Grecians here,
And all the Gods besides, iust witness beare,
What friendly premonitions haue bene spent
On your forbearance; and their vaine euent.
Yet with my other friends, let loue presume
To fit me with a vessell, free of sail;
And twentie men; that may diuide to me
My readie passage through the yee'ding sea.
For *Sparta*, and *Amathoon Pylus* shore
I now am bound; in purpose to explore
My long lackt Father; and to trie if Fame
(Or *Ioue*, most author of mans honourd name)
With his returne and life, may glad mine cares;
Though toild in that prooue; I sustaine a yeare.
If dead, I heare him, nor of more state; here
(Retir'd to my lou'd cuntry) I will reare
A Sepulcher to him, and celebrate
Such royall parent-rites, as fits his state.
And then, my mother to a Spouse dispose.

*Mentor for
Telemachus.*

This said, he sat; and to the rest, arose
Mentor, that was *Vlysses* chosen friend;
To whom, when he set forth, he did commend
His compleate family; and whom he willed
To see the mind of his old Sire fulfilld;
All things conseruing safe, till his retreat;
Who (tender of his charge; and seeing so set
In sleight care of their King, his subiects there;
Suffering his sonne, so much contempt to beare)
Thus grauely, and with zeale to him began:

No more, let any Scepter-bearing man,
Beneuolent, or milde, or humane be;
Nor in his minde, forme acts of pietie;
But euer feed on blood; and facts vnjust
Commit, euen to the full swing of his lust;
Since of diuine *Vlysses*, no man now
Of all his subiects, any thought doth shew.
All whom he gouern'd; and became to them
(Rather then one that wore a diadem)
A most indulgent father. But (for all
That can touch me) within no enuie fall
These insolent wooers; that in violent kind,
Commit things foule, by th' ill wit of the mind;
And with the hazard of their heads, deuoure
Vlysses house; since his returning houre,

They

They hold past hope. But it affects me much,
(Ye dull plebeians) that all this doth touch
Your free States nothing; who (stooke dumbe) afford
These wooers, not so much wreake as a word;
Though few, and you, with onely number might
Extinguish to them the prophaned light.

Euenors sonne (*Liocritus*) replide;
Mentor! the railer, made a foole with pride;
What language giu'st thou? that would quiet vs,
With putting vs in storme? exciting thus
The rout against vs? who, though more then we,
Should find it is no easie victorie
To driue men, habited in feast, from feasts;
No not if *Ithacus* himselfe, such guests
Should come and find so furnishing his Court,
And hope to force them from so sweete a fort.
His wife should little ioy in his arriue,
Though much she wants him: for, where she, aliue
Would hers enioy; there Death should claime his rights:
He must be conquerd, that with many fights.
Thou speakest vnfit things. To their labours then,
Disperse these people; and let these two men
(*Mentor* and *Halitherses*) that so boast,
From the beginning to haue gouern'd most
In friendship of the Father; to the sonne
Confirm the course, he now affects to runne.
But my mind sayes, that if he would but vse
A little patience; he should here heare newes
Of all things that his wish would vnderstand;
But no good hope for, of the course in hand.

This said; the Councell rose; when eury Peere
And all the people, in dispersion were
To houses of their owne; the wooers yet
Made to *Vlysses* house their old retreat.

Telemachus, apart from all the prease,
Prepar'd to shore; and (in the aged seas,
His faire hands walke) did thus to *Pallas* pray: }
Heare me (O Goddesse) that but yesterday
Didst daigne access to me at home; and lay
Graue charge on me, to take ship, and enquire
Along the darke seas for mine absent Sire;
Which all the Greekes oppose; amongst whom, most
Those that are proud still at anothers cost,
Past measure, and the ciuill rights of men,
(My mothers wooers) my repulse maintaine.

Thus spake he praying; when close to him came
Pallas, resembling *Mentor*, both in frame
Of voice and person; and aduise him thus:

D

*Liocritus to
Mentor.*

*Telemachus
prays to Pallas.*

Those

At the end of the
first of Men-
to's letters to
the voyage.

Those wooers well might know; *Telemachus*!
Thou wilt not euer weak and childish be;
If to thee be inthilld the facultie
Of mind and bodie, that thy Father grac't.
And if (like him) there be in thee enchat
Vertue to giue words works, and works their end;
This voyage, that to them thou didst commend
Shall not so quickly, as they idly weene,
Be vaine, or giuen vp, for their opposite spleene.
But if *Vlysses*, nor *Penelope*
Were thy true parents; I then hope in thee
Of no more vrging thy attempt in hand;
For few, that rightly bred on both sides stand,
Are like their parents; many that are worse;
And most few, better. Those then that the nurse,
Or mother call true borne; yet are not so;
Like worthy Sires, much lesse are like to grow.
But thou shewst now, that in thee fades not quite
Thy Fathers wisdom; and that future light
Shall therefore shew thee farre from being vnwise,
Or toucht with staine of bastard cowardize.
Hope therefore sayes, that thou wilt to the end
Pursue the braue act, thou didst erst intend.
But for the foolish wooers, they bewray
They neither counsell haue, nor soule; since they
Are neither wise nor iust; and so must needs
Rest ignorant, how blacke aboue their heads
Fate houer, holding Death; that one sole day
Will make enough to make them all away.
For thee; the way thou wiltest, shall no more
Flic thee a step; I that haue bene before
Thy Fathers friend; thine likewise now will be;
Prouide thy ship my selfe, and follow thee.
Go thou then home, and sooth each wooers vaine;
But vnder hand, fit all things for the Maine;
Winē, in as strong and sweete casks as you can;
And meale, the very marrow of a man;
Which put in good fure lether sacks; and see
That with sweete foode, sweete vessels still agree.
I, from the people, strait will presse for you
Free voluntaries; and (for ships) enow
Sea-circ'd *Ithaca* contains, both new
And old built; all which, I see exactly view,
And chuse what one fouer most doth please;
Which riggd, weel strait lanch, and assay the seas.

This spake *Iones* daughter, *Pallas*; whose voice heard;
No more *Telemachus* her charge deserd;
But hasted home; and, sad at heart, did see

Amidst

Amidst his Hall, th'insulting wooers flea
Goates, and roft (wine, Mongst whom, *Antinous*
Carelesse, (discovering in *Telemachus*
His grudge to see them) laught; met; tooke his hand,
And said; High spoken! with the mind so mannd;
Come, do as we do; put not vp your spirits
With these low trifles; nor our louing merits,
In gall of any hatefull purpose, sleepe;
But eate egregiously, and drinke as deepe.
The things thou thinkest on, all, at full shall be
By th' *Achives* thought on, and performd to thee:
Ship, and choise Oares, that in a trice will land
Thy hastie Fleete, on heau'nly *Pylos* land;
And at the same of thy illustrious Sire.

He answerd: Men whom Pride doth so inspire,
Are no fit comforts for an humble guest;
Nor are constraind men, merrie at their feast.
Is't not enough, that all this time ye haue
Op't in your entrailes, my chiefe goods a graue?
And while I was a child, made me partaker
My now more growth, more grown my mind doth make:
And (hearing speake, more iudging men then you)
Perceiue how much I was misgouern'd now.
I now will trie, if I can bring ye home
An ill Fate to comfort you; if it come
From *Pylos*, or amongst the people, here.
But thither I resolute; and know that there
I shall not touch in vaine. Nor will I stay,
Though in a merchants ship I stee my way:
Which shewes in your sights best; since me ye know
Incapable of ship, or men to row.

This said; his hand he coily snatcht away
From forth *Antinous* hand. The rest, the day
Spent through the house with banquets; some with iests,
And some with railings, dignifying their feasts.
To whom, a iest-proud youth, the wit began:

Telemachus will kill vs euery man.
From *Sparta*, or the very *Pylian* land,
He will raise aides to his impetuous hand.
O he affects it strangely! Or he meanes
To searh *Ephyra* far shores; and from thence
Bring deathfull poisons; which amongst our bow'ls
Will make a generall shipwracke of our soules.

Another said: Alas who knowes, but he
Once gone; and erring like his Sire at sea;
May perish like him, farre from aide of friends;
And so he make vs workes for all the ends
Left of his goods here; we shall share; the house

D 2

Left

*Antinous to
Telemachus.*

*Telemachus an-
swers.*

*The wit of the
wooers vpon the
purpose of Tele-
machus to seek
his Father.*

Left to his mother, and her chosen Spouse.

Thus they. While he a room ascended, his
And large, built by his Father, where did lie
Gold and brasse heape vp; and in coffers were
Rich robes; great store of odorous oiles; and there
Stood Tuns of sweete old wines, along the wall;
Neate and diuine drinke, kept to cheare withall
Ulysses old heart, if he turnd againe
From labors fatall to him to sustaine.
The doores of Planke were; their close exquisite,
Kept with a double key; and day and night
A woman lockt withing; and that was she,
Who all trust had for her sufficiencie.

Old *Eurycles*, (one of *Opus* race,
Sonne to *Pisenus*, and in passing grace
With gray *Minerva*;) her, the Prince did call;
And said, Nurse! draw me the most sweete of all
The wine thou keepst; next that, which for my Sire,
Thy care referes, in hope he shall retire.
Twelue vessels fill me forth, and stop them well.
Then into well-sewd sacks, of fine ground meale,
Powre twentie measures. Nor to any one
But thou thy selfe, let this designe be knowne.
All this see got together; I, it all
In night will fetch off, when my mother shall
Ascend her high roome, and for sleepe prepare.

Sparta and *Pylus*, I must see, in care
To find my Father. Out *Eurycles* cried,
And askt with teares: Why is your mind applied
(Deare sonne) to this course? whither will you go?
So farre off leave vs? and beloued so?
So onely; and the sole hope of your race?
Royall *Ulysses*, farre from the embrace
Of his kind countrie; in a land vnknowne
Is dead; and you (from your lou'd countrie gone)
The wooers will with some deccit assay
To your destruction; making then their prey
Of all your goods. Where, in your owne yare strong,
Make sure abode. It fits not you so yong,
To suffer so much by the aged seas,
And ere in such a waylesse wilderness.

Be chear'd (lou'd nurse, said he) for not without
The will of God, go my attempts about.
Swear therefore, not to wound my mothers eares
With word of this, before from heauen appears
Th'eleuenth or twelfth light; or her selfe shall please
To aske of me; or heares me put to seas;
Left her faire bodie, with her woe be wore.

*Telemachus to
Eurycles.*

Eurycles answers.

*Telemachus comes
forth Eurycles.*

To this, the great oath of the Gods, she swore;
Which, hauing sworne; and of it, euery due
Perfomd to full: to vessels, wine she drew;
And into well-sewd sacks powr'd foodie meale;
In meane time he (with cunning to conceale
All thought of this from others) himselfe bore
In broade house, with the wooers, as before.

Then grey-eyd *Pallas*, other thoughts did owne;
And (like *Telemachus*) trod through the Towne;
Commanding all his men, in th'euen to be
Aboord his ship. Againe then question'd she
Norman (fam'd for aged *Phronius* sonne)
About his ship; who, all things to be done,
Assur'd her freely should. The Sunne then set,
And sable shadowes slid through euery streete,
When forth they lancht; and soone aboard did bring
All Armes, and choice of euery needfull thing;
That fits a well-riggd ship. The Goddesse then
Stood in the Ports extreame part; where, her men
(Nobly appointed) thicke about her came,
Whose euery breast, she did with spirit enflame.
Yet still fresh proiects, laid the grey-eyd Dame.

Strait, to the house she hasted; and sweete sleepe
Powr'd on each wooer; which so laid in sleepe
Their drowfie temples, that each brow did nod,
As all were drinking; and each hand his lode
(The cup) let fall. All start vp, and to bed,
Nor more would watch, when sleepe so surfered
Their leaden ey-lids. Then did *Pallas* call
Telemachus, (in bodie, voice, and all
Resembling *Mentor*) from his native nest:
And said, that all his arm'd men were addrest
To vse their Oares; and all expected now
He should the spirit of a souldier show.
Come then (said she) no more let vs deferre
Our honor'd action. Then sheooke on her
A rauisht spirit, and led as she did leape;
And he her most haste, tooke out, step by step.

Arri'd at sea, and ship; they found ashore
The souldiers, that their fashions long haire wore;
To whom, the Prince said: Come, my friends; let's bring
Our voyages prouision: euery thing
Is heapt together in our Court; and none
(No not my mother, nor her maids) but one
Knowes our intention. This exprest, he led;
The souldiers close together followed;
And all together brought aboard their store.
Aboord the Prince went; *Pallas* still before

The care of Minerva for Telemachus.

Telemachus to his souldiers.

Sat at the Sterne: he cloſe to her; the men
Vp, haſted after. He, and *Pallas* then,
Put from the ſhore. His ſouldiers then he had
See all their Armes fit; which they heard, and had.

Navigat.

A beechen Maſt then, in the hollow baſe
They put, and hoisted, fixt it in his place
With cables; and with well-wreath'd halſers boiſe
Their white ſails; which gray *Pallas* now employes
With full and fore-gales, through the darke deep maine.
The purple waues (ſo ſwift cut) roar'd againe
Againſt the ſhip ſides, that now ranne, and plowd
The rugged ſeas vp. Then the men beſtowd
Their Armes about the ſhip; and ſacrifice
With crownd wine cups, to th'endleſſe Deities;
They offerd vp. Of all yet thron'd aboue,
They moſt obleru'd the grey-eyd ſeed of *Ioue*:
Who from the euening, till the morning roſe,
And all day long, their voyage did diſpoſe.

Myth.

Myth.

Finis libri ſecundi Hom. Odyſſ.



THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, and heau'n's wife Dame,
That neuer husband had, now came
To Nestor; who, his either gueſt
Receiv'd at the religious feaſt
He made to Neptune, on his ſhore.
And there told what was done before
The Trojan turrets; and the ſtate
Of all the Greekes, ſince Ilions fate.
This booke, theſe three of greateſt place,
Doth ſerue with many a varied grace.
(Which paſt;) Minetua takes her leane.
Whoſe ſtate, when Nestor doth perceiue;
With ſacrifice he makes it knowne,
Where many a pleaſing rite is ſhowne,
Which done, Telemachus had gain'd
A chariot of him; who ordain'd
Piliſtratus, his ſonne, his guide
To Sparta; and when ſtarrie eyd
The ample heau'n began to be;
All houſe-rites to aſſoord them free
(In Pheris) Diocles did pleaſe;
His ſurname Ortilochides.

Pallas.

*Vid. Minetua,
Nestor, & Telemachus.*

Another.

Telem. Vlyſſes ſonne
With Nestor lies;
To Sparta gone,
Thence Pallas flies.

He Sunne now left the great and goodly Lake,
And to the firme heau'n, bright aſcent did make,
To ſhine as well vpon the mortall birth,
Inhabiting the plowd life-giuing earth,
As on the euer tredders vpon Death.
And now to *Pylas*, that ſo garniſheth
Her ſelfe with buildings; old *Neleus* towne,
The Prince and Goddeſſe come; had ſtrange ſights ſhowne;
For on the Marine ſhore, the people there
To Neptune, that the Azure lockes doth weare;
Becueſ that were wholly blacke, gaue holy flame.
Nine ſeates of State they made to his high name;

D 4

And

And euery Seate set with fūe hundred men;
And each fūe hundred, was to furniſh then
With nine blacke Oxen, euery ſacred Seate.
Theſe, of the entrailes onely, pleaſt to eate;
And to the God enſlam'd the fleſhie theſe.

By this time *Pallas*, with the ſparkling eyes,
And he the led, within the haueu bore:

*Minerva to Te-
lemachus.*

Strooke ſaile, caſt anchor, and trod both the ſhore.
She fiſt, he after. Then ſaid *Pallas*: Now
No more beſits thee the leaſt bathfull brow;
Tembolden which, this act is put on thee
To ſeek thy Father, both at ſhore, and ſea:
And learne in what Clime, he abides ſo cloſe;
Or in the powre of what Fate doth reſoſe.

Come then; go right to *Neflor*; let vs ſee,
If in his boſome any counſell be,
That may informe vs. Pray him not to trace
The common courthiſh; and to ſpeake in grace
Of the Demander; but to tell the truth:
Which will delight him; and commend thy youth;
For ſuch preuention; for he loues no lies;
Nor will report them, being truly wife.

*Telemachus to
Minerva.*

He anſwerd: *Miner*! how alas ſhall I
Preſent my ſelfe: how greeke his grauitie?
My youth by no means that ripe forme affords;
That can digeſt my minds inſin'd, in words
Wiſe, and beſeeming th' eares of one ſo ſage.
Youth of moſt hope, bluſh to vſe words with Age.

She ſaid: Thy mind will ſome conceit imprefſe,
And ſomething God will prompt thy towardneſſe.
For I ſuppoſe, thy birth and breeding too,
Were not in ſpite of what the Gods could do.

This ſaid, ſhe twiſtly went before, and he
Her ſteps made guides, and follow'd inſtantly.
When ſoone they reacht the *Pylian* throngs and ſeates,
Where *Neflor* with his ſonnes ſate, and the meates
That for the feaſt ſeru'd; round about them were
Adherents dreſſing all their ſacred cheare,
Being roſt and boyld meates. When the *Pylians* ſaw
Theſe ſtrangers come: in thruſt did all men draw

*They are recei-
ued as gueſts.*

About their entrie. Tooke their hands, and praid
They both would ſit. Their entrie fiſt afraid
By *Neflor*'s ſonne, *Pifyſtratus*. In grace
Of whole repaire, he gaue them honor'd place
Betwixt his Sire, and brother *Telyſimed*,
Who ſate at feaſt, on ſoft Fels that were ſpred
Along the ſea ſands. Keri'd, and reacht to them
Parts of the inwards, and did make a ſtreame

Of ſpritely wine, into a golden bouley,
Which to *Minerva*, with a gentle ſoule
He gaue, and thus ſpake: Ere you eate, faire gueſt,
Inuoke the Seas King, of whole ſacred feaſt,
Your trauell hither, makes ye partners now:

When (ſacrificing, as becomes) beſtow
This boule of ſweete wine on your friend, that he
May likewise vſe theſe rites of pietie:

For I ſuppoſe, his youth doth prayers vſe,
Since all men need the Gods. But you I chuſe
Fiſt in this cups diſpoſure; ſince his yeares
Seeme ſhort of yours; who more like me appeares:
Thus gaue he her the cup of pleaſant wine;
And ſince a wife and iuſt man did deſigne
The golden boule fiſt to her free receit;
Euen to the Goddeſſe it did adde delight.

Who thus inuokt: *Heare thou whoſe vaſt embrace
Enſpheres the whole earth; nor diſdaine thy grace
To vs that aſke it, in performing this:*

Minerva's grace.

To *Neflor* fiſt, and theſe faire ſonnes of his,
Vouchſafe all honor: and next them, beſtow
On all theſe *Pylians*, that haue offer'd now
This moſt renowned Hecatomb to thee,
Remuneration ſit for them, and free;
And laſtly daigne *Telemachus*, and me,
(The worke performd, for whoſe effect we came)
Our ſafe returne, both with our ſhip and ſame.

Thus praid ſhe; and her ſelfe, her ſelfe obaid;
In th' end performing all for which ſhe praid.
And now to pray, and do as ſhe had don;e;
She gaue the faire round boule to *Vlyſſes* ſonne.

The meate then dreſt, and drawne, and ſeru'd t' each gueſt,
They celebrated a moſt lumptuous feaſt.
When (appetite to wine and food allaid)
Horſe-taming *Neflor* then began, and ſaid:

Now liſes deſire is ſeru'd, as farre as farre;
Time ſits me to enquire, what gueſts theſe are.
Fairer gueſts, what are ye? and for what Coaſt tries
Your ſhip the moſt deepeſe? For ſit merchandize,
Or rudely coaſt ye, like our men of prize?
The rough ſeas tempting; deſperately erring
The ill of others, in their good conſenting?

*Neflor to the
ſtrangers.*

The wiſe Prince, now his boldneſſe did begin;
For *Pallas* ſelfe had hardned him within;
By this deuiſe of trauell to explore
His abſent Father; which two Girlonds wore;
His good, by manage of his ſpirits; and then
To gaine him high grace, in th' accounts of men.

Telemachus answers.

O Nestor! still in whom *Neleus* lives!
And all the glorie of the Greeks survives;
You aske, from whence we are; and I relate:
From *Ithaca* (whose seate is situate
Where *Neius* the renowned Mountaine reares
His haughtie forehead; and the honor beares
To be our Sea-marke) we assaid the waues;
The businesse I must tell; our owne good causes,
And not the publike. I am come to enquire,
If in the fame that best men doth inspire,
Of my most-suffering Father, I may heare
Some truth of his estate now; who did beare
The name (being ioynd in fight with you alone)
To euen with earth the height of *Iliou*.
Of all men else, that any name did beare,
And fought for *Troy*, the seuerall ends we heare;
But his death, *Ioue* keeps from the world vnknowne;
The certaine fame thereof, being told by none.
It on the Continent by enemies slaine;
Or with the waues eat, of the rauens Mainie.
For his loue tis, that to your knees I sue,
That you would please, out of your owne cleare view,
T'assure his sad end; or say, if your care
Hath heard of the vnhappie wanderer,
To too much sorrow, whom his mother bore.
You then, by all your bounties I implore,
(If euer to you, deed or word hath stood,
By my good Father promist, renderd good
Amongst the Troians; where ye both haue tried
The Grecian sufferance) that, in nought applied
To my respect or pite, you will glorie,
But vnclor'd Truth, to my desires disclose.

Nestor to Telemachus.

O my much lou'd, (said he) since you renew
Remembrance of the miseries that grew
Vpon our still-in-strength-opposing *Greeks*,
Amongst *Troy's* people; I must touch a peece
Of all our woes there; either in the men
Achilles brought by sea, and led to gaine
About the Country; or in vs that fought
About the Citie, where to death were brought
All our chiefe men, as many as were there.
There *Mars*-like *Aiax* lies; *Achilles* there;
There the in-counsell-like the Gods; his friends;
There my deare sonne *Antilocheus* tooke end;
Past measure swift of foote, and staid in fight.
A number more, that its felt infinite:
Of which to reckon all, what mortall man
(If fixe or fixe years you should stay here) can

Patroclus.

Serue

Serue such enquirie: You would backe againe,
Affected with vn sufferable paine,
Before you heard it. Nine yeares siegd we them,
With all the depth and sleight of stratagem
That could be thought. Ill knit to ill, past end:
Yet still they toild vs: nor would yet *Ioue* send
Rest to our labors: nor will scarcely yet.
But no man liu'd, that would in publicke set
His wiledome, by *Vlysses* policie,
(As thought his equal) so excessiuely
He stood superiour all wayes. If you be
His sonne indeed; mine eyes euen rauish me
To admiration. And in all consent,
Your speech puts on his speeches ornament.
Nor would one say, that one so yong could vse
(Vnlesse his sonne) a Rhetorique so profuse.
And while we liu'd together, he and I
Neuer in speech maintaind diuerfitie:
Nor set in counsell: but (by one foule led)
With spirit and prudent counsell furnished
The Greeks at all houres: that with fairest course,
What best became them, they might put in force.
But when *Troy's* high Towres, we had leueld thus;
We put to sea; and God diuided vs.
And then did *Ioue*, our sad retreat deuise;
For all the Greeks were neither iust nor wise;
And therefore many felt so sharpe a fate,
Sent from *Mineruas* most pernicious hate;
Whose mightie Father can do fearefull things.
By whose helpe she, betwixt the brother Kings
Let fall Contention: who in counsell met
In vaine, and timelesse; when the Sunne was set;
And all the Greeks call'd; that came chargd with wine.
Yet then the Kings would vtter their designe;
And why they summond. *Menelaus*, he
Put all in mind of home; and cried, To sea.
But *Agamemnon* stood on contraries;
Whose will was, they should stay and sacrifice
Whole Hecatombs to *Pallas*; to forgo
Her high wrath to them. Foole, that did not know
She would not so be wonner: for not with ease
Th'eternall Gods are turnd from what they please.
So they (diuided) on foule language stood.
The Greekes, in huge rout rose: their wine heate bloud,
Two wayes affecting. And that nights sleept too,
We turnd to studying either others wo.
When *Ioue* besides, made readie woes enow.
More came, we lancht; and in our ships did stow

De Graecorum
disidio.

Our

Discors nauig-
tio (Zaccorum). Our goods, and laire-girt women. Halfe our men
The peoples guide (*Atrides*) did containe;
And halfe (being now aboard) put forth to sea.
A most free gale gaue all ships prosperous way.
God settid then the huge whale-bearing lake;
And *Tenedos* we reacht, where, for times sake,
We did diuine rites to the Gods: but *Ioue*
(Inexorable still) bore yet no loue
To our returne; but did againe excite
A second sad Contention, that turnd quite
A great part of vs backe to sea againe;
Which were th'abundant in all counsels men,
(Your matchlesse Father) who, (to gratifie
The great *Atrides*) backe to him did flie.
But I fled all, with all that followd me;
Because I knew, God studied miserie,
To hurle amongst vs. With me likewise fled
Martiall *Tidides*. I, the men he led,
Gat to go with him. Winds our flecte did bring
To *Lesbos*, where the yellow-headed King
(Though late, yet) found vs: as we put to choise
A tedious voyage; if we saile should hoise!
About rough *Chios* (left on our left hand)
To th' Ile of *Pfria*; or that rugged land
Saile vnder; and for windie *Mimas* sterc.
We askt of God, that some ostent might cleare
Our cloudie businesse: who gaue vs signe,
And charge, that all should (in a middle line)
The sea cut, for *Euboea*; that with speed,
Our long, Iustained infortune might be freed.
Then did a whistling wind begin to rise,
And swifly flew we through the fishie skies,
Till to *Cerastus* we in night were brought;
Where (through the broad sea, since we safe had wrought)
At *Neptunes* altars, many solid thies
Of slaughterd buls, we burned for sacrifice.

The fourth day came, when *Tydnus* sonne did greete
The haue of *Argos*, with his complete flecte.
But I, for *Pylus* strait ster'd on my course,
Nor euer left the wind his fore right force,
Since God fore-sent it first. And thus I came
(Deare sonne) to *Pylus*, vninformd by fame;
Nor know one sau'd by Fate, or ouercome.
Whom I haue heard of since (set here at home)
As fits, thou shalt be taught, nought left vnshowne.

The expert speare-men, euery Myrmidon,
(Led by the braue heire of the mightie sould
Vnpeerd *Achilles*) safe of home got hold.

Safe

Safe *Philotes*, *Peans* famous seed:
And late *Idomeneus*; his men led
To his home, (*Cretes*) who fled the armed field,
Of whom, yet none, the sea from him withheld.

Atrides (you haue both heard, though ye be
His farre off dwellers) what an end had he,
Done by *Agisthus*, to a bitter death;
Who miserably paid for forced breath;
Atrides leauing a good sonne, that dide
In blood of that deceitfull parricide
His wreakfull sword. And thou my friend (as he
For this hath his fame) the like spirit in thee
Assume at all parts. Faire, and great I see
Thou art, in all hope; make it good to th'end;
That after-times, as much may thee commend.

He answerd: O thou greatest grace of *Greece*;
Oristes made that wreake, his master peece;
And him the Greeks will giue, a master praise;
Verle finding him, to last all after daies.
And would to God, the Gods would fauour me
With his performance; that my iniurie,
Done by my mothers wooers, (being so foule)
I might reuenge vpon their euery soule.
Who (pressing me with contumelies) dare
Such things as past the powre of vterance are.
But heauens great Powres, haue grac't my destinie
With no such honor. Both my Sire and I,
Are borne to suffer euerlastingly.

Because you name those wooers (Friend, said he)
Report sayes, many such, in spite of thee,
(Wooing thy mother) in thy house commit
The ils thou nam'st. But say; proceedeth it
From will in thee, to beare so foule a foile;
Or from thy subiects hate, that with thy spoile?
And will not aide thee, since their spirits relie
(Against thy rule) on some graue Augurie?
What know they, but at length thy Father may
Come; and with violence, their violence pay?
Or he alone, or all the Greeks with him?
But if *Minerva* now did so esteeme
Thee, as thy Father, in times past, whom, past
All measure, she, with glorious fauours grac't
Amongst the *Troians*, where we suffered so;
(O! I did neuer see, in such cleare show,
The Gods so grace a man, as she to him,
To all our eyes, appeard in all her trim)
If so, I say, she would be pleas'd to loue,
And that her minds care, thou so much couldst moue,

E

Telemachus
Nestor.Nestor Tele-
macho.

As

As did thy Father, every man of these,
Would lose in death their seeking marriages.

Telemachus.

O Father, (answerd he) you make amaze
Seise me throughout. Beyond the height of phrase
You raise expressions; but twill neuer be,
That I shall moue, in any Deitie,
So blest an honour. Not by any meanes,
If Hope should prompt me, or blind Confidence,
(The God of Fooles), or euery Deitie
Should will it; for, tis past my destinie.

Mimrus.

The burning-eyd Dame answerd: What a speech
Hath past the teeth-guard, Nature gaue to teach
Fit question of thy words before they slier?

Volente Deo,
inul est difficile

God easily can (when to a mortall eie
Hee's furthest off) a mortall satisfie:
And does, the more still. For thy car'd for Sire,
I rather wish, that I might home retire,
After my sufferance of a world of woes;
Farre off; and then my glad eyes might disclose
The day of my returne; then strait retire,
And perill standing by my household fire.
As *Agamemnon* did; that lost his life,
By false *Egisthus*, and his faller wife.

For Death to come at length, tis due to all;
Nor can the Gods themselves, when Fate shall call
Their most lou'd man, extend his vitall breath
Beyond the fixt bounds of abhorred Death.

Telemachus.

Mentor! (said he) let's dwell no more on this,
Although in vs, the sorrow pious is.
No such returne, as we wish, Fates bequeath
My erring Father; whom a present death,
The deathlesse haue decreed. He now vlc speech
That tends to other purpose; and beseech
Instruction of grave *Nestor*; since he flows
Past shore, in all experience; and knows
The sleights and wisdomes; to whose heights aspire
Others, as well as my commended Sire;
Whom Fame reports to haue commanded three
Ages of men; and doth in fight to me
Shew like th'Immortals. *Nestor*! the renowne
Of old *Neleus*, make the cleare truth knowne,
How the most great in Empire, *Atræus* sonne,
Sustained the act of his destruction.
Where then was *Menelaus*? how was it,
That false *Egisthus*, being so farre vnfit
A match for him, could his death so enforce?
Was he not then in *Argos*? or his course
With men so left, to let a coward breathe

Spiri

Spiri it enough, to dare his brothers death:

He tell thee truth in all (saire Sonne) said he:
Right well was this euent concei'd by thee.

If *Menelaus* in his brothers house,
Had found the idle liuer with his spouse,
(Arriu'd from *Troy*) he had not liu'd; nor dead
Had the diggd heape powrd on his lustfull head:
But fowles and dogs had torne him in the fields,
Farre off of *Argos*. Not a Dame it yeelds,
Had giuen him any teare; so foule his fact
Shewd euen to women. Vs *Troys* warres had rackt
To euery sinewes sufferance; while* he
In *Argos* vplands liu'd; from those workes free.
And *Agamemnon*s wife, with force of word
Flatterd and softn'd; who, at first abhord
A fact so infamous. The heau'nly Dame,
A good mind had; but was in blood too blame.
There was a* Poet, to whose care, the King
His Queene committed; and in euery thing
(When he for *Troy* went) charg'd him to apply
Himselfe in all guard to her dignitie.
But when strong Fate, so wrapt in her affects,
That she resolu'd to leaue her fit respects;
Into a desert Ile, her Guardian led,
(There left) the rapine of the Vultures fed.
Then brought he willing home his wills wonne prize,
On sacred Altars offerd many Thies:
Hung in the Gods Phanes many ornaments;
Garments and gold; that he the vast euents
Of such a labor, to his wish had brought,
As neither fell into his hope, nor thought.

At last, from *Troy* saild *Spartaking* and I,
Both, holding her vntoucht. And (that his eie
Might see no worle of her) when both were blowne
To sacred *Sunius* (of *Athenas* towne
The goodly Promontorie) with his shafts seuer
Augur Apollo slue him that did sterc
Atrides ship, as he the sterne did guide,
And she the full speed of her saile applide.
He was a man, that nations of men
Excell'd in safe guide of a vessell; when
A tempest rulsht in on the ruffsd seas:
His name was *Phrontis Ometorides*.
And thus was *Menelaus* held from home,
Whose way he thirsted so to ouercome;
To giue his friend the earth, being his pursuite,
And all his exequies to execute.
But failing still the* wind-hewd seas, to reach

E 2

Nestor Telemachus
cho de Egisthus
adulterio.

Egisthus.

audet aux.

Menelaus
et
caus facies
vini representat

Some

Some shore for fit performance; he did fetch
The steepe Mount of the *Mallians*; and there
With open voice, offended *Jupiter*,
Proclaime'd the voyage, his repugnant mind;
And pow'd the puffs out of a shrieking wind,
That nourisht billowes, heightned like to hills.
And with the Fleets diuision, fullils
His hate proclaime'd; vpon a part of *Crete*
Casting the Nauie; where the sea-waues meete
Rough *Iar danus*; and where the *Cydonus* liue.

There is a Rocke, on which the Sea doth driues;
Bare, and all broken; on the confines set
Of *Gortys*; that the darke seas likewise fret;
And hither sent the South, a horrid drift
Of waues against the top, that was the left
Of that torne cliffe; as farre as *Phaïus* Strand.
A little stone, the great seas rage did stand.
The men here driuen, scapt hard the ships fore shocks;
The ships themselues being wrackt against the rocks;
Saue onely five, that blue fore-castles bore,
Which wind and water cast on *Aegypt* shore.
When he (there victing well, and store of gold
Aboord his ships brought) his wilde way did hold,
And t'other languag'd men, was forc't to come.
Meane space *Aegisthus* made lad worke at home;
And slue his brother; forcing to his sway,
Atrides subiects; and did seuen yeares lay
His yoke vpon the rich *Myccenean* State.
But in the eight, (to his affrighting fate)
Diuine *Orestes* home from *Aibens* came;
And what his royall Father felt, the same
He made the false *Aegisthus* grone beneath:
Death euermore is the reward of Death.

Thus hauing slaine him; a sepulchrell feast
He made the *Argiues*, for his lustfull guest,
And for his mother, whom he did detest.
The selfe-same day, vpon him stole the King,
(Good at a martiall shour) and goods did bring,
As many as his frighted Fleete could beare.
But thou (my sonne) too long, by no means erre,
Thy goods left free for many a spoillfull guest;
Lest they consume some, and diuide the rest;
And thou (perhaps besides) thy voyage lose.
To *Menelaus* yet thy course dispose,
I wish and charge thee; who but late arriu'd,
From such a shore, and men; as to haue liu'd
In a returne from them; he neuer thought;
And whom, blacke whirlwinds violently brought

Within a sea so vast, that in a yeare
Not any fowle could passe it any where,
So huge, and horrid was it. But go thou
With ship and men (or if thou pleasest now
To passe by land, there shall be brought for thee
Both horse and chariot; and thy guides shall be
My sonnes themselues) to *Sparta*, the diuine,
And to the King, whose locks like Amber shine.
Intreate the truth of him; nor loues he lies;
Wifedome in truth is; and hee's passing wife.

This said, the Sunne went downe, and vp rose Night,
When *Pallas* spake; O Father, all good right
Beare thy directions. But diuide we now
The sacrifices tongues; mixe wine; and vow
To *Neptune*, and the other euer blest;
That hauing sacrific'd, we may to rest.
The fit houre runnes now; light diues out of date;
At sacred feasts, we must not sit too late.

She said: They heard; the Herald water gaue;
The youths crown'd cups with wine; and let all haue
Their equall shares, beginning from the cup,
Their parting banquet. All the Tongues cut vp;
The fire they gaue them; sacrific'd, and rose;
Wine, and diuine rites, vnde to each dispoles
Minerua and *Telemachus* desire
They might to ship be, with his leaue, retire.

He (mou'd with that) prouokt thus their abodes:
Now *Ioue* forbid, and all the long-liu'd Gods,
Your leauing me, to sleepe aboard a ship:
As I had drunke of poore *Penias* whip,
Euen to my nakednesse; and had nor sheete,
Nor couering in my house; that warme nor sweete
A guest, nor I my selfe, had meanes to sleepe;
Where I, both weeds and wealthy couerings keepe
For all my guests: nor shall Fame euer say,
The deare sonne of the man *Vlysses*, lay
All night a ship boord here; while my dayes shine;
Or in my Court, whiles any sonne of mine
Enioyes (suruiual!) who shall guests receiue,
Whom euer, my house hath a nooke to leaue.

My much lou'd Father, (said *Minerua*) well
All this becomes thee. But perfwade to dwell
This night with thee thy sonne *Telemachus*;
For more conuenient is the course for vs,
That he may follow to thy house, and rest.
And I may boord our blacke saile; that addrest
At all parts I may make our men; and cheare
All with my presence; since of all men there

Pallas Nestori.

Agamemnonis
sotertus.Orestes patrem
viciatur.

I boast my selfe the senior; th'others are
Youths, that attend in free and friendly care,
Great-sould *Telemachus*; and are his peeres,
In fresh similitude of forme and yeeres.
For their confirmance, I will therefore now
Sleepe in our blacke Barke. But when Light shall shew
Her siluer forehead; I intend my way.
Amongst the *Cæcœus*; men that are to pay
A debt to me, nor small, nor new. For this,
Take you him home; whom in the morne dismiss,
With chariot and your sonnes; and giue him horse
Ablest in strength, and of the speediest course.

Disparted Mi-
nerva.Nestor Tele-
machus.

This said; away she flew; formlike the fowle
Men call the *Ossifrage*; when every soule
Amaze inuaded: euen th'old man admir'd;
The youths hand tooke, and said: O most desir'd;
My hope sayes, thy prooue will no coward shew,
Nor one vnskil'd in warre; when Deities now
So yong attend thee, and become thy guides:
Nor any of the heauen-hous'de Statues besides;
But *Trilogæus* selfe; the seed of *Ioue*;
The great in prey; that did in honor me
So much about thy Father; amongst all
The Grecian armie. Fairest Queene, let fall
On me like fauours: giue me good renowne;
Which, as on me; on my lou'd wife, let downe,
And all my children. I will burne to thee
An Oxe right bred, brode headed, and yoke-free,
To no mans hand yet humbled. Him will I
(His hornes in gold hid) giue thy Deitie.

Thus praid he; and the heard; and home he led
His sonnes, and all his heapes of kindred;
Who entring his Court royall, euery one
He marshald in his feuerall seate and throne.
And euery one, so kindly come, he gaue
His sweet-wine cup; which none was let to haue
Before this leuenth yeare, landd him from *Troy*;
Which now the Butlersse had leaue t'employ.
Who therefore pierst it, and did giue it vent.
Of this, the old Duke did a cup present
To euery guest: made his maid many a praise
That wears the Shield fring'd with his ourses haire;
And gaue her sacrifice. With this rich wine
And food suffice, Sleepe, all eyes did decline.
And all for home went: but his Court alone,
Telemachus, diuine *Vlysses* sonne,
Must make his lodging, or not please his heart.

A bed, all chequer'd with elaborate Art,

Within

Within a Portico, that rung like brasse,
He brought his guest to; and his bedchere was
Pisistratus, the martiall guide of men,
That liu'd, of all his sonnes, vnwed till then.
Himselfe lay in a by-roome, farre about,
His bed made by his barren wife, his loue.

The rose-finger'd morne, no sooner shone,
But vp he rose, tooke aire, and sat vpon
A seate of white, and goodly polish'd stone,
That such a glosse as richest ointments were
Before his high gates; where the Counsellor
That matcht the Gods (his Father) vs'd to sit.
Who now (by Fate forc't) stoopt as low as it.
And here sate *Nestor*, holding in his hand
A Scepter; and about him round did stand
(As early vp) his sonnes troope; *Perseus*,
The God-like *Thrasimed*, and *Arctus*,
Echephron, *Stratius*; the first and last
Pisistratus; and by him (halfe embrac't
Still as they came) diuine *Telemachus*,
To these spake *Nestor*, old *Gerenius*:

Haste (loued sonnes) and do me a desire,
That (first of all the Gods) I may aspire
To *Pallas* fauour; who vouchsaf't to me,
At *Neptunes* feast, her sight so openly.
Let one to field go; and an Oxe with speed
Cause hither brought; which, let the Heardsmen leade;
Another to my deare guests vessell go,
And all his fouldiers bring, saue onely two.
A third, the Smith that works in gold, command
(*Laertius*) to attend; and lend his hand,
To plate the both hornes round about with gold;
The rest remaine here close. But first, see told
The maids within, that they prepare a feast,
Set seates through all the Court: see strait adrest
The purest water; and get fuell feld.

This said; not one, but in the seruice held
Officious hand. The Oxe came led from field;
The Souldiers troopt from ship; the Smith he came,
And those tooles brought, that seru'd the actual frame;
His Art concei'd, brought Anvill, hammers brought,
Fairstonges, and all, with which the gold was wrought.
Minerua likewise came, to set the Crowne
On that kind sacrifice, and mak't her owne.

Then th'old Knight *Nestor* gaue the Smith the gold,
With which he strait did both the hornes infold,
And trimm'd the Offering so, the Goddesse ioyd.
About which, thus were *Nestors* sonnes employd:

E 4

Diuine

Nestoris filij pa-
tris iussu Miner-
ue lacrum ap-
parant.The forme of the
Sacrifice.

Divine *Eschepron*, and faire *Stratim*,
 Held both the hornes: the water odorous,
 In which they wash't, what to the rites was vow'd,
Aretas (in a caldron, all bestrow'd
 With herbes and flowres) seru'd in from th' holy roome
 Where all were dress't; and whence the rites must come.
 And after him, a hallow'd virgin came,
 That brought the barley cake, and blew the flame.
 The axe, with which the Oxe should both be feild
 And cut forth, *Thrasimed* stood by, and held.
Perseus the vessell held, that should retaine
 The purple licour of the offering flaine.

Then wash't, the pious Father: then the Cake
 (Of barley, salt, and oile made) tooke, and brake.
 Askt many a boone of *Pallas*; and the flate
 Of all the offering, did initiate.
 In three parts cutting off the haire, and cast
 Amidst the flame. All th' invocation past,
 And all the Cake brokes, manly *Thrasimed*
 Stood neare, and sure; and such a blow he laid
 Aloft the offering; that to earth he sunke,
 His neck-nerues sunderd, and his spirits shrunke.
 Out shriekt the daughters, daughter in lawes, and wife
 Of three-ag'd *Nestor*, (who had eldest life
 Of *Clymens* daughters) chaft *Eurydice*.
 The Oxe on broad earth, then layd laterally,
 They held, while Duke *Pisistratus*, the throte
 Dissolu'd and set, the fable blood afflote;
 And then the life the bones left. Instantly
 They cut him vp, apart flew either Thie;
 That with the fat they dubd, with art alone;
 The throte-briske, and the sweet-bread pricking on.
 Then *Nestor* broild them on the cole-turn'd wood,
 Powr'd blacke wine on; and by him yong men stood,
 That spits fine-pointed held, on which (when burn'd
 The solid Thies were) they transfixt, and turn'd
 The inwards, cut in cantles: which (the meate
 Vow'd to the Gods, consum'd) they rost and eate.

In meane space, *Polycaste* (call'd the faire,
Nestors yongst daughter) bath'd *Phylles* heire;
 Whom, hauing cleans'd, and with rich balmes bespred;
 She cast a white shirt quickly o're his head,
 And then his weeds put on; when, forth he went,
 And did the person of a God present.
 Came, and by *Nestor* tooke his honour'd seate,
 This pastor of the people. Then, the meate
 Of all the spare parts rosted; off they drew;
 Sate, and fell to. But soone the temperate few,

Rose,

Rose, and in golden bolles, filld others wine.
 Till, when the rest felt thirst of least decline;
Nestor his sonnes bad, fetch his high-man'd horse,
 And them in chariot ioyne, to winne the courle
 The Prince resolu'd. Obaid, as soone as heard
 Was *Nestor* by his sonnes; who strait prepar'd
 Both horse and chariot. She that kept the store,
 Both bread and wine, and all such viands more,
 As should the feast of *Ioue*-fed Kings compole;
 Pouru'd the voyage. To the rich Coach, rose
Phylles sonne; and close to him ascended
 The Duke *Pisistratus*; the reines intended,
 And scour'd, to force to field, who freely flew;
 And left the Towne, that farre her splendor threw.
 Both holding yoke, and shooke it all the day;
 But now the Sunne set, darkning euery way,
 When they to *Pherus* came; and in the houle
 Of *Diocles* (the sonne of *Orsilochus*,
 Whom flood *Alpheus* got) slept all that night:
 Who gaue them each due hospitable rite.
 But when the rosie-fingerd morne arose,
 They went to Coach, and did their horse inclose;
 Draue forth the fore-court, and the porch that yeelds
 Each breath a sound; and to the fruitfull fields
 Rode scourging still their willing flying Steeds;
 Who strenuously perform'd their wonted speeds.
 Their journey ending iust when Sunne went downe;
 And shadowes all wayes through the earth were throwne.

Finis libri tertij Hom. Odysf.

Telemachus
 proficiscitur ad
 Menelaum.

THE

A polish'd table; on which, all the cheare
The present could afford; a reuerend Dame
That kept the Larder, set. A Cooke then came,
And diuers dishes, borne thence, seru'd againe;
Furnisht the boord with ballies of gold; and then
(His right hand giuen the guests) *Atrides* said,
Eate, and be chearfully appetite allaid,
I long to aske, of what stocke ye descend;
For not from parents, whose race namelesse end,
We must denue your offspring. Men obscure,
Could get none such as you. The pourtraiture
Of Ioue sustaind, and Scepter-bearing Kings,
Your either person, in his presence brings.
An Oxes fat chine, then they vp did lift,
And set before the guests; which was a gift,
Sent as an honor, to the Kings owne tast.
They saw yet, twas but to be eaten plac't,
And fell to it. But food and wines, are past,
Telemachus thus prompted *Nestors* sonne;
(His eare close laying, to be heard of none)

*Telemachus to
Pisistratus in
observation of
the house, not so
much that he
hastily admires
it, as to please
Menelaus, who
he knew heard,
though he seemd
desirous he should
not heare.*

Consider (thou whom most my mind esteemes)
The brasle-worke here, how rich it is in beames;
And how besides, it makes the whole house found:
What gold, and amber, siluer, iuoric, round
Is wrought about it. Out of doubt, the Hall
Of *Iupiter Olympius*, hath of all
This state, the like. How many infinites,
Take vp to admiration, all mens sights?

Atrides ouer-heard; and said; Lou'd sonne,
No mortall must affect contention
With Ioue, whose dwellings are of endlesse darc.

Perhaps (of men) some one may emulate,
(Or none) my house, or me. For I am one,
That many a graue extreme haue vndergone.
Much error felt by sea; and till th' eight yeare,
Had neuer stay; but wanderd farr and neare,
Cyprus, Phenicia, and Sydonia;
And fetcht the farr off *Æthiopia*;
Reacht the *Erembs* of *Arabia*;
And *Lybia*, where, with hornes, Ewes yeane their Lambs:
Where euery full yeare, Ewes are three times dam'd.
Where neither King, nor shepheard; want comes neare
Of cheefe, or flesh, or sweete milke. All the yeare
They euer milke their Ewes. And here while I
Erre, gathering meanes to liue: one, murderously,
Vnwates, vnscene, bereft my brothers life;
Chiefly betrayd by his abhorred wife.
So, hold I, (not enjoying) what you see.

*Menelaus relates
his travels to his
guests.*

And of your Fathers (if they liuing be)
You must haue heard this: since my sufferings were
So great and famous. From this Pallace here,
(So rarely well-built, furnished so well;
And substantced with such a precious deale
Of well-got treasure) banisht by the doome
Of Fate; and erring as I had no home.
And now I haue, and vse it; not to make
Th' entire delight it offers; but to
Continuall wishes, that a triple part
Of all it holds, were wanting, so my heart
Were caside of sorrowes (taken for their deaths
That fell at *Troy*) by their reuiued breaths.
And thus sit I here, weeping, mourning still
Each least man lost; and sometimes make mine ill
(In paying iust teares for their losse) my ioy.
Sometimes I breathe my woes; for in annoy,
The pleasure soone admits satietie.
But all these mens wants, wet not so mine eie,
(Though much they moue me) as one sole mans misse;
For which, my sleepe and meate euen lothsome is,
In his renewd thought; since no Greeke hath woune
Grace, for such labours, as *Laertes* sonne
Hath wrought and sufferd: to himselfe, nought else
But future sorrowes forging to me, hel's
For his long absence, since I cannot know
If life or death detain him: since such woe
For his loue, old *Laertes*, his wife wife,
And poore yong sonne sustaines; whom new with life,
He lelt as firelesse. This speech, griefe to teares
(Powrd from the sonnes lids on the earth) his eares
(Told of the Father) did excite; who kept
His cheekes drie with his red weed, as he wept:
His both hands vide therein. *Atrides* then
Began to know him; and did strife retaine,
If he should let, himselfe confesse his Sire,
Or with all fitting circumstance, enquire.

While this, his thoughts disputed, forth did shine,
(Like to the golden *distasse-deckt diuine)
From her beds high and odoriferous roome,
Hellen. To whom (of an elaborate loome)
Adrethas set a chaire: *Alyppe* brought
A peece of Tapestry, of fine wooll wrought.
Philo, a siluer Cabinet conferrd:
(Given by *Alcandra*, Nupially endeard
To Lord *Polybius*; whose abode in *Thebes*,
Th' Egyptian citie was;) where wealth in heapes,
His famous house held: out of which did go

*Intending Phys-
ics.*

*Diana
Hellen's repa-
rants and ornag-
ments.*

In gift *Atrides*, silver bath-tubs two;
Two Tripods; and of fine gold, talents ten.
His wife did likewise send to *Hellen* then,
Faile gifts; a Distaffe that of gold was wrought;
And that rich Cabinet that *Phyle* brought;
Round, and with gold ribd; now of fine thred, full:
On which extended (crown'd with finest wooll,
Of violet gloffe) the golden Distaffe lay.

*Helen to Men-
elaus concerning
the gifts.*

She tooke her State-chaires; and a foot-stooles stay
Had for her feete: and of her husband, thus
Askt to know all things: Is it knowne to vs,
(King *Menelaus*) whom these men commend
Themselves for; that our Court, now takes to friend?
I must affirme, (be I decei'd or no)
I neuer yet saw man nor woman so
Like one another, as this man is like
Vlysses sonne. With admiration strike
His looks, my thoughts; that they should come now
Powre to perswade me thus; who did but know,
When newly he was borne, the forme they bore.
But tis his Fathers grace; whom more and more
His grace resembles; that makes me retaine
Thought; that he now, is like *Telemachus* then:
Left by his Sire, when *Greece* did vnder take
Troys bold warre, for my impudencies sake.

He answerd: Now wife, what you thinke, I know,
The true cast of his Fathers eye, doth show
In his eyes order. Both his head and haire,
His hands and feete, his very fathers are.
Of whom (so well rememberd) I should now
Acknowledge for me, his coninnall flow
Of cares and perils: yet still patient.
But I should too much moue him, that doth vent
Such bitter teares for that which hath bene spok;
Which (thunning soft shew) see how he would cloke;
And with his purple weed, his weepings hide.

*Pisistratus tells
who they are.*

Then *Nestors* sonne, *Pisistratus* replide:
Great Pastor of the people; kept of God!
He is *Vlysses* sonne; but his abode
Not made before here; and he modest too;
He holds it an indignitie to do
A deed so vaine, to vse the boast of words,
Where your words are on wing; whose voice affords
Delight to vs, as if a God did breake
The aire amongst vs, and vouchsafe to speake.
But me, my father (old Duke *Nestor*) sent
To be his comfort hither; his content,
Not to be heightned so, as with your fight.

In

In hope that therewith words and actions might
Informe his comforts from you; since he is
Extremely grieu'd and iniur'd, by the misse
Of his great Father; suffering euen at home.
And few friends found, to helpe him ouercome
His too weake sufferance, now his Sire is gone.
Amongst the people, not afforded one
To checke the mileries, that mate him thus;
And this the state is of *Telemachus*.

O Gods (said he) how certaine, now, I see
My house enioyes that friends sonne, that for me
Hath vndergone so many willing fights?
Whom I reholu'd, past all the Grecian Knights,
To hold in loue; if our returne by seas,
The farre-off Thunderer did euer please
To grant our wishes. And to his respect,
A Pallace and a Citie to erect,
My vow had bound me. Whither bringing then
His riches, and his sonne, and all his men
From barren *Ithaca*, (some one sole Towne
Inhabited about him, batterd downe)
All should in *Argos* liue. And there would I
Ease him of rule; and take the Emperie
Of all on me. And often here would we
(Delighting, louing eithers companie)
Meete and conuerse; whom nothing should diuide,
Till deaths blacke veile did each all ouer hide.
But this perhaps had bene a meane to take
Euen God himselfe with enuie; who did make
Vlysses therefore onely the vnblest,
That should not reach his loued countries rest.

These woes made eury one with woe in loue;
Euen *Argine Hellen* wept, (the seed of *Ioue*)
Vlysses sonne wept; *Atrides* sonne did weepe;
And *Nestors* sonne, his eyes in teares did steepe.
But his teares fell not from the present cloud,
That from *Vlysses* was exhal'd; but flowd
From braue *Antilochus* rememberd due,
Whom the renown'd * Sonne of the Morning flue.
Which yet he thus excus'd: O *Atrides* sonne!
Old *Nestor* sayes, There liues not such a one
Amongst all mortals, as *Atrides* is,
For deathlesse wisdome. Tis a praise of his,
Still giuen in your remembrance; when at home
Our speech concernes you. Since then ouercome
You please to be, with sorrow euen to teares,
That are in wisdome so exempt from peres;
Vouchsafe the like effect in me excuse,

*Menelaus joy
for Telemachus,
and moue for
Vlysses absence.*

Menelaus.

*Pisistratus weeps
with remembrance
of his brother
Antilochus.
Vid. Memnon.*

F 2

(If

(if it be lawfull) I affect no vice
Of teares thus, after meales; at least, at night:
But when the morne brings forth, with teares, her light,
It shall not then empaire me to bestow
My teares on any worthies ouerthrow.
It is the onely right, that wretched men
Can do dead friends; to cut haire, and complaine.
But Death my brother tooke, whom none could call
The Grecian coward; you best knew of all.
I was not there, nor saw; but men report,
Antilechus exceld the common fort,
For footmanship, or for the Chariot race;
Or in the fight, for hardie hold of place.

O friend (said he) since thou hast spoken so,
At all parts, as one wife should say and do;
And like one, fate beyond thy selfe in yeares;
Thy words shall bounds be, to our former teares.
O he is questionlesse a right borne sonne,
That of his Father hath not onely wonne
The person, but the wisdom; and that Sire,
(Complete himselfe) that hath a sonne entire;
Ioue did not onely his full Fate adorne,
When he was wedded; but when he was borne.
As now *Saturnius*, through his lifes whole date,
Hath *Nestors* blisse raised to as steepe a state:
Both in his age to keepe in peace his house;
And to haue children wise and valorous.

But let vs not forget our rere Feast thus;
Let some giue water here. *Telemachus*!
The morning shall yeeld time to you and me,
To do what fire; and reason mutually.
This said; the careful seruant of the King;
(*Asphalion*) pow'd on, th' issue of the Springs;
And all to readie feast, set readie hand.
But *Hellen* now, on new deuice did stand;
Intusing strait a medicine to their wine,
That (drowning Cares and Angers) did decline
All thought of ill. Who drunke her cup, could shed
All that day, not a teare, no not if dead
That day his father or his mother were;
Not if his brother, child, or chiefeft deare,
He should see murderd then before his face.
Such vifull medicines (onely borne in grace,
Of what was good) would *Hellen* euer haue.
And this Luyce to her, *Polydamma* gaue
The wife of *Thoos*, an *Egyptian* borne;
Whole rich earth, herbes of medicine do adorne
In great abundance. Many healthfull are,

*Hellen poison
against Care.*

And

And many banefull. Every man is there
A good Physition, out of natures grace;
For all the nation sprung of *Paeon* race.

When *Hellen* then her medicine had infused,
She bad powre wine to it; and this speech vsde:

Atides, and these good mens sonnes; great *Ioue*
Makes good and ill, one after other moue
In all things earthly: for he can do all.
The woes past therefore, he so late let fall;
The comforts he affoord vs, let vs take;
Feast, and with fit discourses, merrie make.
Nor will I other vs. As then our blood
Griev'd for *Phyfes*, since he was so good;
Since he was good, let vs delight to heare
How good he was, and what his sufferings were.
Though euery fight, and euery suffering deed,
Patient *Phyfes* vnderwent; exceed
My womans powre to number, or to name.
But what he did, and sufferd, when he came
Amongst the Troians, (where ye Grecians all
Tooke part with sufferance) I in part can call
To your kind memories. How with ghastly wounds
Himselfe he mangl'd; and the Troian bounds
(Thrust thicke with enemies) aduentured on:
His royall shoulders, hauing cast vpon
Base abiect weeds, and enterd like a slaue.
Then (begger-like) he did of all men craue;
And such a wretch was, as the whole Greecke flecte
Brought not besides. And thus through euery streete
He crept discouering; of no one man knowne.
And yet through all this difference, I alone
Smok't his rue person. Talkt with him. But he
Fled me with wiles still. Nor could we agree,
Till I disclaimd him quite. And so (as moud
With womanly remorse, of one that prou'd
So wretched an estate, what ere he were)
Wonne him to take my house. And yet euen there;
Till freely I (to make him doublelesse) swore
A powrefull oath, to let him reach the shore
Of ships and tents, before *Troy* vnderstood;
I could not force on him his proper good.
But then I bath'd and sooth'd him, and he then
Confest, and told me all. And (hauing slaine
A number of the Troian guards) retirde,
And reacht the flecte; for slight and force admird.
Their husbands deaths by him, the Troian wiues
Shrick for; but I made triumphs for their liues.
For then my heart conceiu'd, that once againe

*Hellen of Phyfes
and the sacke of
Troy.*

F 3

I

I should reach home, and yet did still retaine
Woe for the slaughters, *Peneus* made for me:
When both my husband, my *Hermione*,
And bridall roome, the robd of so much right;
And drew me from my countrie, with her sleight.
Though nothing vnder heauen, I here did need,
That could my Fancie, or my Beautie feed.

*Meneleus to
Helen and his
guests.*

Her husband said: Wife! what you please to tell,
Is true at all parts, and becomes you well.
And I my selfe, that now may lay, haue scene
The minds and manners of a world of men:
And great Heroes, measuring many a ground,
Haue neuer (by these eyes that light me) found
One, with a bolome, so to be beloud,
As that in which, th'accomplisht spirit, mou'd
Of parient *Vlysses*, What (braue man)
He both did act, and suffer, when we wan
The towne of *Ilium*, in the braue-built horse,
When all we chiefe States of the Grecian force,
Were hould together, bringing Death and Fate
Amongst the Troians; you (wife) may relate.
For you, at last, came to vs; God that would
The Troians glorie giue; gaue charge you should
Approch the engine, and *Deiphobus*
(The god-like) followd. Thrice ye circld vs,
With full suruay of it; and often tried
The hollow crafts, that in it were implied.

*Helen counter-
fessed the wines
voices of Ilium
Kings of Greece,
that were in the
wooden horse,
and calls their
husbands.*

When all the voices of their wines in it
You tooke on you; with voice so like, and fit;
And euery man by name, so visited;
That I, *Vlysses*, and King *Dioned*,
(Set in the midst, and hearing how you calld)
Tydidies, and my selfe, (as halfe appalld
With your remorsefull plaints) would, passing faine
Haue broke our silences; rather then againe
Endure, respectlesse, their so mouing cries.
But, *Ithacus*, our strongest fantasies
Containd within vs, from the slenderest noise,
And euery man there, sat without a voice.
Anticlus onely, would haue answerd thee:
But, his speech, *Ithacus* incessantly
With strong hand held in; till (*Mineruas* call,
Charging thee off) *Vlysses* sau'd vs all.

*Telemachus to
Meneleus.*

Telemachus replide: Much greater is
My griefe, for hearing this high praise of his.
For all this doth not his sad death diuert;
Nor can, though in him swelld an iron heart.
Prepare, and leade then (if you please) to rest

Sleepe

Sleepe (that we heare not) will content vs best.

Then *Argine Helen* made her handmaid go,
And put faire bedding in the *Portico*,
Lay purple blankets on, Rugs warme and soft;
And cast an *Arras* couerlet aloft.

haur ad lectum.

They torches tooke; made halfe, and made the bed,
When both the guests were to their lodgings led,
Within a *Portico*, without the house.

Atreides, and his large-traine-wearing Spouse,
(The excellent of women) for the way,
In a retir'd receipt, together lay.

The morne arofe; the King rose, and put on
His royall weeds; his sharpe sword hung vpon
His ample shoulders; forth his chamber went,
And did the person of a God present.

Telemachus accosts him; who begun
Speech of his iourneys proposition.

And what (my yong *Vlysses* Heroe)
Prouokt thee on the broad backe of the sea,
To visit *Lacedemon* the Diuine?

*Meneleus en-
quires the cause
of his voyage.*

Speake truth; Some publicke? or onely thine?

I come (said he) to heare, if any fame
Breath'd of my Father; to thy notice came.
My house is lackt; my far workes of the field,
Are all d. stroid: my house doth nothing yeeld
But enemies; that kill my harmlesse sheepe,
And finewie Oxen: nor will euer keepe
Their steeles without them. And these men are they,
That wooe my Mother; most inhumanely
Committing iniurie on iniurie,
To thy knees therefore I am come, t'attend
Relation of the sad and wretched end,
My erring Father felt: if witnes by
Your owne eyes; or the certaine newes that flie
From others knowledges. For, more then is
The vsuall heape of humane miseries,
His Mother bore him to. Vouchsafe me then
(Without all ruth of what I can sustaine)
The plaine and simple truth of all you know.
Let me beseech so much. If euer vow
Was made, and put in good effect to you
At *Troy* (where suffrance bred you so much smart)
Vpon my Father, good *Vlysses* part;
And quit it now to me (himselfe in youth)
Vnfolding onely the vnclodsd truth.

He (deeply sighing) answerd him: O shame
That such poore vassals should affect the fame,
To share the ioyes of such a Worthies Bed!

F 4

As

As when a Hinde (her calues late farrowed
To giue sucke) enters the bold Lions den:
He, rootes of hils, and herbie vallies then
For food (there feeding) hunting: but at length
Returning to his Cauerne, giues his strength
The liues of both the mother and her brood,
In deaths indecent; so the wooers blood
Must pay *Plysses* powres, as sharpe an end.
O would to *Ioue*, *Apollo*, and thy friend,
(The wise *Atinerva*) that thy Father were
As once he was, when he his spirits did reere
Against *Philomelides*, in a fight
Performd in well-built *Leibes*; where, downe-right
He strooke the earth with him; and gat a shout
Of all the Grecians. O, if now, full out
He were as then; and with the wooers cop't,
Short-liu'd they all were; and their nuptials, hop't
Would proue as desperate. But for thy demand,
Enforc't with prayers, Ile let thee vnderstand
The truth directly; nor decline a thought;
Much lesse deceiue, or sooth thy search in ought.
But what the old, and still-true-spoken God,
That from the sea breathes oracles abroad,
Disclosde to me, to thee Ile all impart,
Nor hide one word from thy sollicitous heart.

Meneclai nau-
gatio.

I was in *Egypt*; where a mightie time,
The Gods detaind me: though my naturall clime;
I neuer so desir'd; because their houes
I did not greete, with perfect Hecatomes.
For they will put men euermore in mind,
How much their masterly commandments bind.

There is (besides) a certaine Iland, calld
Pharos, that with the high-wau'd sea is walld;
Iust against *Egypt*; and so much remote,
As in a whole day, with a fore-gale smote,
A hollow ship can saile. And this Ile beares
A Port, most portly; where sea-passengers
Put in still for fresh water, and away
To sea againe. Yet here the Gods did stay
My Fleet, full twentie dayes: the winds (that are
Masters at sea) no prosperous puffe would spare,
To put vs off: and all my vielles here,
Had quite corrupted; as my mens minds were;
Had not a certaine Goddesse giuen regard,
And pittide me in an estate so hard:
And twas *Edothea*, honourd *Proteus* seed,
That old sea-farer. Her mind I made bleed
With my compassion, when (walkt all alone,

From all my souldiers, that were euer gone
About the Ile on fishing, with hookes bent;
Hunger, their bellies, on her errand sent)
She came close to me; spake; and thus began:
Of all men, thou art the most foolish man,
Or slacke in businesse, or stayt here of choice;
And doest in all thy suffrances reioyce;
That thus long liu'st detaind here; and no end
Canst giue thy tarriance. Thou doest much offend
The minds of all thy fellowes. I replied:

Who euer thou art of the Deified,
I must affirme, that no way with my will,
I make abode here: but, it seemes, some ill
The Gods, inhabiting broad heauen, sustaine
Against my getting off. Informe me then,
(For Godheads all things know) what God is he
That stayes my passage, from the filthie fear

Stranger (said she) Ile tell thee true: thee liues
An old Sea-farer in these seas, that giues
A true solution of all secrets here.

Who, deathlesse *Proteus* is, th' *Egyptian* Peere:
Who can the deepes of all the seas exquire;
Who *Neptunes* Priest is; and (they say) the Sire
That did beget me. Him, if any way
Thou couldest inueagle, he would cleare display
Thy course from hence; and how farre off doth lie
Thy voyages whole scope through *Neptunes* skie,
Informing thee (O God prefer'd) beside
(If thy desires would so be satisfide)

What euer good or ill hath got euent,
In all the time, thy long and hard course spent,
Since thy departure from thy house. This said;
Again I answerd: Make the slighis displaid,
Thy Father vseth; lest his foresight see,
Or his foreknowledge taking note of me,
He flies the fixt place of his vnde abode;
Tis hard for man to countermine with God.

She strait replide: Ile vtter truth in all;
When heauens supremest height, the *Sunne* doth skall;
The old Sea-tell-truth leaues the deepes, and hides
Amidst a blacke storme, when the West wind chides;
In caues still sleep'ng, Round about him sleepe
(With short feete swimming forth the fomie deepe)
The Sea-calues (louely *Halosydnes* calld)
From whom a noisome odour is exhalld,
Got from the whirle-pooles, on whose earth they lie.
Here, when the morne illustrates all the skie,
Ile guide, and seate thee, in the fittest place,

*Idishes to Me-
neclai.*

*Idotheas counsell
to take her fa-
ther Proteus.*

For the performance thou hast now in chace.
In meane time, reach thy Fleete; and chuse our three
Oldest exploit, to go as aides to thee.

*The sleights of
Proteus.*

But now Ile shew thee all the old Gods sleights;
He first will number, and take all the sights
Of those, his guard, that on the shore arrives.
When hauing viewd, and told them forth by fives;
He takes place in their midst, and there doth sleepe,
Like to a shepherd midst his flocke of sleepe.
In his first sleepe, call vp your hardiest cheate,
Vigor and violence, and hold him there,
In spite of all his strivings to be gone.
He then will turne himselfe to euery one
Of all things that in earth crepe and respire,
In water swim, or shine in heavenly fire.
Yet still hold you him firme; and much the more
Presse him from passing. But when, as before
(When sleepe first bound his powres) his forme ye see,
Then cease your force, and th'old Heroe free;
And then demand, which heauen-borne it may bee
That so afflicts you, hindring your retreat,
And free sea-passage to your native seat.

This said, she diu'd into the wauie seas;
And I my course did to my ships adresse,
That on the sands stucke; where amu'd, we made
Our supper readie. Then th'Ambrosian shade
Of night fell on vs; and to sleepe we fell.
Rosie *Aurora* rose, we rose as well,
And three of them, on whom I most relied,
For firme at euery force; I chulde, and hied
Strait to the many-riuer-serued seas.
And all assistance askt the Deities.

Meane time *Edothea*, the seas broad brest
Embrac'd; and brought for me, and all my rest,
Foure of the sea-calues skins, but newly dead,
To worke a wile, which she had fashioned
Vpon her Father. Then (within the sand
A couert digging) when these Calues should land,
She fate expecting. We came close to her:
She plac'd vs orderly; and made vs weare
Each one his Calues skin. But we then must passe
A huge exploit. The sea-calues fauour was
So passing lowre (they still being bred at seas)
It much afflicted vs: for who can please
To lie by one of these same sea-bred whales?
But she preferres vs; and to memorie calls
A rare commoditie: she fetcht to vs
Ambrosia, that an aire most odorous

Ironice.

Beares

Beares still about it; which she nointed round
Our either nostrils; and in it quite drown'd
The nasty whale-smell. Then the great euent,
The whole mornes date, with spirit patient
We lay expecting. When bright Noone did flame
Forth from the sea, in Sholes the sea-calues came,
And orderly, at last, lay downe and slept
Along the sands. And then th'old sea-god crept
From forth the deepes; and found his fat calues there;
Surruaid, and numberd; and came neuer neare
The craft we vs'd; but told vs true for calues.
His temples then diseald, with sleepe he salues;
And in rusht we, with an abhorred crie:
Cast all our hands about him manfully,
And then th'old Forger, all his formes began:
First was a Lion, with a mightie mane;
Then next a Dragon; a pide Panther then;
A vast Boare next; and sodainly did straine
All into water. Last, he was a tree,
Curld all at top, and shot vp to the skie.

We, with resolu'd hearts, held him firmly still,
When th'old one (held to streight for all his skill,
To extricate) gaue words, and questiond me:
Which of the Gods, O *Atreus* sonne, (said he)
Adulde and taught thy fortitude this sleight,
To take and hold me thus, in my despight?
What asks thy wish now? I replide: Thou knowst:
Why dost thou aske? What wiles are these thou showst?
I haue within this Ile, bene held for winde
A wondrous time; and can by no means find
An end to my retention. It hath spent
The very heart in me. Giue thou then vent
To doubts thus bound in me, (ye Gods know all)
Which of the Godheads, doth so fowly fall
On my adreision home, to stay me here?
Auer't me from my way? The fishie cleare,
Barr'd to my passage? He replide: Of force
(If to thy home, thou wilt free recourse)
To *Joue*, and all the other Deities,
Thou must exhibite solemne sacrifice;
And then the blacke sea for thee shall be cleare,
Till thy lou'd countries settl'd reach. But where
Aske these rites thy performance? 'Tis a fate
To thee and thy affaires appropriate,
That thou shalt neuer see thy friends, nor tread
Thy Countries earth; nor see inhabited
Thy so magnificent house; till thou make good
Thy voyage backe to the *Ægyptian* flood,

*Proteus taken
by his encluse.*

Whole

Whose waters fell from *Ioue*: and there hast giuen
To *Ioue*, and all Gods, hould in ample heauen,
Deuoted Hecatombs; and then free wayes
Shall open to thee; cleard of all delays.

This told he; and me thought, he brake my heart,
In such a long and hard course to diuert
My hope for home; and charge my backe retreat,
As farre as *Egypt*. I made answer yet:

Father, thy charge Ile perfect; but before,
Resolue me truly, if their naturall shore,
All those Greeks, and their ships, do fate enioy,
That *Nestor* and my selfe left, when from *Troy*
We first raise'd saille: Or whether any died
At sea a death vnwisht: Or (atisfied)
When warre was past, by friends embrac't, in peace
Resign'd their spirits? He made answer: Cease
To aske so farre; it fits thee not to be
So cunning in thine owne calamitie.
Nor seeke to learne; what learn'd, thou shouldst forget;
Mens knowledges haue proper limits set,
And should not prease into the mind of God.
But twill not long be (as my thoughts abode)
Before thou buy this curious skill with teares.
Many of those, whose states so tempt thine cares,
Are stoopt by Death; and many left aliue:
One chiefe of which, in strong hold doth suruiue,
Amidst the broad sea. Two, in their retreat,
Are done to death. I list not to repeat,
Who fell at *Troy*; thy selfe was there in fight.
But in returne, swift *Ajax* lost the light,
In his long-oard ship. *Neptune* yet a while,
Satt him vnwrackt: to the *Gyraen* Ile,
A mightie Rocke remouing from his way.
And surely he had scapt the fatal day,
In spite of *Pallas*, if to that foule deed,
He in her Phane did, (when he rauisht
The Trojan Prophetesse) he had not here
Adioynd an impious boast: that he would beare
(Despite the Gods) his ship safe through the waues
Then raise'd against him. These his impious braues,
When *Neptune* heard; in his strong hand he tooke
His massie Trident; and so foundly strooke
The rocke *Gyraen*, that in two it cleft:
Of which, one fragment on the land he left;
The other fell into the trouble seas;
At which, first rusht *Ajax Oilades*,
And split his ship: and then himselfe afloat
Swum on the rough waues of the worlds vast mote;

The wracke of
Ajax Oilades.

Cassandra.

Till hauing drunke a salt cup for his sinne,
There perisht he. Thy brother yet did winne
The wreath from *Death*, while in the waues they stroue,
Afflicted by the reuerend wife of *Ioue*.
But when the steepe Mount of the *Malcan* shore,
He seemd to reach; a most tempestuous blowe,
Ferre to the fishie world, that sighes so fore,
Strait rauisht him againe; as farre away,
As to th' extreme bounds where the *Agrians* stay;
Where first *Thes* dwelt: but then his Sonne
Ægishus *Thies* liu'd. This done,
When his returne vntoucht appard againe,
Backe turn'd the Gods the wind; and set him then
Hard by his house. Then, full of ioy, he left
His ship; and close this cuntry earth he cleft;
Kist it, and wept for ioy: powrd teare on teare,
To set so withedly his footing there.
But see: a Sentinell that all the y care,
Crissie *Ægishus*, in a watchtoure set
To spie his landing; for reward as great
As two gold talents; all his powres did call
To strict remembrance of his charge; and all
Discharg'd at first sight; which at first he cast
On *Agamemnon*; and with all his hast,
I found *Ægishus*. He, an instant traine
Laid for his slaughter: Twentie choll.n men
Of his *plebians*, he in ambush laid.
His other men, he charg'd to lye puruaid
A Feast: and forth, with horse and chariots grac't,
He rode to murther him: but in heart embrac't
Horrible welcomes: and to death did bring,
With trecherous slaughter, the vnwary King.
Receiud him at a Feast; and (like an Oxe
Slaine at his manger) gaue him bits and knocks.
No one left of *Atreides* traine; nor one
Sau'd to *Ægishus*; but himselfe alone:
All strowd together there, the bloudie Court.
This said: my soule he funke with his report:
Flat on the sands I fell: teares spent their store;
I, light abhord: my heart would liue no more.
When drie of teares; and tir'd with tumbling there;
Th' old *Tel-truth* thus my danted spirits did chare:
No more spend teares nor time, o *Atreus* sonnes
With ceasles weeping, neuer wish was wonne.
Vttermoost assay to reach thy home,
And all vnwares vpon the murderer come,
(For torture) taking him thy selfe, aliue;
Or let *Orestes*, that should farre out-strive

Agamemnon
slughter by *Ægishus* treachery.

Till

G

Thee

Thee in fit vengeance, quickly quit the light
Of such a darke loule: and do thou the right
Of buriall to him, with a Funerall feast.

With these last words, I fortifide my breast;
In which againe, a generous spring began,
Of fitting comfort, as I was a man;
But, as a brother, I must euer mourne.
Yet forth I went; and told him the returne
Of this I knew: but he had nam'd a third,
Held on the broad sea; still with life inspir'd;
Whom I befought to know, though likewise dead,
And I must mourne alike. He answered:

He is *Laertes* sonne; whom I beheld
In Nymph *Calypos* Pallace; who compeld
His stay with her: and since he could not see
His countie earth, he mournd incessantly.
For he had neither ship, instruct with oares,
Nor men to fetch him from those stranger shores.
Where, leaue we him; and to thy selfe descend;
Whom, not in *Argos*, Fate nor Death shall end;
But the immortal ends of all the earth,
So rul'd by them, that order death by birth,

Elifian descri-
bed.

(The fields *Elifian*) Fate to thee will giue:
Where *Rhadamanthus* rules; and where men liue
A neuer-troubl'd life: where know, nor shewes,
Nor irklome Winter spends his fruitlesse powres;
But from the Ocean, *Zephyre* still resumes
A constant breath, that all the fields perfumes.
Which, since thou marriedst *Hellen*, are thy hire;
And *Ione* himselfe, is by her side thy Sire.

Proteus leaureth
Menelaus.

This said; he diu'd the deepe some warrie heapes;
I, and my tried men, tooke vs to our ships;
And worlds of thoughts, I varied with my steps.

Arriu'd and shippt, the silent solemne Night,
And Sleepe bereft vs of our visuall light.
At morne, masts, sailes reard, we late; left the shores,
And beate the fomic Ocean with our oares.

Again then we, the *Ione*-salne flood did fetch,
As farre as *Aegypt*: where we did beseech
The Gods with Hecatombs, whose angers ceast;
I toomb'd my brother, that I might be blest.

All rites perform'd; all haste I made for home;
And all the prosperous winds about were come;
I had the Passport now of euery God,
And here close'd all these labours period.

Here stay then, till th'eleventh or twelfth daies light;
And Ile dismiss thee well; gifts exquisite
Preparing for thee: Chariot, horses three;

A Cup of curious frame to serue for thee,
To serue th'immortall Gods with sacrifice;
Mindfull of me, while all Sunnes light thy skies.

He answerd: Stay me not too long time here;
Though I could sit, attending all the yeare:
Nor should my house, nor parents, with desire,
Take my affections from you; so on fire
With loue to heare you, are my thoughts: but so,
My *Pylan* friends, I shall afflict with wo,
Who moume euen this stay. Whatsoeuer be
The gifts your Grace is to bestow on me;
Vouchsafe them such, as I may beare and saue,
For your sake euer. Horse, I list not haue,
To keepe in *Ithaca*: but leaue them here,
To your soiles dainties; where the broad fields beare
Sweet *Cypers* grasse; where men-fed Lote doth flow;
Where wheate-like Spelt; and wheate it selfe doth grow;
Where Barley, white, and spreading like a tree:
But *Ithaca*, hath neither ground to be
(For any length it comprehends) a race
Totrie a horses speed: nor any place
To make him fat in: fitter farre to feed
A Cliffe-bred Goate, then raise or please a Steed.
Of all Iles, *Ithaca* doth least prouide,
Or meades to feed a horse, or wayes to ride.

Telemachus
Menelaus.

Ithaca described
by *Menelaus*.

He, smiling said: Of good bloud art thou (sonne):
What speech, so young? what obseruation
Hast thou made of the world? I well am please'd
To change my gifts to thee; as being confess'd
Vnfit indeed: my store is such, I may.
Of all my house-gifts then, that vp I lay
For treasure there, I will bestow on thee
The fairest, and of greatest price to me.
I will bestow on thee a rich caru'd Cup
Of siluer all: but all the brims wrought vp
With finest gold: it was the onely thing
That the Heroicall *Sydonian* King
Presented to me, when we were to part
At his receit of me; and twas the Art
Of that great Artift, that of heauen is free;
And yet euen this, will I bestow on thee.

This speech thus ended; guests came, and did bring
Muttons (for Presents) to the God-like King:
And spirit-prompting wine, that strenuous makes.
Their Riband-wreathed wiues, brought fruit and cakes.

Thus, in this house, did these their Feast apply:
And in *Phylas* house, A^ctuitie
The woocers practise: Tossing of the Speare;

The woocers con-
spiracie against
Telemachus.

The

The Stone, and hurling: thus delighted, where
They exercise such inuolence before:
Euen in the Court, that wealthy paucements wore.

Antinous did still their strifes decide;
And he that was in person deicide
Eurymachus, both ring-leaders of all;
For in their vertues they were principall.

These, by *Noemon* (sonne to *Phronimus*)
Were sided now; who made the question thus:

Antinous! does any friend here know,
When this *Telemachus* returnes: or no,
From sandie *Pylus*? He made bold to take
My ship with him: of which, I now should make
Fit vse my selfe; and saile in her as farre
As spacious *Elis*; where, of mine, there are
Twelue delicate Mares; and vnder their sides, go
Laborious Mules, that yet did neuer know
The yoke, nor labour: some of which should beare
The taming now, if I could fetch them there.
This speech, the rest admir'd; nor dreamd that he
Neleian Pylus, euer thought to see;
But was at field about his flocks survey:
Or thought, his heardmen held him so away.

Eupitheus sonne, *Antinous*, then replied:
When went he? or with what Train dignified
Of his selected *Ithacensian* youth?
Prest men, or Bond men were they? Tell the truth.
Could he effect this? let me truly know:
To gaine thy vessell, did he violence show,
And vsde her gainst thy will? or had her free,
When sitting question, he had made with thee?

Noemon answerd: I did freely giue
My vessell to him; who deserues to liue,
That would do other? when such men as he,
Did in distresse aske? he should churlish be,
That would denie him: Of our youth, the best
Amongst the people; to the interest
His charge did challenge in them; giuing way,
With all the tribute, all their powres could pay.
Their Captaine (as he tooke the ship) I knew;
Who *Mentor* was, or God. A deities shew,
Maskt in his likeness. But to thinke twas he,
I much admire; for I did clearly see,
But yester morning, God-like *Mentor* here;
Yet, th'other euening, he tooke shipping there,
And went for *Pylus*. Thus went he for home,
And left the rest, with enuie ouercome:
Who late, and pastime left. *Eupitheus* sonne

(Sad, and with rage, his entrailes ouerrunne)
His eyes like flames; thus interpoide his speech.
Strange thing, an action of how proud a reach,
Is here committed by *Telemachus*?

A boy, a child; and we, a sort of vs,
Vowd gainst his voyage; yet admit it thus,
With ship, and choise youth of our people too:
But let him on; and all his mischief do;
Ioue shall conuert vpon himselfe his powres,
Before their ill presum'd, he brings on ours.
Prouide me then a ship, and twentie men
To giue her manage; that against again
He turnes for home; on th' *Ithacensian* seas,
Or Cliffe: *Samian*; I may interpretase,
Way-lay, and take him; and make all his craft,
Saile with his ruine, for his Father sat't.

This, all applauded; and gaue charge to do;
Rose, and to greete *Vlysses* house, did go.
But long time past not, ere *Penelope*
Had notice of their far-fetcht trecherie.
Medon the Herald told her, who had heard
Without the Hall, how they within confere:
And hasted strait, to tell it to the Queene:
Who from the entrie, hauing *Medon* scene
Preuents him thus: Now Herald; what affaire
Intend the famous woos, in your repaire?
To tell *Vlysses* maids, that they must cease
From doing our worke, and their banquets dresse:
I would to heauen, that (leaving wooing me,
Nor euer troubling other companie)
Here might the last Feast be, and most extreme,
That euer any shall addresse for them.

They neuer meete, but to consent in spoile,
And reape the free fruites of anothers toile.
O did they neuer, when they children were,
What to their Fathers, was *Vlysses*, heare?
Who neuer did gainst any one proceed,
With vniust vsage, or in word or deed:
Tis yet with other Kings, another right,
One to pursue with loue, another spight;
He still yet iust; nor would, though might deuoure;
Nor to the worst, did euer taste of powre.
But their vnruled acts, shew their minds estate:
Good turnes receiu'd once, thanks grow out of date.

Medon, the learn'd in wisdome, answerd her:
I wish (O Queene) that their ingratitude were
Their worst ill towards you; but worse by farre,
And much more deadly their endeouours are;

Antinous angry
for the rape of
Telemachus.

Penelope to *Medon*.

Medon to *Penelope* relates the
voyage of *Telemachus*.

Which *loue* will faile them in. *Telemachus*
 Their purpose is (as he returns to vs)
 To giue their sharpe steeles in a cruell death:
 Who now is gone to learne, if *Fame* can breathe
 Newes of his Sire; and will the *Pylia* shore,
 And sacred *Sparta*, in his search explore.

This newes dissolu'd to her both knees and heart,
 Long silence held her ere one word would part:
 Her eyes flood full of teares; her small soft voice,
 All late vnto lost; that yet at last had choice
 Of wonted words; which briefly thus she vides:

Why left my sonne his mother? why refuse
 His wit the solid shore, to tie the seas,
 And put in ships the trust of his distrust?
 That are at sea to men vnbridld horse,
 And runne, past rule, their farre-engaged course,
 Amidst a moisture, past all meane vnslaid:
 No need compeld this: did he it, afraid
 To liue and leaue posteritie his name?

I know not (he replide) if th' humor came
 From current of his owne inflin'd, or flowd
 From others instigations; but he vowd
 Attempt to *Pylas*; or to see decried
 His Sires returne, or know what death he died.

This said; he tooke him to *Vlysses* house
 After the wooers; the *Vlyssian* Spouse
 (Runne through with woes) let *Torture* seise her mind;
 Nor, in her choice of state-chaires, flood enclin'd
 To take her seate; but th' abiect threshold chose
 Of her faire chamber, for her loth'd repose;
 And mournd most wretch-like. Round about her fell
 Her handmaids, ioynd in a continuat yell.
 From euery corner of the Pallace, all
 Of all degrees, run'd to her comforts fall
 Their owne deiections: to whom, her complaint
 She thus enforc't: The Gods beyond constraint
 Of any measure, vrge these teares on me;
 Nor was there euer Dame of my degree,
 So past degree griev'd. First, a Lord, so good,
 That had such hardie spirits in his blood.
 That all the vertues was adorn'd withall,
 That all the Greeks did their Superiour call,
 To part with thus, and lose. And now a sonne
 So worthily below'd, a course to runne
 Beyond my knowledge, whom rude tempests haue
 Made farre from home, his most inglorious graue.
 Vnhappie wenches, that no one of all,
 (Though in the reach of euery one, must fall

*Telemachus returns
 to his Ladies
 for not telling her
 of Telemachus.*

His taking ship) sustaine the carefull mind,
 To call me from my bed; who, this designd,
 And most vowd courte in him, had either laid,
 (How much sooner hastid) or dead laid
 He should haue left me. Many a man I haue,
 That would haue call'd old *Dolius* my slaue,
 (That keeps my Orchard, whom my Father gaue }
 At my departure) to haue runne, and told
Laertes this; to trie if he could hold
 From running through the people; and from teares,
 In telling them of these vowd murderers;
 That both diuine *Vlysses* hope, and his,
 Reloue to end in their conspiracies.

His Nurse then, *Euryclia* made reply:
 Deare Soueraigne, let me with your owne hands die;
 Or cast me off here; Ile not keepe from thee,
 One word of what I know: He trusted me
 With all his purpose; and I gaue him all
 The bread and wine, for which he plead to call.
 But then a mightie oath he made me sweare, }
 Not to report it to your royall eare,
 Before the twelfth day either should appeare,
 Or you should aske me, when you heard him gone. }
 Empaire not then your beauties with your mone,
 But wash, and put vnto care-staind garments on:
 Ascend your chamber, with your Ladies here;
 And pray the seed of Goat-nurft *Jupiter*,
 (Diuine *Athenia*) to preserve your sonne;
 And the will saue him from confusion.
 Th' old King, to whom your hopes stand so inclin'd,
 For his gaue counsels, you perhaps may find
 Vnfit affected, for his ages sake.
 But heauen-kings waxe not old; and therefore make
 I it pray's to them, for my thoughts neuer will
 Reluee the heauenly powres conceit so ill,
 The seed of righteous *Arcefiades*,
 To end it vnto; but still will please
 In some place euermore, some one of them
 To saue; and decke him with a Diadem:
 Giue him possession of erected Towres,
 And farre-stretcht fields, crown'd all of fruits and flowres.
 This easd her heart, and dride her humorous eies,
 When hauing washt, and weeds of sacrifice
 (Pure, and vnstaind with her distrustfull teares)
 Put on; (with all her women-ministers)
 Vp to a chamber of most height, she rose;
 And cakes of salt and barley did impose
 Within a wicker basket; all which broke

*Euryclia, pious
 comfort of Pe-
 melope.*

*L.ertes (sonne to
 Arceus the son
 of Jupiter.*

*Penelope to
Pallast*

In decent order, thus she did inuoke:

Great Virgin of the Goat-preferred God;
If euer the inhabited abode
Of wife *Phyllis*, held the fated Thies
Of sheepe and Oxen, made thy sacrifice
By his deuotion; heare me; nor forget
His pious seruices; but safe see set
His deare sonne, on these shores; and banish hence
These wooers, past all meane in insolence.

This said, she shrieked; and *Pallas* heard her praise.
The wooers broke with tumult all the aire
About the shade house; and one of them,
Whose pride, his youth had made the more extreme,
Said; Now the many-wooe-honourd *Queene*,
Will surely satiate her delayfull spleene,
And one of vs, in instant nuptials take.
Poore Dame, she dreames not, what designe we make,
Vpon the life and slaughter of her sonne.

*Antinoos to the
rest.*

So said he; but so said, was not so done;
Whose arrogant spirit, in a vaine so vaine,
Antinoos chid; and said; For shame containe
These brauing speeches; who can tell who heares?
Are we not now in reach of others eares?
If our intentions please vs, let vs call
Our spirits vp to them, and let speeches fall.
By watchfull Danger, men must silent go:
What we resolute on, let's not say, but do.
This said, he chusde our twentie men, that bore
Best reckning with him; and to ship and shore,
All hasted; reacht the ship, lancht, raid the mast,
Put sailes in; and with leather loopes made fast
The oares; Sailes hoisted; Armes their men did bring;
All giuing speed, and forme to euery thing.
Then to the high-deepes, their riggd vessell driven,
They sapt, expecting the approaching Euen.

Meane space, *Penelope* her chamber kept,
And bed, and neither ate, nor dranke, nor slept;
Her strong thoughts wrought so on her blamelesse sonne;
Still in contention, if he should be done
To death; or scape the impious wooers designe.
Looke how a Lion, whom men-troopes combine
To hunt, and close him in a craftie ring;
Much varied thought conceiues; and feare doth sting
For vrgent danger: So far'd she, till sleepe,
All iuncture of her ioynts, and nerves did sleepe
In his dissoluing humor. When (at rest)
Pallas her fauours varied; and addrest
An Idoll, that *Iphitima* did present

In * structure of her euery lineament;
Great-sould *Leucius* daughter: whom, for Spouse
Eumelus tooke, that kept in *Echeris* house.
This, to diuine *Phyllis* house she sent,
To trie her best meane, how she might content }
Mourfull *Penelope*, and make Relent
The strict addition in her to deplore.
This Idoll (like a * worne, that lesse or more,
Contracts or strains her) did it selfe conuey,
Beyond the wards, or windings of the key,
Into the chamber; and about her head,
Her seate assuming, thus she comforted
Distrest *Penelope*. Doth sleepe thus seafe
Thy powres, affected with so much disease?
The Gods, that nothing troubles, will not see
Thy teares nor griefes, in any least degree.
Sustained with cause; for they will guard thy sonne,
Safe to his wisht, and native mansion;
Since he is no offender of their States;
And they to such, are firmer then their Fates.

The wise *Penelope* receiuid her thus;
(Bound with a slumber most delicious,
And in the Port of dreames) O sister, why
Repaire you hither? since so farre off lie
Your house and household: You were neuer here
Before this houre; and would you now giue cheare
To my so many woes and mileries?
Affecting fitly all the faculties
My soule and mind hold: hauing lost before
A husband, that of all the vertues bore
The Palme amongst the Greeks; and whose renowne
So ample was, that *Fame* the sound hath blowne
Through *Greece* and *Argos*, to her very heart.
And now againe; a sonne that did conuert
My whole powres to his loue, by ship is gone.
A tender Plant, that yet was neuer growne
To labours taste, nor the commerce of men;
For whom, more then my husband I complaine;
And lest he should at any sufferance touch
(Or in the sea, or by the men so much
Estrang'd to him, that must his consorts be)
Feare and chill tremblings, shake each ioynt of me.
Besides: his danger sets on, foes profest
To way-lay his returne; that haue addrest
Plots for his death. The scarce-discerned Dreame,
Said: Be of comfort; nor feares so extreme,
Let thus dismay thee; thou hast such a mate
Attending thee, as some at any rate

*Quare mem-
brorum stru-
ctura.*

*omni animae
passiva. Iustis
affectus cur-
culionis signi-
ficat quod lon-
gior & grati-
hor euasit.*

*Minerva sub
Iphitima per-
sona, solatur Pe-
nelopen in
somnis.*

*Penelope to the
Dreame.*

Would

Would with to purchase, for her powre is great;
Minerva pities thy delights defeat:
 Whose Grace hath sent me to foretell thee these.

*Penelope to the
 Idoll.*

If thou (said she) be of the Goddesses,
 And heardst her tell thee these; thou mayst as well
 From her, tell all things else; daigne then to tell,
 If yet the man, to all misfortunes borne,
 (My husband) liues; and sees the Sunne adorne
 The darksome earth; or hides his wretched head
 In *Phæbus* house, and liues amongst the dead:

I will not (the replide) my breath exhale,
 In one continu'd and perpetuall tale;
 Liues he, or dies he. Tis a filthy vice,
 To be in vaine and idle speech profuse.
 This said, she through the key-hole of the dore
 Vanisht againe into the open bore.

Icarus daughter started from her sleepe,
 And *Joyes* fresh humor, her lou'd breth did sleepe:
 When now so cleare, in that first watch of night,
 She saw the scene dreame vanish from her sight.

The wooers (ships) the seas moist wates did plie;
 And thought the Prince, a haughtie death should die.
 There lies a certaine Iland in the sea,
 Twixt rockie *Samos* and rough *Rhæa*,
 That cliffie is it selfe, and nothing great;
 Yet holds conuenient hauens, that two wayes let
 Ships in and out; call'd *Astori*: and there
 The wooers hope to make their massacre.

Finis libri quarti Hom. Odysf.

THE

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Second Courte, on Ioue attends;
 Who, *Hermes* to *Calypso* sends;
 Commanding her to cleare the wayes
 Vlysses sought; and she obeyes.
 When Neptune saw Vlysses free,
 And, so in safetie, plow the sea;
 Enrag'd, he ruffles up the wauers,
 And splits his ship. *Leucothea* saues
 His person yet; as being a Dame,
 Whose Godhead govern'd in the frame
 Of those seas tempests. But the meane
 By which she curbs dread Neptunes spleene,
 Is made a Jewell; which she takes
 From off her head; and that she makes
 Vlysses on his bosome weare,
 About his necke, she ties it there:
 And when he is with wauers beset,
 Bids weare it as an Amulet;
 Commanding him, that not before
 He toucht upon *Phæacias* shore,
 He should not part with it; but then
 Returne it to the sea again,
 And cast it from him. He performs;
 Tet after this, bides bitter stormes;
 And in the rocks, sees Death engrau'd;
 But on *Phæacias* shore is sau'd.

Another.

E. Vlysses builds
 A ship; and gaines
 The *Gastie* fields;
 Payes Neptune paines.



From a rose from high-borne *Tithons* Bed,
 That men and Gods might be illustrated:
 And then the Deities fate. Imperiall Ioue,
 That makes the horrid murmure beate about,
 Tooke place past all; whose height for euer springs;
 And from whom flowes th'eternal powre of things.

Then *Pallas* (mindfull of *Vlysses*) told
 The many Cares, that in *Calypso*s hold,
 He still sustains; when he had felt before,
 So much affliction, and such dangers more.

*Talks to the
Gods.*

O Father, (said she) and ye euer blest,
Gue neuer King hereafter, interest
In any aide of yours, by serving you;
By being gentle, humane, iust, but grow
Rude, and for euer scornfull of your rights;
All iustice ording by their appetites.
Since he that rul'd, as it in right behou'd,
That all his subiects, as his children lou'd,
Finds you so thoughtlesse of him, and his birth.
Thus men begin to say, ye rule in earth;
And grudge at what ye let him vndergo;
Who yet the least part of his sufferance know:
Thralld in an Iland; shipwrack in his teares;
And in the fancies that *Calypso* beares,
Bound from his birthright; all his shipping gone;
And of his souldiers, not retaining one.
And now his most-lou'd Sonnes life doth inflame
Their slaughterous enuies; since his Fathers fame
He puts in pursuite; and is gone as farre
As sacred *Pylas*; and the singular

Is to Pollux.

Dame breeding *Sparta*. This, with this reply,
The Cloud-assembler answerd: What words shie
Thine own remembrance (daughter) hast not thou?
The counsell giuen thy selfe, that told thee how
Vlysses shall with his returne addresse
His wooers wronge: And for the safe access,
His Sonne shall make to his innatime Port,
Do thou direct it, in as curious sort,
As thy wit serues thee: it obeys thy powers;
And in their ship returne the speedlesse wowers.

Then turnd he to his issue *Mercurie*,

Is to Mercury

And said: Thou hast made good our Ambassie
To th'other Statist; To the Nymph then now,
On whose faire head a tuft of gold doth grow;
Beare our true-spoken counsell; for retreat
Of patient *Vlysses*, who shall get
No aide from vs, nor any mortall man;
But in a patcht-vp skiffe, (buile as he can,
And suffering woes enow) the twentieth day
At fruitfull *Scheria*, let him breathe his way,
With the *Phaeacians*, that halfe Deities liue;
Who like a God will honour him; and giue
His wisedome clothes, and ship, and brasse, and gold,
More then for gaine of *Troy* he euer told;
Where, at the whole diuision of the prey,
If he a fauer were, or got away
Without a wound (if he should grudge) twas well;
But th'end shall crowne all; therfore Fate will deale

*His golden wand
Shewen in rate
multis vinctulis
ligatus.*

So well with him; to let him land, and see
His native earth, friends, house and family.

Thus charg'd he; nor *Argicides* denied;
But to his feete, his faire wingd shooes he tied;
Ambrosian, golden; that in his command,
Put either sea, or the vnmeasur'd land,
With pace as speedie as a puft of wind.
Then vp his Rod went; with which he declin'd
The eyes of any waker, when he pleasd,
And any sleeper, when he wisht, diseasd.

This tooke; he stoopt *Pieris*; and thence
Glid through the aire; and *Neptunes* Confluence
Kist as he flew; and checkt the waues as light
As any Sea-mew, in her fishing flight,
Her thicke wings fousing in the fauoric seas.
Like her, he past a world of wildernesse;
But when the far-off Ile, he toucht; he went
Vp from the blue sea, to the Continent,
And reacht the ample Cauerne of the Queene;
Whom he within found; without, seldome seene.
A Sun-like fire vpon the harth did flame;
The matter precious, and diuine the frame;
Of Cedar cleft, and Incense was the Pile,
That breath'd an odour round about the Ile.
Her selfe was seated in an inner roome,
Whom sweetly sing he heard; and at her loome,
About a curious web, whose yarne she threw
In, with a golden shuttle. A Grove grew
In endlesse spring about her Cauerne round;
With odorous Cypresse, Pines, and Poplars crown'd,
Where Haulks, Sea-owles, and long-tongu'd Bittrours bred;
And other birds their shade pinions spread.
All Fowles maritimall, none roosted there,
But those whose labours in the waters were.
A Vine did all the hollow Caue embrace;
Still Greene, yet still ripe bunches gaue it grace.
Foure Fountaines, one against another powd
Their siluer streames; and meadowes all enflow'd
With sweete Balme-gentle, and blue Violets hid,
That deckt the soft breasts of each fragrant Mead.
Should any one (though he immortal were)
Arriue and see the sacred objects there;
He would admire them, and be ouer-joyd;
And so stood *Hermes* ravisht powres employd.

But hauing all admir'd, he enterd on
The ample Caue; nor could be seene vnknowne
Of great *Calypso*, (for all Deities are
Prompt in each others knowledge; though so farre

*Mercurij de-
scriptio.*

*Descriptio spe-
cus Calypsius.*

Seuerd in dwellings) but he could not see
Vlysses there within. Without was he
 Set sad ashore, where twas his vie to view
 Th'vnquiet sea; sigh'd, wept, and emptic drew
 His heart of comfort. Plac't here in her throne
 (That beames cast vp, to Admiration)
 Diuine *Calypso*, question'd *Hermes* thus:

Calypso to Mer-
cure.

For what cause (deare, and much-esteem'd by vs,
 Thou golden-rod-adorned *Mercurie*)
 Arru'st thou here: thou hast not vnde apply
 Thy passage this way. Say, what euer be
 Thy hearts desire, my mind commands it thee,
 If in my meanes it lie, or powre of fact.
 But first, what hospitable rights exact,
 Come yet more neare, and take. This said, she set
 A Table forth, and furnisht it with meate,
 Such as the Gods taste, and seru'd in with it,
 Vermilion *Nectar*. When with banquet, sit
 He had confirm'd his spirits; he thus exprest
 His cause of coming: Thou hast made request
 (Goddesse of Goddesses) to vnderstand
 My cause of touch here: which thou shalt command,
 And know with truth: *Ioue* caus'd my course to thee,
 Against my will, for who would willingly
 Lackey along so vast a lake of Brine?

Mercurie to Cal-
ypso.

Neare to no Citie; that the powres diuine
 Receiues with solenne rites and Hecatombs:
 But *Ioues* will euer, all law ouercomes;
 No other God can crosse or make it void.
 And he affirmer, that one, the most annoyd
 With woes and toiles, of all those men that fought
 For *Priams* Citie; and to end hath brought
 Nine yeares in the contention; is with thee.
 For in the tenth yeare, when roy *Victorie*
 Was wonne, to giue the Greeks the spoile of *Troy*;
 Returne they did professe, but not enjoy,
 Since *Pallas* they incens'd; and she, the waues
 By all the winds powre, that blew ope their granes.
 And there they rested. Onely this poore one,
 This Coast, both winds and waues haue cast vpon:
 Whom now forthwith he wils thee to dismiss;
 Affirming that th'vnaltered destinies,
 Not onely haue decreed he shall not die
 Apart his friends; but of Necessitie
 Enjoy their sights before those fatall houres,
 His countie earth reach, and erected Towres.

This strook a loue-checkt horror through her powres;
 When (naming him) she this reply did giue:

Calypso displea-
sed reply to
Mercurie.

Insatiate are ye Gods, past all that liue,
 In all things you affect; which still conuerts
 Your powres to Enuires. It afflicts your hearts,
 That any Goddesse should (as you obtaine
 The vie of earthly Dames) enjoy the men:
 And most in open marriage. So ye far'd,
 When the delicious-finger'd *Morning* shad'
Orions bed: you easie-liuing *Stater*,
 Could neuer satisfie your emulous hates;
 Till in *Ortygia*, the precise-liu'd Dame
 (Gold-thron'd *Diana*) on him rudely came,
 And with her swift shafts slue him. And such palties,
 (When rich-hair'd *Ceres* pleas'd to giue the raines
 To her affections; and the grace did yeeld
 Of loue and bed amidst a three-cropt field,
 To her *Iasion*) he paid angrie *Ioue*;
 Who lost, no long time, notice of their loue;
 But with a glowing lightning, was his death.
 And now your enuires labour vnderneath
 A mortall choice of mine; whose life, I tooke
 To lib'ral fastetic; when his ship, *Ioue* strooke
 With red-hot flashes, peece-meale in the seas;
 And all his friends and souldiers, succourlesse
 Perisht but he. Him, cast vpon this coast
 With blasts and billowes; I (in life giuen lost)
 Prefer'd alone; lou'd, nourisht, and did vow
 To make him deathlesse; and yet neuer grow
 Crooked, or worne with age, his whole life long.
 But since no reason may be made so strong,
 To triue with *Ioues* will, or to make it vaine;
 No not if all the other Gods should straine
 Their powres against it; let his will be law;
 So he affoord him fit meanes to withdraw,
 (As he commands him) to the raging Maine:
 But meanes from me, he neuer shall obtaine,
 For my meanes yeeld, nor men, nor ship, nor oares,
 To set him off, from my so enuid shores.
 But if my counsell and goodwill can aide
 His safe passe home, my best shall be assaid.

Vouchsafe it so, (sa.d heauens Ambassador)
 And daigne it quickly. By all meanes abhorre
 T'incense *Ioues* wrath against thee; that with grace
 He may hereafter, all thy wish embrace.

Thus tooke the *Argus*-killing God, his wings,
 And since the reuerend *Nymph*, these awfull things
 Recei'd from *Ioue*; she to *Vlysses* went:
 Whom she ashore found, drown'd in discontent;
 His eyes kept neuer drie, he did so mourne,

Mercurie leaues
Calypso.

And waste his deare age, for his wisht returne.
Which still without the Cause he vnde do,
Because he could not please the Goddesse so.
At night yet (forc't) together tooke their rest,
The willing Goddesse, and th'vnwilling Guest.
But he, all day in rocks, and on the shore
The next sea view'd; and did his Fate deplore.
Him, now, the Goddesse (coming neare) bespake:

Calypso to Physis

Vnhappie man, no more discomfort take,
For my constraint of thee, nor waste thine age;
I now will passing freely disengage
Thy irksome stay here. Come then, sell thee wood,
And build a ship, to save thee from the flood.
He furnish thee with fresh waue, bread and wine,
Ruddie and sweet, that will the Piner pine;
Put garments on thee; give thee winds foreright;
That euery way thy home-bent appetite
May safe attaine to it; if so it please
At all parts, all the heauen-hould Deities!
That more in powre are, more in skill then I;
And more can iudge, what fits humanitie.

Hunger.

Physis to Calypso

He stood amaz'd, at this strange change in her;
And said: O Goddesse! thy intents preferre
Some other proiect, then my parting hence;
Commanding things of too high consequence
For my performance. That my selfe should build
A ship of powre, my home affaies to shield
Against the great Sea, of such dread to passe;
Which not the best-built ship that euer was,
Will passe exulting; when such winds as Ioue
Can thunder vp, their trims and tacklings prone.
But could I build one, I would ne're aboard,
(Thy will oppos'd) nor (won) without thy word,
Giuen in the great oath of the Gods to me,
Not to beguile me in the least degree.

The Goddesse (smil'd) held hard his hand, and said:
O y'are a shrewd one; and so habited
In taking heed; thou knowst not what it is
To be vnwary; nor vfe words amisse.

Calypso oath.

How hast thou charmd me, were I ne're so flie:
Let earth know then; and heauen, so broad, so hie;
And th'vnder-funke waues of th' infernall streame;
(Which is an oath, as terribly supreme,
As any God swears) that I had no thought,
But stood with what I spake; nor would haue wrought,
Nor counsel'd any act, against thy good;
But euer diligently weigh'd, and stood
On those points in perswading thee; that I

Would

Would vfe my selfe in such extremitie.
For my mind simple is, and innocent;
Not giuen by cruell sleights to circumuents;
Nor beare I in my breast a heart of Steele,
But with the Sufferer, willing sufferance feele.
This said; the Grace of Goddesse led home;
He tract her steps; and (to the Cauerne come)
In that rich Throne, whence *Mercure* arose,
He fate. The *Nymph* her selfe did then appose
For food and beuridge to him; all best meate.
And drinke, that mortals vfe to taste and eate.
Then fate she opposite; and for her Feast,
Was *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* addrest

By handmaids to her. Both, what was prepar'd,
Did freely fall to. Hauing firly far'd,
The *Nymph Calypso* this discourse began:

Ioue-bred *Physis*! many-witted man!
Still is thy home so withr: so soone away;
Be still of cheare, for all the worst I say;
But if thy soule knew what a summe of woes
For thee to cast vp, thy sterne Fates impose;
Ere to thy country earth thy hopes attaine;
Vndoubtedly thy choice would here remaine;
Keepe house with me, and be a liuer euer.
Which (me thinks) should thy house and thee disouer,
Though for thy wife there, thou art set on fire;
And all thy dayes are spent in her desire;
And though it be no boast in me to say,
In forme and mind, I match her euery way.
Nor can it fit a mortall Dames compare,
T' affect those termes with vs, that deathlesse are.

The great in counsels, made her this reply:
Renowm'd, and to be reuerenc'd Deitie!
Let it not moue thee, that so much I vow
My comforts to my wife; though well I know
All cause my selfe, why wife *Penelope*.
In wit is farre inferiour to thee;
In feature, stature, all the parts of show;
She being a mortall; an Immortall thou;
Old euer growing, and yet neuer old.
Yet her desire, shall all my dayes see told;
Adding the sight of my returning day,
And naturall home. If any God shall lay
His hand vpon me, as I passe the seas;
He beare the worst of what his hand shall please;
As hauing giuen me such a mind, as shall
The more still rise, the more his hand lets fall.
In warres and waues, my sufferings were not small.

Calypso promise
of immortalitie
to Physis.

H 3

I

I now haue sufferd much; as much before;
Hereafter let as much refuse, and more.

This said; the Sunne set; and earth shadowes gaue;
When these two (in an in-room of the Cane,
Left to themselves) left Lone no rites vndone.
The early Morne vp; vp he roses; put on
His in and out-weed. She, her selfe in chaces
Amidst a white robe, full of all the Graces;
Ample, and pleated, thicke, like filthe scales.
A golden girdle then, her waister empales;
Her head, a veile decks; and abroad they come;
And now began *Vlysses* to go home.

A great Axe, first the gaue, that two wayes cut;
In which a faire wel-polishd helme was put,
That from an Olive bough recei'd his frame:
A plainer then. Then led the till they came
To lostie woods, that did the Ile confine.
The Firre tree, Poplar, and heauen-scaling Pine,
Had there their offspring. Of which, those that were
Of driest matter, and grew longest there,
He chulde for lighter laile. This place, thus shewne,
The *Nymph* turnd home. He fell to sitting downe;
And twentie tymes he stoop't in like space;
Plaine, vnde his Plumb; did all with artfull grace.
In meane time did *Calypso* winckles bring.
He bor'd, closde, naild, and orderd euery thing,
And tooke how much a ship-wright will allow
A ship of burthen; (one that best doth know
What fits his Art) so large a Keele he cast.
Wrought vp her decks, and hatches, side-boords, mast;
With willow watlings armd her, to resist
The billowes outrage; added all the mist;
Sail-yards, and sterne for guide. The *Nymph* then brought
Linnen for sailes; which, with dispatch, he wrought.
Gables, and halsters, tacklings. All the Frame
In foure dayes space, to full perfection came.
The fift day, they dismiss him from the shore;
Weeds, neat, and odorous gaue him; victles store;
Wine, and strong waters, and a prosperous wind.
To which, *Vlysses* (fit to be diuin'd)
His sailes expold, and hoised. Off he gat;
And chearfull was he. At the Sterne he sat,
And ster'd right artfully. No sleepe could seise
His ey-lids: he beheld the *Pleades*,
The Beare, furnam'd the Waine; that round doth moue
About *Orión*; and keepes still aboue
The billowie Ocean. The slow-sailing starre,
Bootes call'd, by some, the *Waggonar*.

This foure dayes
worke (you will
say) is too much
for one man: and
Plinie affirmes,
that Hiero (a
king of Sicily)
in five and forty
dayes built two
hundred and
twentie ships,
rigged them, and
put so few men
in them.

Calypso warn'd him, he his course should stee
Still to his left hand. Seuentene dayes did cleare
The cloudie *Nights* command, in his moist way;
And by the eighteenth light, he might display
The shadie hils of the *Phaasian* shore;
For which, as to his next abode, he bore.
The cuntry did a pretie figure yeeld,
And lookt from off the darke seas, like a shield.

Imperious *Neptune* (making his retreat
From the *Ethiopian* earth; and taking seate
Vpon the mountaines of the *Salmis*,
From thence, farre off discovering) did descrie
Vlysses, his fields plowing. All on fire
The sight strait set his heart; and made desire
Of wreake runne ouer, it did boile to hie.
When (his head nodding) O impietie
(He cried out) now, the Gods inconstancie
Is most apparent; altring their designs
Since I the *Bishops* saw: and here confines
To this *Vlysses* fate, his misery.

The great marke, on which all his hopes rely,
Lies in *Phaacia*. But I hope he shall
Feele woe at height, ere that dead calme befall.
This said, he (begging) gatherd clouds from land;
Frighted the seas vp; inarcht into his hand,
His horrid Trident; and aloft did toss
(Of all the winds) all stormes he could engrosse.
All earthooke into sea with clouds; grim *Night*
Fell tumbling headlong from the cope of Light.
The East and South winds iustl'd in the aire;
The violent *Zephire*, and *Norih*-making faire,
Rould vp the waues before them: and then, bent
Vlysses knees; then all his spirit was spent.
In which despaire, he thus spake: Woe is me!
What was I borne to? man of miserie?
Feare tels me now, that all the Goddesse said,
Truths selfe will author; that *Fate* would be paid
Grues whole summe due from me, at sea, before
I reacht the deare touch of my countries shore.
With what clouds *Ioue*, heauens heightened forehead binds
How tyrannize the wraths of all the winds?
How all the tops, he bottomes with the deepest
And in the bottomes, all the tops he steepes?
Thus dreadfull is the presence of our death.
Thrice foure times blest were they that sunke beneath
Their Fates at *Troy*; and did to nought contend;
But to renowme *Atrides* with their end?
I would to God, my houre of death, and Fate,

οὐρανὸν
Μενεκάδο
colligo.

That day had held the power to terminate,
When shoures of darts, my life bore vnderpreſt,
About diuine *Æacides* deceaſt.
Then had I bene allotted to haue died,
By all the Greeks, with funerals glorified;
(Whence *Death*, encouraging good life, had growne)
Where now I die, by no man mournd, nor knowne.

This ſpoke, a huge waue tooke him by the head,
And hurld him o're-board: ſhip and all it laid
Inuerted quite amidſt the waues; but he
Farre off from her ſprawld, ſtrowd about the ſea:
His Sterne ſtill holding, broken off, his Maſt
Burſt in the midſt: ſo horrible a blaſt
Of mixt winds ſtrooke it. Sailes and ſaile-yards fell
Amongſt the billowes; and himſelfe did dwell
A long time vnder water: nor could get
In haſte his head out: waue with waue ſo met
In his depreſſion; and his garments too,
(Given by *Calyſſo*) gaue him much to do,
Hindring his ſwimmings; yet he left not fo
His drenched veſſell, for the ouerthrow
Of her nor him; but gat at length againe
(Wreſtling with *Neptune*) hold of her; and then
Sat in her Bulke, inſulting ouer *Death*,
Which (with the ſalt ſtreame, preſt to ſtop his breath)
He ſcap't, and gaue the ſea againe, to giue
To other men. His ſhip ſo ſtri'd to liue,
Floting at randon, cuſt from waue to waue;
As you haue ſcene the *Northwind* when he draue
In *Autumne*, heapes of thorne-fed Graſhoppers,
Hiſher and thiſther, one heape this way beares,
Another that; and makes them often meete
In his conſulde gales; ſo *Phyſſes* flecte,
The winds hurld vp and downe: now *Boreas*
Toſt it to *Notus*, *Notus* gaue it paſſe
To *Eurus*; *Eurus*, *Zephyrus* made it purſue
The horrid *Tennis*. This ſport calld the view
Of *Cadmus* daughter, with the narrow heele;
(*See Lencolbea*) that fiſt did feele
A mortall Dames deſires; and had a tongue.
But now had th'honor to be nam'd among
The marine Godheads. She, wiſh pittie ſaw
Phyſſes iuſt'd thus, from ſlaw to ſlaw;
And (like a *Cormorand*, in forme and flight)
Roſe from a whirl-poolle: on the ſhip did light,
And thus beſpeake him: Why is *Neptune* thus
In thy purſuite extremely furious,
Oppreſſing thee with ſuch a world of ill,

Lencolbea to
Phyſſes.

Euen to thy death? He muſt not ſerue his will,
Though tis his ſtudie. Let me then aduiſe,
As my thoughts ſerue; thou ſhalt not be vnwiſe
To leaue thy weeds and ſhip, to the commands
Of theſe rude winds; and worke out with thy hands,
Paſſe to *Phœacia*; where thy auſtere *Fate*,
Is to purſue thee with no more ſuch hate.
Take here this *Tablet*, with this riband ſtrung,
And ſee it ſtill about thy boſome hung;
By whole eternall vertue, neuer feare
To ſuffer thus againe, nor periſh here.
But when thou toucheſt with thy hand the ſhore,
Then take it from thy necke, nor weare it more;
But caſt it farre off from the Continent,
And then thy perſon farre aſhore preſent.

Thus gaue ſhe him the *Tablet*; and againe
(Turn'd to a *Cormorand*) diu'd paſt ſight the *Maine*.

Patient Phyſſes ſigh'd at this; and ſtucke
In the conceit of ſuch faire-ſpoken Lucke:
And laid; Alas I muſt ſuſpect euen this;
Left any other of the Deities
Adde ſlight to *Neptunes* force; to counſell me
To leaue my veſſell, and ſo farre off ſee
The ſhore I aime at. Not with thoughts too cleare
Will I obey her; but to me appeare
Theſe counſels beſt; as long as I perſeue
My ſhip not quite diſſolu'd, I will not leaue
The helpe ſhe may afford me; but abide,
And ſuffer all woes, till the worſt be trade.
When the is ſplit, Ile ſwim: no miracle can
Paſt nature and cleare meanes, moue a knowing man.

While this diſcourſe emplotid him, *Neptune* raid
A huge, a high, and horrid ſea, that ſeiſd
Him and his ſhip, and toſt them through the Lake;
As when the violent winds together take
Heapes of drie chaffe, and hurle them euery way;
So his long woodſtacke, *Neptune* ſtrooke aſtray.

Then did *Phyſſes* mount on rib, perforce,
Like to a rider of a running horſe,
To ſtay himſelfe a time, while he might ſhift
His drenched weeds, that were *Calyſſos* gift.
When putting ſtrait, *Lencolbeas* Amulet
About his necke, he all his forces ſet
To ſwim; and caſt him proſtrate to the ſeas.
When powrefull *Neptune* ſaw the ruthleſſe preſe
Of perils ſiege him thus; he mou'd his head,
And this betwixt him and his heart, he ſaid:
So, now feele ils enow, and ſtruggle ſo,

Phyſſes ſtil ſuſpects
clew of faire
fortunes.

Neptuni in *V.*
lyſſem in cle-
mentia.

Till to your *low*-lou'd Ilanders you row.
 But my mind sayes, you will not so avoid
 This last taske too, but be with sufferance cloid.
 This said; his rich-man'd horse he mou'd; and reacht
 His house at *Egea*. But *Minerva* fetcht
 The winds from sea; and all their wayes but one
 Bard to their passage; the bleake *North* alone
 She set to blow; the rest, she charg'd to keepe
 Their rages in; and bind themselves in sleepe.
 But *Boreas* still flew high, to breake the seas,
 Till *low*-bred *Ithacus*, the more with ease,
 The navigation-skild *Phaetusa* States
 Might make his refuge; *Death*, and angrie *Fates*,
 At length escaping. Two nights yet, and daies,
 He spent in wrestling with the sable seas;
 In which space, often did his heart propose
 Death to his eyes. But when *Aurora* rose,
 And threw the third light from her orient haire;
 The winds grew calme, and cleare was all the aire;
 Not one breath stirring. Then he might descric
 (Raids by the high seas) cleare, the land was nie.
 And then, looke how to good sonnes that esteeme
 Their fathers life deare, (after paines extreme,
 Felt in some sicknesse, that hath held him long
 Downe to his bed; and with affections strong,
 Wasted his bodie, made his life his lode;
 As being inflicted by some angrie God)
 When on their praires, they see descend at length
 Health from the heavens, clad all in spirit and strength;
 The sight is precious: so, since here should end
Phyffes toiles; which therein should extend
 Health to his countrie, (held to him, his Sire)
 And on which, long for him, *Disease* did tire.
 And then besides, for his owne sake to see
 The shores, the woods so neare; such joy had he,
 As those good sonnes for their recoverd Sire.
 Then labourd feere and all parts, to aspire
 To that wisht Continent; which, when as neare
 He came, as *Cleamor* might informe an eare;
 He heard a sound beate from the sea-bred rocks,
 Against which gaue a huge sea horrid shocks,
 That belcht vpon the firme land, weeds and some;
 With which were all things bid there, where no roome
 Of fit capacitie was for any port;
 Nor (from the sea) for any mans resort;
 The shores, the rocks, and cliffes so prominent were.
 O (said *Phyffes* then) now *Iupiter*
 Hath given me sight of an vnhop't for shore,

Simile.

(Though

(Though I haue wrought these seas so long, so fore)
 Of rest yet, no place shewes the slenderest prints;
 The rugged shore so brist'd is with flints:
 Against which, euery way the waues so stocke;
 And all the shore shewes as one eminent rocke.
 So neare which, tis so deepe, that not a sand
 Is there, for any tired foote to stand:
 Nor flie his death-fast following miseries,
 Left if he land, vpon him fore-right flies
 A churlish waue, to crush him gainst a Cliffe;
 Worse then vaine rendring, all his landing strife.
 And should I swim to seek a haven elsewhere,
 Or land, lesse way-beate; I may iustly feare
 I shall be taken with a gale againe,
 And cast a huge way off into the Maine.
 And there, the great Earth-shaker (hauiing scene
 My so neare landing; and againe, his spleene
 Forcing me to him) will some Whale send out,
 (Of which a horrid number here about,
 His *Amphibrite* breeds) to swallow me.
 I well haue prou'd, with what malignitie
 He treds my steps. While this discourse he held;
 A curst Surge, gainst a cutting rocke impeld
 His naked bodie, which it gasht and tores;
 And had his bones broke, if but one sea more
 Had cast him on it. But * she prompted him,
 That neuer faild; and bad him no more swim
 Still off and on; but boldly force the shore,
 And hug the rocke, that him so rudely tore.
 Which he, with both hands, sigh'd and clapt; till past
 The billowes rage was; which scap't; backe, so fast
 The rocke repulst it, that it rest his hold,
 Sucking him from it, and farre backe he rould.
 And as the *Polypus*, that forc't from home
 Amidst the soft sea; and neare rough land come
 For shelter gainst the stormes that beate on her
 At open sea, as she abroad doth erre)
 A deale of grauill, and sharpe little stones,
 Needfully gathers in her hollow bones:
 So he forc't hither, (by the sharper ill,
 Shunning the smoother) where he best hop't, still
 The worst succeded: for the cruell friend,
 To which he clingd for succour, off did rend
 From his broad hands, the foken flesh so fore,
 That off he fell, and could sustaine no more.
 Quire vnder water fell he; and, past Fate,
 Haplesse *Phyffes*, there had lost the state
 He held in life; if (still the grey-eyd Maid,

Pallad.

Per aspera
vires astra.

His

His wisedome prompting) he had not affaid
 Another courſe; and ceaſt ſattempt that ſhore;
 Swimming, and caſting round his eye, to explore
 Some other ſhelter. Then, the mouth he found
 Of faire *Callicles* flood; whoſe ſhores were crown'd
 With moſt apt ſuccors: Rocks ſo ſmooth, they ſeem'd
 Poliſht of purpoſe; land that quite redeem'd
 With breatheſſe courſes, th'others blaſted ſhores.
 The flood he knew; and thus in heart implores:
 King of this River! heare; what euer name
 Makes thee inuokt: to thee I humbly frame
 My flight from *Neptunes* furies; Rcuertend is
 To all the euer-living Deities,
 What erring man ſouer ſeekes their aid.
 To thy both flood and knees, a man diſmai'd
 With varied ſufferance ſues. Yeeld then ſome reſt
 To him that is thy ſuppliant profeſt.

This (though but ſpoke in thought) the Godhead heard;
 Her Current ſtrait ſtaid; and her thicke waues cleard
 Before him, ſmooth'd her waters; and iuſt where
 He praid, halfe drown'd, entirely ſau'd him there.

Then forth he came, his both knees ſaluting, both
 His ſtrong hands hanging downe; and all with froth
 His cheeks and noſthrils flowing, Voice and breath
 Spent to all vie; and downe he ſunke to Death.

*ſi ſua of alium
 & paria dolor.*

The ſea had ſoakt his heart through: all his vaines,
 His toiles had rackt, & labouring womans paines.
 Dead wearie was he. But when breath did find
 A paſſe reciprocal; and in his mind,
 His ſpirit was recollected: vp he roſe,
 And from his necke did th' Amulet vnloſe,
 That *Ius* gaue him; which he hurld from him
 To ſea. It ſounding fell; and backe did ſwim
 With th'ebbing waters; till it ſtrait arriv'd,
 Where *Ius* faire hand, it againe receiv'd.
 Then kiſt he th' humble earth; and on he goes,
 Till buſhrushes ſhew'd place for his repoſe;
 Where laid, he ſigh'd, and thus ſaid to his ſoule:
 O me, what ſtrange perplexities controule
 The whole ſkill of thy powres, in this euent:
 What ſeele I: if till Care-nurſe Night be ſpent,
 I watch amidſt the flood, the ſea's chill breath,
 And vegetant dewes, I feare will be my death:
 So low brought with my labours. Towards day,
 A paſſing ſharpe aire euer breathes at ſea.
 If I the pitch of this next mountaine ſcale,
 And ſhadie wood; and in ſome thicket fall
 Into the hands of Sleeper: though there the cold

May

May well be checkt; and healthfull ſlumbers hold
 Her ſweete hand on my powres; all care allaid,
 Yet there will beaſts deuoure me. Beſt appaid
 Doth that courſe make me yet; for there, ſome ſtriſe,
 Strength, and my ſpirit, may make me make for life.
 Which, though empaird, may yet be freſh apply'd,
 Where perill, poſſible of eſcape is tried.
 But he that fights with heauen, or with the ſea,
 To Indiscretion, addes Impietie.

Thus to the woods he haſted; which he found
 Not ſane from ſea; but on farre-ſeeing ground;
 Where two twin vnder-woods, he enter'd on;
 With Oliue trees, and oile-trees ouergrowne:
 Through which, the moiſt force of the loud-voic't wind,
 Did neuer beate; nor euer *Phæbus* ſhin'd;
 Nor ſhowre beate through; they grew fo one in one;
 And had, by turnes, their powre to exclude the Sunne.
 Here enter'd our *Ulyſſes*, and a bed
 Of leaues huge, and of huge abundance ſpred
 With all his ſpeed. Large he made it; for there,
 For two or three men, ample Coverings were;
 Such as might ſhield them from the *Winters* worſt;
 Though ſteele it breath'd; and blew as it would burſt.

Patient *Ulyſſes* ioyd, that euer day
 Shew'd ſuch a ſhelter. In the miſt he lay,
 Store of leaues heaping high on euery ſide.
 And as in ſome out-field, a man doth hide
 A kindld brand, to keepe the ſeed of fire;
 No neighbour dwelling neare; and his deſire
 Seru'd with ſelfe ſtore; he elſe would aſke of none;
 But of his fore-ſpent ſparks, rakes th'aſhes on:
 So this out-place, *Ulyſſes* thus receiues;
 And thus nak't vertues ſeed, lies hid in leaues.
 Yet *Pallas* made him ſleepe, as ſoone as men
 Whom *Delicacies*, all their flatteries daine.
 And all that all his labours could comprife,
 Quickly concluded, in his cloſed eies.

Finis libri quinti Hom. Odysſ.

*'A metaphorical
 Hyperbole, ex-
 preſſing the Winte-
 r's extreme
 of ſharpeſſe.*

Simile.

I

THE

THE SIXTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT.

M Inerua in a vision stands
Before Nausicaa; and commands
She to the flood, her weeds should beare,
For now her Nuptiall day was neare.
Nausicaa her charge obeyes;
And then with other virgins plays.
Their sports make waky Vlysses rise;
Walks to them, and besetcs supplies
Of food and clothes. His naked sight
Fears the other Maids, afraid, to flight.
Nausicaa onely boldly stays,
And gladly his desire obeyes.
He (furnishd with her favours, shewes)
Attends her, and she rest, to Tonne.

Another.

Zila. Here Olive leaves
T'inde shame, began.
The Maids recover
The naked man.

*Some say Nausicaa
was the first
Sorrow & labo-
re afflictus Sleep
(Nausicaa)
for the want of
Sleep.*

He much sustaining, patient, heavenly Man,
Whom *Taile* and *Sleepe* had worne so weake and wan;
Thus wonne his rest. In meane space *Pallas* went
To the *Phaacia* citie; and descent
That first did broad *Hyperias* lands divide,
Neare the vast *Cyclops*, men of monstrous pride.
That preyd on those *Hyperians*, since they were
Of greater powre; and therefore longer there
Divine *Nausibous* dwelt not; but arose,
And did for *Scheria*, all his powres dispose:
Farre from ingenious Art-inuening men.
But there did he erect a Citie then.
First, drew a wall round; then he houses builds;
And then a Temple to the Gods; the fields
Lastly dividing. But he (stoopt by Fate)
Diu'd to th' infernals; and *Alcinous* fate
In his command: a man, the Gods did teach,
Commanding counsels. His house held the reach
Of grey *Atmer* was protect; to provide,
That great-sould *Ithacus* might be supplide

With

With all things fitting his returne. She went
Vp to the chamber, where the faire *descent
Of great *Alcinous* slept. A maid, whose parts
In wit and beautie, wore diuine deserts.
Well deckt her chamber was: of which, the dore
Did seeme to lighten; such a glosse it bore
Betwixt the posts: and now siew ope, to find
The Goddesse entrie. Like a puff of wind
She reacht the Virgin bed. Neare which, there lay
Two maids; to whom, the *Graces* did conuay,
Figure, and manners. But about the head
Of bright *Nausicaa*, did *Pallas* tread
The subtle aire; and put the person on
Of *Dymas* daughter; from comparifon
Exempt in businesse Nauall. Like his feed,
Minerua lookt now; * whom once yeare did breed,
With bright *Nausicaa*; and who had gaind
Grace in her loue; yet on her thus complaind:

Nausicaa! why bred thy mother one
So negligent, in rites so stood vpon
By other virgins? Thy faire garments lie
Neglected by thee; yet thy Nuptials nie.
When, rich in all attire, both thou shouldst be,
And garments giue to others honoring thee,
That leade thee to the Temple. Thy good name
Grows amongst men for these things; they enflame
Father, and reuerend Mother with delight.
Come, when the *Day* takes any winke from *Night*,
Let's to the riuer, and repurifie
Thy wedding garments: my societie
Shall freely serue thee, for thy speedier aid,
Because thou shalt no more stand on the Maid.
The best of all *Phaacia* wooe thy *Grace*,
Where thou wert bred, and ow'st thy selfe a race.
Vp, and stire vp to thee thy honourd Sire,
To giue thee Mules and Coach; thee and thy tire;
Vails, girdles, mantles, early to the flood,
To beare in state. It suites thy high-borne blood;
And farre more fits thee, then to foote so farre;
For far from towne thou know'st the Bath-founts are.

This said, away blue-eyd *Minerua* went
Vp to *Olympus*: the firme Continent,
That beares in endlesse being, the deified kind,
That's neither sou'et with showres, nor shooke with wind;
Nor chilld with snow; but where *Serenitie* flies,
Exempt from clouds; and euer-beamie skies
Circle the glittering hill. And all their daies,
Giue the delights of blessed *Deitie* praise.

Nausicaa

Intending Dymas daughter,

Olympus desert-bed.

I 2

And

And higher *Pallas* flew; and left the Maid,
When she had all that might excite her, laid.
Strait rose the lovely *Morne*, that vp did raise
Faure-veild *Nausicaa*; whose dreame, her praise
To *Admiration* tooke. Who no time spent
To giue the rapture of her vision vent,
To her lou'd parents: whom she found within.
Her mother set at fire, who had to spin
A *Rocke*, whose tincture with sea-purple shin'd;
Her maids about her. But she chanc't to find
Her Father going abroad: to Counsell call'd
By his graue *Senate*. And to him, exhal'd

Her smother'd bosome was. Lou'd Sire (said she)
Will you not now command a Coach for me?
Stately and complete: fit for me to beare
To walk at flood, the weeds I cannot weare
Before repurified: Your selfe it fits
To weare faire weeds; as euery man that sits
In place of counsell. And five sonnes you haue;
Two wed; three Bachelors; that must be braue
In euery dayes shift, that they may go dance;
For these three last, with these things must aduance
Their states in mariage: and who else but I
Their sister, should their dancing rines supply?
This generall cause she shew'd, and would not name
Her mind of Nuptials to her Sire, for shame.
He vnderstood her yet; and thus replide:
Daughter! nor these, nor any grace beside,
I either will denie thee, or deferre,
Mules, nor a Coach, of state and circular,
Fitting at all parts. Go; my seruants shall
Serue thy desires, and thy command in all.

The seruants then (commanded) soone obaid;
Fetcht Coach, and Mules ioynd in it. Then the Maid
Brought from the chamber her rich weeds, and laid
All vp in Coach: in which, her mother plac't
A maund of victles, varied well in taste,
And other junkets. Wine she likewise fill'd
Within a goat-skin bottle, and distill'd
Sweete and moist oile into a golden Cufe,
Both for her daughters, and her handmaids vse;
To soften their bright bodies, when they rose
Clen'd from their cold baths. Vp to Coach then goes
Th'obserued Maid: takes both the scourge and raines;
And to her side, her handmaid strait attaines.
Nor these alone, but other virgins grac't
The Nuptiall Chariot. The whole Beuie plac't;
Nausicaa scourge to make the Coach Mules runne;

This familiar & more spacious carriage of *Nausicaa* is to her father payd with this virgin modestly express'd in her after, a much prais'd by the grauest of Homer's expostition with her father, leaving allowance of it, knowing her shamefulness and indignement, would not let her exceed as any part, which more where inserted, not as if she were more worthy the observation then other every where strewd flowers of precepts, but because she more generally pleasing subject may perhaps finde more fitnessse for the stay of most Readers.

That neigh'd, and pac'd their vsuall speed; and soone,
Both maids and weeds, brought to the riuer side;
Where Baths for all the yeare, their vie supplide.
Whose waters were so pure, they would not staine;
But still ran faire forth; and did more remaine
Apt to purge staines; for that purg'd staine within,
Which, by the waters pure store, was not seen.

These (here arriu'd,) the Mules vncoacht, and draue
Vp to the gulphie riuers shore, that gaue
Sweet grasse to them. The maids from Coach then tooke
Their cloaths, and slept them in the fable brooke.
Then put them into springs, and trod them cleane,
With cleanly feet; aduentring wagers then,
Who should haue soonest, and most cleanly done.
When hauing thoroughly cleans'd, they spred them on
The floods shore, all in order. And then, where
The waues the pibbles wash't, and ground was cleare,
They bath'd themselves; and all with glittering oile,
Smooth'd their whiteskins: refreshing then their toile
With pleasant dinner, by the riuers side.
Yet still watch when the Sunne, their cloaths had dride.
Till which time (having din'd) *Nausicaa*
With other virgins, did at stool-ball play;
Their shoulder-reaching head-tires laying by.
Nausicaa (with the wrists of Ivory)
The liking stroke strooke; singing first a song;
(As custome orderd) and amidst the throng,
Made such a shew; and so past all was seene;
As when the Chast-borne, Arrow-louing Queene,
Along the mountaines gliding; either ouer
Spartan Taygetus, whose tops farre discover;
Or *Eurymanthus*; in the wilde Bores chace;
Or swift-hou'd Hart; and with her, *Iouis* faire race
(The field Nymphs) sporting. Amongst whom, to see
How farre *Diana* had prioritic
(Though all were faire) for fairnesse; yet of all,
(As both by head and forehead being more tall)
Laisa triumpht; since the dullest sight,
Might easly iudge, whom her paines brought to light;
Nausicaa so (whom neuer husband tam'd),
Aboue them all, in all the beauties flam'd.
But when they now made homewards, and araid;
Ordring their weeds, disorderd as they plac'd;
Mules and Coach ready; then *Minerva* thought,
What meanes to wake *Phlysses*, might be wrought,
That he might see this louely sighted maid,
Whom she intended, should become his aid:
Bring him to Towne; and his returne aduance.

Simile.

That

I 3

Her

The poetic and
wisdom of the
Poet was such,
that (expressing
with this sacred
letter) was the
least of things he
makes come to
pass: fine Nu-
triment prou-
dentia. At Spand
well notes of him

Her meane was *this, (though thought a fool-ball chance)
The Queene now (for the vpsstroke) strooke the ball }
Quite wide off th' other maids; and made it fall }
Amidst the whirlpooles. At which, our shriek all;
And with the shriek, did wife *Vhysse* wake:
Who, sitting vp, was doubtfull who should make
That fodaine outcrie; and in mind, thus striu'd:
On what a people am I now arriu'd?
At ciuill hospitable men, that feare
The Gods; or dwell iniurious mortals here?
Vniust, and churlish: like the female crie
Of youth it sounds. What are they? *Nymphs* bred hie,
On tops of hills; or in the founts of floods?
In herbie marshes; or in leauy woods?
Or are they high-spoke men, I now am neare?
He proue, and see. With this, the way Peere
Crept forth the thicket; and an Oliue bough
Broke with his broad hand; which he did bestow
In couert of his nakednesse; and then,
Put hastie head out: Look how from his den,
A mountaine Lion looks, that, all embrewd
With drops of trees; and weather-beaten hewd;
(Bold of his strength) goes on; and in his eye,
A burning fornace glowes; all bent to prey
On sheepe, or oxen; or the vpland Hart;
His belly charging him; and he must part
Stakes with the Heards-man, in his beasts attempt,
Euen where from rape, their strengths are most exempt:
So wet, so weather-beate, so stung with Need,
Euen to the home-fields of the countries breed,
Vhysse was to force forth his accessse,
Though meere naked; and his sight did presse
The eyes of soft-haired virgins. Horrid was
His rough appearance to them: the hard passe
He had at sea, stucke by him. All in flight
The Virgins scatterd, frighted with this sight,
About the prominent windings of the flood.
All but *Neausicaa* fled; but she fast stood:
Pallas had put a boldnesse in her brest;
And in her faire lims, tender *Feare* comprést.
And still she stood him, as resolu'd to know
What man he was; or out of what should grow
His strange repaire to them. And here was he
Put to his wisdom; if her virgin knee,
He should be bold, but kneeling, to embrace;
Or keepe aloofe, and tie with words of grace,
In humblest suppliance, if he might obtaine
Some couer for his nakednes; and gaine

Simile.

Her grace to shew and guide him to the Towne.
The last, he best thought, to be worth his owne,
In weighing both well: to keepe still aloofe,
And giue with soft words, his desires their proofe;
Left pressing so neare, as to touch her knee,
He might incense her maiden modestie.
This faire and fill'd speech then, shewd this was he.
Let me beseech (O Queene) this truth of thee;
Are you of mortall, or the deified race?
If of the Gods, that th' ample heauens embrace;
I can resemble you to none aboute,
So neare as to the chaste-borne birth of *Ioue*,
The beaemie *Cynthia*. Her you full present,
In grace of euerie God-like lineament;
Her goodly magnitude; and all th' addresse
You promise of her very perfectnesse.
If sprong of humanes, that inhabite earth;
Thrice blest are both the authors of your birth;
Thrice blest your brothers, that in your defents,
Must, euen to rapture, beare delighted hearts;
To see so like the first trim of a tree,
Your forme adorne a dance. But most blest, he
Of all that breathe, that hath the gift t'engage
Your bright necke in the yoke of marriage;
And decke his house with your commanding merit.
I haue not seene a man of so much spirit.
Nor man, nor woman, I did euer see,
At all parts equall to the parts in thee.
T'enioy your sight, doth *Admiration* seise
My eie, and apprehensieue faculties.
Lately in *Delos* (with a charge of men
Arriu'd, that renderd me most wretched then,
Now making me thus naked) I beheld
The burthen of a Palme, whose issue sweld
About *Apollo's Phane*; and that put on
A grace like thee; for Earth had neuer none
Of all her Syluane issue so adorn'd:
Into amaze my very soule was turnd,
To giue it obseruation; as now thee
To view (O Virgin) a stupiditie
Past admiration strikes me; ioyn'd with feare
To do a suppliants due, and prease so neare,
As to embrace thy knees. Nor is it strange;
For one of fresh and firmest spirit, would change
T'embrace so bright an object. But, for me,
A cruell habite of calamitie,
Prepar'd the strong impression thou hast made:
For this last Day did flie Nights twentieth shade

Vhysse to *Neausicaa*
fian.

Since I, at length, escape the fable seas,
When in the meane time, th'vnrclenting prease
Of waues and sterne stormes, tost me vp and downe,
From th'le *Ogygia*: and now God hath throwne
My wracke on this shore; that perhaps I may
My miseries vary here: for yet their stay,
I feare, heauen hath not orderd: though before
These late afflictions, it hath lent me store.
O Queene, daine prine then, since first to you
My Fate importunes my distresse to vow.
No other Dame, nor man, that this Earth owne,
And neighbour Citie, I haue scene or knowne.
The Towne then shew me, giue my nakednes
Some shroud to shelter it, if to these seas,
Linnen or woollen, you haue brought to cense.
God giue you, in requitall, all th' amends
Your heart can wish: a husband, family,
And good agreement: Nought beneath the skie,
More sweet, more worthy is, then firme content
Of man and wife, in household government.
It ioyes their withers well; their enemies wounds;
But to themselves, the speciall good redounds.

*Translates to
Ulysses.*

She answerd: Stranger! I discern in thee,
Nor *Sloth*, nor *Folly* raignes; and yet I see,
Th'art poore and wretched. In which I conclude,
That Industry nor wisdome make endure
Men with those gifts, that make them best to th'ie;
Ione onely orders mans felicitie.
To good and bad, his pleasure fashions still,
The whole proportion of their good and ill.
And he perhaps hath formd this plight in thee,
Of which, thou must be patient, as he, free.
But after all thy wandrings, since thy way,
Both to our Earth, and neare our Citie, lay,
As being expolde to our cares to relieue;
Weeds, and what else, a humane hand should giue,
To one so suppliant, and tam'd with woe;
Thou shalt not want. Our Citie, I will shew;
And tell our peoples name: This neighbor Towne,
And all this kingdome, the *Phaeacians* owne.
And (since thou seemd'st so faine, to know my birth;
And mad'st a question, if of heauen or earth)
This Earth hath bred me; and my Fathers name
Alcinous is; that in the powre and frame
Of this Iles rule, is supereminent.

Thus (passing him) she to the Virgins went.
And said: Giue stay, both to your feet and fright;
Why thus disperse ye, for a mans meere sight?

Esteeme you him a *Cyclop*, that long since
Made vs to prey vpon our Citizens?
This man, no moist man is; (not watrish thing,
That's euer flitting; euer rauishing
All it can compass; and, like it, doth range
In rape of women; neuer staid in change)
This man is truly *manly, wife, and staid;
In soule more rich; the more to sense decaid.
Who, nor will do, nor suffer to be done,
Acts leud and abiect; nor can such a one
Greete the *Phaeacians*, with a mind eniuous;
Deare to the Gods they are; and he is pious.
Besides, diuided from the world we are;
The outpart of it; billowes circulare
The sea reuoluing, round about our shore;
Nor is there any man, that enters more
Then our owne countrimen, with what is brought
From other countries. This man, minding nought
But his reliefe: a poore vnhappy wretch,
Wrackt here; and hath no other land to fetch.
Him now we must prouide for; from *Ione* come
All strangers, and the needie of a home.
Who any gift, though ne're so small it be,
Esteeme as great, and take it gratefully.
And therefore Virgins, giue the stranger food,
And wine; and see ye bath him in the flood;
Neare to some shore, to shelter most Enclin'd;
To cold Bath-bathers, hurtfull is the wind.
Not onely rugged making th'outward skin,
But by: his thin powres, pierceeth parts within.

This said; their sight in a returne they set;
And did *Vlysses* with all grace entreate:
Shewd him a shore, wind-prooffe, and full of shade:
By him a shirt, and vter mantle laid.
A golden Iugge of liquid oile did adde;
Bad wash; and all things as *Nausicaa* bad.

Diuine *Vlysses* would not vse their aid;
But thus bespake them: Euery louely maid,
Let me entreate to stand a lile by;
That I alone the fresh flood may apply,
To cense my bosome of the sea-wrought brine.
And then vse oile; which long time did not shine
On my poore shoulders. Ile not wash in sight
Of faire-haired maidens. I should blush outright,
To bathe all bare by such a virgin light.

They mou'd, and musde, a man had so much grace;
And told their Mistis, what a man he was.

He clen'd his broad-shoulders; backe and head

Ulysses *heros*.
Cui vitalis vel
sensualis hu-
miditas inest,
Repre à ple;
ut dicatur quasi
erui. i. n. gnat,
quod nihil sit
magis fluxum
quam homo.
*viri aut
mo prudius,
fortis, magno-
nimus. *Ulysses* are
those affirmed to
be men; qui ter-
uile quidpiam
& abiectum sa-
ciunt; vel, laete
sunt; accor-
ding to this of
Herodotus in
Poly. *Ulysses* ipse
adipsum erat,
heros à nepos.
Many mens
forms sustaine,
but few are men.

According to an
other translator:
Ab loue nam
supplex pauper,
procedit & hol-
pes: Res breuis,
at clara est,
Magni quoque
muneris instar.
Which I cite to
shew his good
when he keeps
him to the Ori-
ginal; and neare
in any degree co-
pounds it.

Vlysses modestie
to the Virgins.

He taught their
youths modestie,
by his aged iudg-
ment. As recei-
uing the custome
of maids then vs-
ed to that en-
ertainment of
men; not with-
standing the mo-
destie of that
age, could not be

Yet

corrupted in-
wardly, for those
outward kind
distributions of
guests and stran-
gers, and was
therefore prom-
ised. It is easie
to ascribe these
and those that
most curiously
avoid the out-
ward construc-
tion, are ever
most tainted
with the inward
corruption.
Simile.

Yet neuer tan'd. But now, had some and weed,
Knit in the faire curls. Which dissolu'd; and he
Slickt all with sweet oile: the sweet charitie,
The vntoucht virgin shew'd in his attire,
He cloth'd him with. Then *Pallas* put a fire,
More then before, into his sparkling eies;
His late soile set off, with his soone fresh guile.
His locks (cleasd) curld the more, and matcht (in power
To please an eye) the *Hycinthian* flower.

And as a workman, that can well combine
Silver and gold; and make both strin to shine;
As being by *Vulcan*, and *Minerva* too,
Taught how farre either may be vng'd to go,
In strife of eminence; when worke sets forth
A worthy soule, to bodies of such worth;
No thought reproving that, in any place;
Nor *Art* no debt to *Natures* liueliest grace:
So *Pallas* wrought in him, a grace as great,
From head to shoulders; and a hore did seate
His goodly preface. To which, such a guile
He shew'd in going, that it raiusth eies.

All which (continue) as he fate apart;
Nausicaa eye strooke wonder through her heart;
Who thus bespake her consorts: Heare me, you
Faire-wristed Virgins; this rare man (I know)
Treds not our country earth against the will
Of some God, thron'd on the *Olympian* hill.
He shew'd to me, till now, not worth the note;
But now he lookes, as he had Godhead got.
I would to heaven, my husband were no worse;
And would be call'd no better; but the course
Of other husbands pleas'd to dwell out here:
Obserue and serue him, with our vtmost cheare.

She said; they heard, and did. He drunke and cate
Like to a Harpy; hauing toucht no meate
A long before time. But *Nausicaa* now
Thought of the more grace, she did lately vow:
Had horse to Chariot ioynd; and vp the rose:
Vp chear'd her guest, and said: Guest, now dispose
Your selfe for Towne; that I may let you see
My Fathers Court; where all the Peeres will be
Of our *Phaician* State. At all parts then,
Obserue to whom, and what place y^e are t'attain;
Though I need vther you with no aduice,
Since I suppose you absolutely wife.
While we the fields passe, and mens labours there;
So long (in these maids guides) directly beare
Vpon my Chariot (I must go before,

For cause that after comes: to which, this more
Be my induction) you shall then soone end
Your way to Towne; whose Towres you see ascend
To such a steepnesse. On whose either side,
A faire Port stands; to which is nothing wide
An enterers passage: on whose both hands ride
Ships in faire harbors; which, once past, you win
The goodly market place, (that circles in
A Phace to *Neptune*, built of curious stone,
And passing ample) where munition,
Gables, and masts men make, and politt oares;
For the *Phaicians* are not conquerors
By bowes nor quiuers; Oares, masts, ships they are;
With which they plow the sea, and wage their warre.
And now the cause comes, why I leade the way,
Not taking you to Coach. The men that sway
In worke of those tooles, that so fit our State,
Are rude Mechanicals; that rare and late
Worke in the market place; and those are they
Whose bitter tongues I shun; who strait would say,
(For these vile vulgars are extremely proud,
And foully languag'd) What, is he allow'd
To coach it with *Nausicaa*? so large set,
And fairly fashion'd; where were these two met?
He shall be sure her husband. She hath bene
Gadding in some places; and (of forraine men,
Fitting her fancie) kindly brought him home
In her owne ship. He must, of force, be come
From some farre region; we haue no such man.
It may be (praying hard, when her heart ran
On some wisht husband) out of heauen, some God
Dropt in her lap; and there lies she at roode,
Her complete life time. But, in looth, if she
Ranging abroad, a husband such as he,
Whom now we saw, laid hand on; she was wife,
For none of all our Nobles, are of prise
Enough for her: he must beyond-sea come,
That wins her high mind, and will haue her home.
Of our Peeres, many haue importun'd her,
Yet she will none. Thus these folks will conferre
Behind my backe; or (meeting) to my face,
The foule-mouth rout dare put home this disgrace.
And this would be reproches to my fame;
For euen my selfe, iust anger would enflame,
If any other virgin I should see
(Her parents liuing) keepe the companie
Of any man; to any end of loue,
Till open Nuptials should her act approue.

The Cities de-
scription so far
forth as may in
part, induce her
promiss reason,
why she tooke no
Physse to coach
with her.

And therefore heare me guests, and take such way,
That you your selfe may compasse, in your stay,
Your quick deduction, by my Fathers grace,
And meanes to reach the roote of all your race.

We shall, not farre out of our way to Towne,
A neuer-feld Grove find, that Poplars crowne;
To *Pallas* sacred, where a fountaine flowes;
And round about the Grove, a Meadow growes;
In which, my Father holdes a Mannor house;
Deckt all with Orchards, Greene, and odorous;
As farre from Towne, as one may heare a shout;
There stay, and rest your foote paines; till full out
We reach the Citie. Where, when you may guesse
We are arriv'd, and enter our access
Within my Fathers Court: then put you on
For our *Phaasian* State, where, to be shewne
My Fathers house, desire. Each instant there
Can bring you to it; and your selfe will cleare
Distinguish it from others: for no shewes,
The Citie buildings make; compar'd with those
That King *Aleimus* seate doth celebrate.

In whose rooves, and the Court, (where men of state,
And suiters sit and stay) when you shall hide:
Strait passe it, entring further: where abide
My Mother, with her withdrawne housewiferies;
Who still sits in the fire-shine, and applies
Her Rocks, all purple, and of pompous show:
Her Chaire plac'd gainst a Pillar: all arow
Her maids behind her set; and to her here,
My Fathers dining Throne lookes. Seated where
He p'werts his choice of wine in, like a God.
This view once past; for th'end of your abode,
Address suite to my Mother; that her meane,
May make the day of your redition scene.
And you may frolicke strait, though farre away
You are in distance from your wish'd stay.
For if the once be won to wish you well,
Your *Hope* may instantly your Passport scale;
And thenceforth sure abide to see your friends,
Faile house, and all, to which your heart contends.

This said, she vnde her shining scourge, and last
Her Mules, that soone the shore left, where she washt;
And (knowing well the way) their pace was fleet,
And thicke they gather'd vp their nimble feet.
Which yet * the temperd so; and vnde her scourge
With so much skill; as not to over-vrge
The foote behind; and make them straggle so,
From close societie. Firme together go

Not without
some little more
of our unmiss-
ing Homer; ge-
nerall touch of
the least finesse
tying in the way;
may this courtly
discretion be de-
scribed in *Nau-
tica*, be obs'rv'd,
if you please.

Ulysses and her maids, And now the Sunne
Sunke to the waters; when they all had wonne
The neuer-feld, and found-exciting wood,
Sacred to *Pallas*: where the God-like good
Ulysses rested; and to *Pallas* praid:

Heare me, of Goate-kept *Ione*, th'vnconquer'd Maid;
Now throughly heare me; since in all the time
Of all my wracke, my pray'rs could neuer clime
Thy far-off cares; when noisefull *Neptune* tost
Vpon his watry bristles, my imboist
And rocke torne body: heare yet now, and daine
I may of the *Phaasian* State obtaine
Pitie, and grace. Thus praid he; and she heard:
By no meanes yet (expolde to fight) appear'd,
For feare t'offend her Vnkle, the supreme
Of all the *Sea-Gods; whose wrath still extreme
Stood to *Ulysses*; and would neuer cease,
Till with his Country shore, he crown'd his peace.

More of our
Poets curious
and sweet pittie.

Neptune.

Finis libri sexti Hom. Odys.

K

THE



THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT.

Nausicaa arrives at Towne;
And then Vlysses. He makes knowne
His suite to Arete: who, then
Takes of his vestures, which she knewe;
And asks him, from whose hands it came.
He tells, with all the haplesse frame
Of his affaires, in all the while,
Since he forsooke Calypso Ile.

Another.

*Ula. The honour minds,
And welcome things,
Vlysses finds,
In Schexias Kings.*

Hus praid the wife, and God-observing Man.
The Maid, by free force of her Palsreys, wan
Access to Towne; and the renowned Court,
Reacht of her Father; where, within the Port,
She staid her Coach; and round about her came
Her Brothers, (made as of immortall frame.)

Who yet disdaind not, for her loue, meane deeds;
But tooke from *Coach her Mules, brought in her weeds.

And she ascends her chamber; where puruaid

A quicke fire was, by her old chamber-maid

Eurymedusa, th' *Aperan* borne;

And brought by sea, from *Apera*, & adorne

The Court of great *Alcinous*; because

He gave to all, the best *Phaeacian* lawes;

And, like a heauen-borne Powre in speech, acquir'd

The peoples cares. To one then so admir'd,

Eurymedusa was esteemd no worse,

Then worth the gift: yet now growne old, was Nurse

To Ivory-armed *Nausicaa*; gaue heate

To all her fires, and drest her priue meate.

Then rose *Vlysses*, and made way to Towne;

Which ere he reacht, a mightie mist was throwne

By *Pallas* round about him; in her Care,

Left in the sway of enuies popular,

Some proud *Phaeacian* might foule language passe,

Iustle him vp, and aske him what he was.

Hac sunt illius
Graui Gaepliei-
tas: nam vel fra-
ternis quoque
Amor, tantus
fuit, ut libenter
hanc redeunt
charissimam so-
ron, operam
praestiterint.
Spond.

Entring the louely Towne yet: through the cloud
Pallas appeard; and like a yong wench shoud
Bearing a pitcher; stood before him so,
As if objected purposely to know
What there he needed; whom he questiond thus:

Know you not (daughter) where *Alcinous*,
That rules this Towne, dwels: I, a poore distrest
Meete stranger here; know none I may request,
To make this Court knowne to me. She replied:

Strange Father, I will see you satisfied
In that request: my Father dwels, iust by
The house you seeke for; but go silently;
Nor aske, nor speake to any other; I
Shall be enough to shew your way: the men
That here inhabite, do not entertaine
With ready kindnesse, strangers; of what worth,
Or state, for euer: nor haue taken forth
Lessons of ciuill vlage, or respect
To men beyond them. They (vpon their powres
Of swift ships building) top the watty towres:
And *Ioue* hath giuen them ships, for sailesto wrought,
They cut a fether, and command a thought.

This said, she vtherd him; and after, he
Trod in the swift steps of the Deitie.
The free-faile sea-men could not get a sight
Of our *Vlysses*, yet: though he foreright,
Both by their houses and their persons past:
Pallas about him, such a darknesse cast,
By her diuine powre, and her reuerend care,
She would not giue the Towne-borne, cause to stare.

He wonderd, as he past, to see the Ports;
The shipping in them; and for all resorts,
The goodly market steds; and Isles beside
For the *Heroes*; walls so large and wide;
Rampires so high, and of such strength withall;
It would with wonder, any eye appall.

At last they reacht the Court; and *Pallas* said:
Now, honourd stranger; I will see obaid
Your will, to shew our Rulers house; tis here;
Where you shall find, Kings celebrating cheare;
Enter amongst them; nor admit a feare;
More bold a man is, he preuailes the more,
Though man nor place, he euer saw before.

You first shall find the Quene in Court, whose name
Is *Arete*: of parents borne, the same
That was the King her Spouse: their Pedigree
I can report: the great Earth-shaker, he
Of *Periboea*, (that her sex out-shone,

Vlysses, & *Mi-
nera* in *ades*
Alcinou perda-
ciur, sepius no-
bula,

*est nauticus uerus,
naues veloces
veluti penna,
aque cogitatio.*

*Arete the wife
of Alcinous.*

And yongest daughter was, *Enymedon*;
Who of th'vnmafur'd-minded Giants, Iwaid
Th'Imperiall Scepter; and the pride allaid

For the more perspicuity of this pedigree, I have here set downe the Diogenes, as Spoudanous hath it. Neptune begot *Nausithous* of *Periboea*

By *Nausithous*. *Rhexenor*, *Alcinous*, were begot. By *Rhexenor*, *Arete* was the wife of her vnkle *Alcinous*.

The honor of *Arete* (or *virtue*) alleg.

Of men so impious, with cold death; and died
Himselfe soone after) got the magnified
In mind, *Nausithous*; who the kingdom of state
First held in supreme rule. *Nausithous* gat
Rhexenor, and *Alcinous*, now Kings;

Rhexenor (whose seed did no male fruite spring,
And whom the filuer-bow-glac't *Phebus* allue
Yong in the Court) his shed blood did renew

In onely *Arete*; who now is Spouse
To him that rules the kingdom, in this house,
And is her Vnkle; King *Alcinous*.

Who honors her, past equall. She may boast
More honor of him, then the honor'd most
Of any wife in earth, can of her Lord;

How many more Souer. Realmes afford,
That keepe house vnder husbands. Yet no more
Her husband honors her, then her best store
Of gracious children. All the Citie cast
Eyes on her, as a Goddess; and giue taste
Of their affections to her, in their praises,
Still as she decks the streets. For all affaires,
Wrapt in contention, she disolues to men.
Whom she affects, she wants no mind to deigne
Goodnesse enough. If her heart stand inclin'd
To your dispatch, hope all you wish to find;
Your friends, your longing family, and all,
That can within your most affections fall.

This said; away the grey-cy'd Goddess flew
Along th'vntamed sea. Left the lovely hew,
Scheria presented. Out flew *Marathon*,
And ample-streeted *Athena* lighted on.

source: Spiliotes

Where, to the house that casts so thicke a shade,
Of *Ereithous*; the ingression made.

The Court of *Alcinous*.

Vlyses, to the lofty-built Court
Of King *Alcinous*, made bold resort;
Yet in his heart cast many a thought, before
The brazen pavement of the rich Court, bore
His enterd person. Like heauens two maine Lights,
The roomes illustrated, both daies and nights.
On euery side stood firme a wall of brasse,
Euen from the threshold to the inmost passe;
Which bore a rooffe vp, that all Saphire was;
The brazen thresholds both sides, did enfold
Siluer Pilasters, hung with gates of gold;
Whose Portall was of silue; ouer which

A golden Cornish did the front enrich.

On each side, Dogs of gold and siluer fram'd,
The house's Guard stood; which the Deitie ('Iam'd)
With knowing inwards had inspir'd; and made,
That *Death* nor *Age*, should their estates inuade.

Palace,

Along the wall, stood euery way a throne;
From th'entry to the Lobbie; euery one,
Cast ouer with a rich-wrought cloth of state.
Beneath which, the *Phaician* Princes sate
At wine and food; and feasted all the yeare.
Youths forg'd of gold, at euery table there,
Stood holding flaming torches; that, in night
Gaued through the house, each honour'd Guest, his light.

And (to encounter feast with housewifery)
In one roome fiftie women did apply

Their severall tasks. Some, apple-colour'd come
Ground in faire Quernes; and some did spindles turne.
Some worke in loomes: no hand, least rest receiues;
But all had motion, apt, as *Aspen* leaues.
And from the weeds they woue, (so fast they laid,
And so thicke thrust together, thred by thred)
That th'oile (of which the wooll had drunke his fill)
Did with his moisture, in light dewes distill.

As much as the *Phaician* men exceld)
All other countrimen, in Art to build
A swift-sail'd ship: so much the women there,
For worke of webs, past other women were.
Past meane, by *Pallas* meanes, they vnderstood
The grace of good works; and had wits as good.

Without the Hall, and close vpon the Gate,
A goodly Orchard ground was situate,
Of neare ten Acres; about which, was led
A lustie Quickset. In it flourished
High and broad fruit trees, that Pomegranats bore;
Sweet Figs, Peares, Oliues, and a number more
Most vfeull Plants, did there produce their store.
Whose fruits, the hardest Winter could not kill;
Nor hottest Summer wither. There was still
Fruite in his proper season, all the yeare.
Sweet *Zephire* breath'd vpon them, blasts that were
Of varied tempers: these, he made to beare
Ripe fruites: these blossomes: Peare grew after Peare;
Apple succceeded apple; Grape, the Grape;
Fig after Fig came; Time made neuer rape,
Of any daintie there. A spritle vine
Spred here his roote; whose fruites, a hote sun-shine
Made ripe betimes. Here grew another, greene.
Here, some were gathering; here, some pressing scene.

Hortus Alcinoui memorabilis.

A large-allotted feuerall, each fruite had;
And all th' adorn'd grounds, their apparance made,
In flowre and fruite, at which the King did aime,
To the precisest order he could claime.

Two Fountaines grac't the garden; of which, one
Powrd out a winding streame, that ouer-runne
The grounds for their vie chiefly: th' other went
Close by the loftie Pallace gate; and lent
The Citie his sweet benefit: and thus
The Gods the Court deckt of *Alcinous*.

Patient *Vlysses* stood a while at gaze;
But (hauing all obseru'd) made instant pace
Into the Court; where all the Peeres he found,
And Captaines of *Phaeacia*; with Cups crown'd,
Offering to sharp-ey'd *Hermes*: to whom, last
They vld to sacrifice, when *sleep* had cast
His inclination through their thoughts. But these,
Vlysses past; and forth went, nor their eies
Tooke note of him: for *Pallas* stopt the light
With mists about him; that, vnflaid, he might
First to *Alcinous*, and *Arete*,
Present his person; and, of both them, she
(By *Pallas* counsell) was to haue the grace
Of foremost greeting. Therefore his embrace,
He cast about her knee. And then off flew
The heavenly aire that hid him. When his view,
With silence and with *Admiration* strooke
The Court quite through: but thus he silence broake:

Diueine *Rhexenor*s offspring, *Arete*;
To thy most honour'd husband, and to thee,
A man whom many labours haue distress'd,
Is come for comfort; and to euery guest:
To all whom, heauen vouchsafe delightfome liues;
And after, to your issue that suruiues,
A good resignement of the Goods ye leaue;
With all the honor that your selues receive
Amongst your people. Onely this of me,
Is the Ambition, that I may but see
(By your vouchsaf't meanes; and betimes vouchsaf't)
My country earth; since I haue long bin left
To labors, and to errors, barr'd from end;
And farre from benefit of any friend.

He said no more; but left them dumbe with that;
Went to the harth, and in the ashes sat,
Aside the fire. At last their silence brake,
And *Echinos*, th' old *Heroe* spake.
A man that all *Phaeacians* pass in yeares,
And in perswasive eloquence, all the Peeres;

Knew much, and vld it well; and thus spake he:
Alcinous! it shewes not decently;
Nor doth your honor, what you see, admit;
That this your guest, should thus abiectly sit:
His chaire the earth; the harth his cushion;
Althes, as if apposed for food: a Throne
Adorn'd with due rites, stands you more in hand
To see his person plac't in; and command
That instantly your Heralds fill in wines;
That to the God that doth in lightnings shine,
We may do sacrifice: for he is there,
Where these his reverend suppliants appeare.
Let what you haue within, be brought abroad,
To sup the stranger. All these would haue shew'd
This fit respect to him; but that they stay
For your precedence, that should grace the way.

When this had added to the well-inclin'd,
And sacred order of *Alcinous* mind;
Then, of the great in wit, the hand he seild;
And from the althes, his fair person rais'd;
Aduanc't him to a well-adorn'd Throne;
And from his seate rais'd his most loued sonne,
(*Laodames*, that next himselfe was set)
To giue him place. The handmaid then did get
An Ewre of gold, with water fill'd; which plac't
Vpon a Caldron, all with siluer grac't)
She powrd out on their hands. And then was spred
A Table, which the Butler set with bread;
As others seru'd with other food, the boord;
In all the choise, the present could afford.
Vlysses, meate and wine rooke; and then thus;
The King the Herald call'd: *Pantonous*!
Serue wine through all the house; that all may pay
Rites to the Lightner, who is still in way
With humble suppliants; and them pursues,
With all benigne, and hospitable dues.

Pantonous, gaue act to all he will'd,
And hony-sweetness-giving-minds wine fill'd;
Disposing it in cups for all to drinke.
All hauing drunke, what eithers heart could thinke
Fit for due sacrifice, *Alcinous* said:
Hear me, ye Dukes, that the *Phaeacians* leade;
And you our Counsellors; that I may now
Discharge the charge, my mind suggests to you,
For this our guest: Feast past, and this nights sleepe,
Next morne (our Senate summond) we will keepe
Iusts, sacred to the Gods; and this our Guest
Receiue in solemne Court, with sitting Feast:

Echinos to *Alcinous*.

The word that
beares this long
Epithet, is trans-
lated only dul-
cet which signi-
fies more,
mellifluous or
very sweet:
Vinum quod
mellae dulce-
dine, minimum
persulcat, &
oblectat.

Mercurius.

Arete. *Vlysses*
supplex erat.

Then thinke of his returne; that vnder hand
Of our deduction, his naturall land
(Without more toile or care; and with delight;
And that soone giuen him; how farre hence diffite
Soeuer it can be) he may ascend;
And in the meane time, without wrong attend,
Or other want; fit meanes to that ascent.
What, a'ter, austere Fates, shall make th'euent
Of his lifes thred (now spinning, and began
When his paind mother, freed his roote of man)
He must endure in all kinds. If some God,

*Ascent to his
Countryes, home.*

*Eustathius will
haue this compa-
rison of the Pha-
eacians with the
Giants and Cyc-
lops, to prece-
de out of the inuete-
rate virulency of
Antinous to the
Cyclops, who were
cast down before
said of their re-
turne from their
country, & with
great endeavour
labors the appro-
bation of it: but
(vnder the peace)
from the purpose
for the fence of
the Poet is cleer,
that the Cyclops
& Giants being
in part the issue
of the Gods, and
yet afterward
these defiers, (as
Tully hereafter
dare profess)
Antinous (out of
bold and manly
reason, even to
the face of one
that might haue
bin a God, for the
part mainly ap-
pear'd) he made
them) would tell
him and the rest
in him, that if
they grac'd those
Cyclops with
their eyes ap-
pearance, that shoul-
d defend from
them, durst yet
denie them; they
might much more
do them the honor
of their eyes; pre-
sence that ad-
red them.*

Perhaps abides with vs, in his abode;
And other things will thinke vpon then we;
The Gods wils stand: who euer yet were free
Of their appearance to vs; when to them
We offerd Hecatombs, of fit esteem.
And would at least sit with vs; euen where we
Orderd our Session. They would likewise be
Encounters of vs, when in way, alone
About his fit affaires, went any one.
Nor let them cloke themselves in any care,
To do vs comfort; we as neare them are,
As are the Cyclops; or the impious race,
Of earthy Giants; that would heauen outface.
Vlysses answerd; Let some other doubt
Employ your thoughts, then what your words giue out;
Which intimate a kind of doubt, that I
Should shadow in this shape, a Deitie.
I beare no such least semblance; or in wit,
Vertue, or person. What may well besit
One of those mortals, whom you chiefly know,
Beares vp and downe, the burthen of the woe
Appropriate to poore man; giue that to me;
Of whose mones I sit, in the most degree;
And might say more; sustaining griefes that all
The Gods consent to: no one twixt their fall
And my vnpietd shouldiers, letting downe
The least diuersion. Be the grace then showne,
To let me taste your free-giuen food, in peace:
Through greatest griefe, the belly must haue ease.
Worse then an enuious belly, nothing is.
It will command his strict Necessities,
Of men most grieu'd in body or in mind,
That are in health, and will not giue their kind,
A desperate wound. When most with cause I griue,
It bids me still, Eare man, and drinke, and liue;
And this makes all forgot. What euer ill
I euer beare; it euer bids me fill.

But

But this case is but forc't, and will not last,
Till what the mind likes, be as well embrac't;
And therefore let me with you would partake
In your late purpose; when the Morne shall make
Her next appearance; daigne me but the grace,
(Vnhappie man) that I may once embrace
My country earth: though I be still thrust at,
By ancient ill; yet make me but see that;
And then let life go. When (withall) I see
My high-roof't large house, lands and family.

This, all approu'd; and each, willd euery one;
Since he hath said so fairly; set him gone.

Feast past, and sacrifice; to sleepe, all vow
Their eies at eithers house. Vlysses now,
Was left here with Alcinous, and his Queene,
The a'low'd Arcte. The handmaids then
The vessell of the Banquet, tooke away.
When Arcte let eye on his array;
Knew both his out, and vnderweed, which she
Made with her maids; and mus'd by what meanes he
Obtaind their wearing: which she made request
To know; and wings gaue to these speeches: Gue'st!
First let me aske, what, and from whence you are?
And then, who grac't you with the weeds you weare?
Said you not lately, you had e'er'd at seas?

Arcte to Vlysses.

And thence arriu'd here? Laertides
To this, thus answerd: Tis a paine (O Queene)
Still to be opening wounds wrought deepe and greene;
Of which, the Gods haue opened store in me;
Yet your will must be seru'd: Farre hence, at sea,
There lies an Ile, that beares Ogygius name;
Where Atlys daughter, the ingenious Dame,
Faire-haired Calypso liues: a Goddesse graue,
And with whom, men, nor Gods, societie haue.
Yet I (past man vnhappy) liu'd alone,
By heau'ns wrath forc't) her house companion.
For Ioue had with a feruent lightning cleft
My ship in twaine; and farre at blacke sea left
Me and my fouldiers; all whose liues I lost.
I, in mine armes the keele tooke, and was toft
Nine dayes together vp from waue to waue.
The tenth grim Night, the angry Deities draue
Me and my wracke, on th'Ile, in which doth dwell
Dreadfull Calypso; who exactly well
Receiu'd and nourisht me; and promise made,
To make me deathlesse: nor should Age inuade
My powres with his deserts, through all my dayes.
All mow'd not me; and therefore, on her staves,

Vlysses to Arcte.

Seuen

Scuen yeares she made me lie: and there spent I
 The long time; sleeping in the miserie
 Of ceaslesse teares, the Garments I did weare
 From her faire hand. The eight reuolued yeare,
 (Or by her chang'd mind; or by charge of *Ioue*)
 She gaue prouokt way to my wisht remoue;
 And in a many-iointed ship, with wine,
 (Daintie in fauour) bread, and weeds diuine;
 Sign'd with a harmlesse and sweet wind, my passe.
 Then, scuentene dayes at sea, I homeward was;
 And by the eighteenth, the darke hills appeard,
 That your Earth thrusts vp. Much my heart was cheard;
 (Vnhappie man) for that was but a beame;
 To shew I yet, had agonies extream,
 To put in sufferance: which th' Earth-shaker sent;
 Crofing my way, with tempests violent;
 Vnmeatur'd seas vp-lifting: nor would giue
 The billowes leaue, to let my vessel liue
 The least time quiet: that euen sigh'd to beare
 Their bitter outrage: which, at last, did teare
 Her sides in peeces, set on by the winds.
 I yet, through-swomme the waues, that your shore binds,
 Till wind and water threw me vp to it;
 When, coming forth, a ruthlesse billow smit
 Against huge rocks, and an accesleffe shore
 My mangl'd body. Backe againe I bore,
 And swom till I was false vpon a flood,
 Whose shores, me thought, on good aduantage flood,
 For my receit: rock-free, and fenc't from wind.
 And this I put for, gathering vp my mind.
 Then the diuine Night came, and treading Earth,
 Close by the flood, that had from *Ioue* her birth.
 Within a thicket I repose; when round
 I ruff'd vp false leaves in heape; and found
 (Let fall from heaven) a sleepe interminate.
 And here, my heart (long time excruciate)
 Amongst the leaues I rested all that night;
 Euen till the morning and meridian light.
 The Sunne declining then; delightfome sleepe,
 No longer laid my temples in his sleepe;
 But forth I went, and on the shore might see
 Your daughters maids play. Like a Deitie
 She shin'd about them; and I praid to her:
 And she, in disposition did prefer
Noblesse, and wisdom, no more low then might
 Become the goodnesse of a Goddesse height.
 Nor would you therefore hope (supposde distrest
 As I was then, and old) to find the least

Of any Grace from her; being yonger farre.
With young folkes, Wisdome makes her commerce rare.
 Yet she in all abundance did bestow,
 Both wine (that makes the "blood in humanes grow)
 And food; and bath'd me in the flood; and gaue
 The weeds to me, which now ye see me haue.
 This, through my griefes I tell you; and tis true.
Alcinous answerd: Guest! my daughter knew
 Least of what most you giue her; nor became
 The course she tooke, to let, with euery Dame,
 Your person lackey; nor hath with them brought
 Your selfe home to; which first you had befought.
 O blame her not (said he) Heroicall Lord;
 Nor let me heare, against her worth, a word.
 She faultlesse is; and wisht I would haue gone
 Withall her women home: but I alone
 Would venture my receit here; hauing feare
 And reuerend aw of accidents that were
 Of likely issue: both your wrath to moue,
 And to inflame the common peoples loue,
 Of speaking ill: to which they soone giue place;
We men are all a most suspicious race.
 My guest (said he) I vse not to be stir'd
 To wrath too rashly; and where are prefer'd
 To mens conceits, things that may both waies faile;
 The noblest euer should the most preuaile.
 Would *Ioue* our Father, *Pallas*, and the *Sunne*,
 That (were you still as now, and could but runne
 One Fate with me) you would my daughter wed,
 And be my son-in-law; still vowd to leade
 Your rest of life here. I a house would giue,
 And household goods; so freely you would liue,
 Confin'd with vs: but gainst you will, shall none
 Containe you here; since that were violence done
 To *Ioue* our Father. For your passage home,
 That you may well know, we can overcome
 So great a voyage; thus it shall succeed:
 To morrow shall our men take all their heed
 (While you securely sleepe) to see the seas
 In calmest temper; and (if that will please)
 Shew you your Country and your house ere night;
 Though farre beyond *Eubæa* be that fight.
 And this *Eubæa* (as our subiects say,
 That haue bin there, and seene) is farre away
 Farthest from vs, of all the parts they know.
 And made the triall, when they helpt to row
 The gold-lockt *Rhadamanth*; to giue him view
 Of Earth-borne *Tityus*: whom their speeds did shew

*audet enim
 Vincum caletis
 ciendi vim ha-
 bere.*

(In that far-off *Euboea*) the same day
 They set from hence; and home made good their way.
 With ease againe, and him they did conuay.
 Which, I report to you, to let you see
 How swift my ships are; and how matchlesly
 My yong *Phaeacians*, with their oares pteuaile,
 To beate the sea through, and assit a saile.

This cheard *Vlysses*, who in priuate praid:
 I would to *Ioue* our Father, what he said,
 He could performe at all parts; he should then
 Be glorified for euer; and I gaine
 My naturall Country. This discourse they had;
 When faire-armed *Arete*, her handmaids bad
 A bed make in the *Portico*; and plie
 With cloaths; the Couering Tapestrie;
 The Blankets purple. Wel-napt Wastcoates too,
 To weare for more warmth. What these had to do,
 They torches tooke, and did. The Bed puruaid;
 They mou'd *Vlysses* for his rest; and said:

Come Guest, your Bed is fit, now frame to rest.
 Motion of sleepe, was gracious to their Guest;
 Which now he tooke profoundly; being laid
 Within a loop-hole Towre, where was conuaid
 The founding *Portico*. The King tooke rest
 In a retir'd part of the house; where drest
 The Queene her selfe, a Bed, and Trundlebed;
 And by her Lord, repose'd her reuerend head.

Finis libri septimi Hom. Odyss.



THE

THE EIGHTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT.

THe Peeres of the Phaeacian State,
 A Councell call, to console
Vlysses, with all meanes for Home.
 The Councell to a Banquet come,
 Inuited by the king: which done,
 Affairs for hurling of the stone,
 The Youths make with the stranger king.
Demodocus, at feast, doth sing
 Th' Adulterie of the God of Armes
 With her that rules, in Amorous charmes.
 And after, singe the encounter
 Of *Achilles* about the Trojan Horje.

Another.

Odysseus. The Councell frame,
 At feate applied;
 In strifes of Game,
Vlysses tried.

NOW when the Rosie-finger'd morne arose;
 The sacred powre *Alcinous* did dispose
 Did likewise rise; and like him, left his Ease,
 The Cittie-racer *Laertiades*.
 The Councell at the Nauie was design'd,
 To which *Alcinous*, with the sacred mind,
 Came first of all. On polish't stones they late
 Neare to the Nauie. To increase the state,

Athena tooke the heralds forme on her
 That seru'd *Alcinous*; studious to prefer
Vlysses Suite for home. About the towne
 She made quicke way; and fill'd with the renowne
 Of that designe, the cares of euery man:
 Proclaiming thus; Peers *Phaeacian*!
 And men of Councell: all haste to the Court;
 To heare the stranger that made late resort
 To king *Alcinous*: long time lost at Sea;
 And is in person, like a Deitie.

This, all their powres set vp; and spirit instild;
 And straight the Court and seats, with men were fill'd.
 The whole State wonder'd at *Laertes* Son
 When they beheld him. *Pallas* put him on

L

Pallas sit, the
 Her self.

A

A supernaturall, and beauefully dresse;
 Enlarg'd him with a height, and goodlinesse
 In brest, and shoulders; that he might appeare }
 Gracious, and graue, and reuerend; and beare }
 A perfect hand on his performance there,
 In all the trials they resolu'd t' impose.

*Alcinous sheweth
 the Phœacians
 to the belife of
 Ulysses.*

All met; and gatherd in attention close;
Alcinous thus bespake them : Dukes, and Lords;
 Heare me digest, my hearty thoughts in words;
 This Stranger here whose trauels found my Court;
 I know not ; nor can tell if his resort
 From East or West comes : But his suite is this;
 That to his Countrey earth we would dismiss
 His hither-forced person; and doth beare
 The minde to passe it vnder euery Peere:
 Whom I prepare, and stirre vp; making knowne
 My free desire of his deduction.
 Nor shall there euer, any other man
 That tries the goodnesse *Phœacian*,
 In me, and my Courts entertainment; stay
 Mourning for passage, vnder least delay.
 Come then; A ship into the sacred seas,
 New-built, now lanch we; and from out our prease;
 Chuse two and fiftie Youths; of all, the best
 To vse an oare. All which, see straight impress;
 And in their Oare-bound seates. Let others hie
 Home to our Court; commanding instantly
 The solemne preparation of a feast;
 In which, prouision may for any guest
 Be made at my charge. Charge of these low things,
 I giue our Youth. You Scepter-bearing kings,
 Confort me home; and helpe with grace to vse
 This guest of ours : no one man shall refuse.
 Some other of you, haste, and call to vs
 The sacred singer, graue *Demodocus*;
 To whom hath God giuen, song that can excite
 The heart of whom he listeth with delight.
 This said, he led. The Scepter-bearers lent
 Their free attendance; and with all speed, went
 The herald for the sacred man in song.
 Youths two and fiftie; chosen from the throng
 Went, as was willd, to the vntam'd seas shores;
 Where come; they lancht the ship : the Mast it bore
 Aduanc't, sailes hoisted; euery seate, his Ore
 Gaue with a lether thong : the deepe moist then
 They further reacht. The drie streets flowd with men;
 That troupt vp to the kings capacious Court.
 Whole *Porticoes*, were chok't with the resort:

Whose

Whose wals were hung with men : yong, old, thrust there,
 In mighty concourse; for whose promist cheere
Alcinous shue twelue Sheepe; eight white-toothd Swine:
 Two crook-hancht Beecies; which stead, and drest, diuine
 The show was of so many a iocund Guest
 All set together, at so set a feast.
 To whose accomplisht state, the Herald then
 The louely Singer led; Who past all mean
 The Muse affected; gaue him good, and ill;
 His cies put out; but put in soule at will.
 His place was giuen him, in a chaire, all grac't
 With siluer studs, and gainst a Pillar plac't;
 Where, as the Center to the State, he rests;
 And round about, the circle of the Guests.
 The Herald, on a Pinne, aboue his head
 His soundfull harpe hung : to whose height, he led
 His hand for taking of it downe at will.
 A Boord set by, with food; and forth did fill
 A Bowle of wine, to drinke at his desire.
 The rest then, fell to feast; and when the fire
 Of appetite was quencht : the Muse inflam'd
 The sacred Singer. Of men highliest fam'd,
 He sung the glories; and a Poeme pend,
 That in applause, did ample heauen ascend.
 Whose subiect was, the sterne contention
 Betwixt *Ulysses*, and Great *Thetis* Sonne;
 As, at a banquet, sacred to the Gods
 In dreadfull language, they exprest their ods.
 When *Agamemnon*, sat reioyct in soule
 To heare the Greeke Peeres iarre, in termes so foule;
 For *Augur Phœbus*, in preface had told
 The king of men, (desirous to vnfold
 The wars perplexed end; and being therefore gone
 In heavenly *Pylbia*, to the Porch of stone,)
 That then the end, of all griefes should begin,
 Twixt *Greece*, and *Troy*; when *Greece* (with strife to wiane
 That wisht conclusion) in her kings should iarre;
 And pleade, if force, or wit must end the warre.
 This braue contention did the Poet sing;
 Expreffing to the spleene of either king;
 That his large purple weede, *Ulysses* held
 Before his face, and cies; since thence distilld
 Teares vncontaind; which he obscur'd, in feare
 To let th'obseruing Prefence, note a teare.
 But when his sacred song the meere Diuine
 Had giuen an end; a Goblet crown'd with wine
Ulysses (drying his wet cies) did seise;
 And sacrificd to those Gods that would please

*Demodocus
 Poets.*

*The contention
 of Achilles and
 Ulysses.*

*Ulyssis mouetur
 lacrimis.*

L 2

T in

The continued
praise of *Ulysses*
through all pla-
ces, times, and oc-
casions.

T'inspire the Poet with a song so fit
To do him honour, and renewme his wit.
His teares then staid, But when againe began
(By all the kings desires) the moving man;
Again *Ulysses*, could not chuse but yeeld
To that soft passion: which againe, withheld,
He kept so cunningly from sight; that none
(Except *Alcinous* himselfe, alone)
Discern'd him moud so much. But he sat next;
And heard him deeply sigh. Which, his pretext
Could not keepe hid from him. Yet he conceal'd
His vtterance of it; and would haue it held
From all the rest. Brake off the song, and this
Said to those Ore-affecting Peeres of his:

Princes, and Peeres! we now are satiate
With sacred song, that fits a feast of state:
With wine, and food. Now then, to field, and try;
In all kinds our approu'd activity;
That this our Guest, may giue his friends to know
In his returne: that we, as little owe
To fights, and wrestlings, leaping, speede of race,
As these our Court-rites; and commend our grace
In all, to all superiour. Foorth he led
The Peeres and people, troupe't vp to their head:
Nor must *Demodocus* be left within;
Whose harpe, the Herald hung vpon the pinnes;
His hand, in his tooke; and abroad he brought
The heauenly Poet: out, the same way wrought
That did the Princes: and what they would see
With admiration, with his companie
They wilst to honour. To the place of Game
These throng'd; and after, routs of other came,
Of all sort, infinite. Of Youths that stroue,
Many, and strong, rose to their trials loue.

Vp rose *Acronus*, and *Ocyalus*;
Elatreus, *Prymneus*, and *Anchyalus*;
Nautus, *Eretmeus*, *T'boon*, *Proetus*;
Pontanus, and the strong *Amphialus*,
Sonnet to *Tellonides*, *Polinius*.

Vp rose to these, the great *Euryalus*;
In action like the homicide of warre.

Nembolides, that was for person farre
Past all the rest: but one he could not passe;
Nor any thought improue, *Laodamas*.

Vp *Anabesincus* then arose;
And three sonnes of the Scepter state, and those;
Were *Halim*, and fore-praide *Laodamas*;
And *Chytomus*, like a God in grace.

Since the Phae-
cians were not
only dwellers by
sea, but *Andrus*
also of sea quadi-
ters: their names
fit me to reserve
their faculties
therein.
All consisting of
sea-faring signi-
fication, except
Laodamas.
As *Acronus*,
suma seu extre-
ma Natis pars.
Ocyalus velox
in mari. *Elatre-*
us or *Eury* ou-
tripes. *Remex*,
&c.

These first the foote-game tride; and from the lists
Took: start together. Vp the dust, in mists
They huld about; as in their speede, they flew;
But *Chytomus*, first, of all the crew
A Stiches length in any fallow field
Made good his pace; when where the Iudges yeeld
The prize, and praise, his glorious speed arriv'd.
Next, for the boistrous wrestling Game they striu'd;
At which, *Euryalus*, the rest outshone.
At leape, *Amphialus*. At the hollow stone
Elatreus exceld. At buffets, last,
Laodamas, the kings faire sonne surpast.

When all had striu'd in these assaies their fill;
Laodamas said; Come friends; let's proue what skill
This Stranger hath attaind to, in our sport;
Me thinks, he must be of the actiue fort.
His calves, thighs, hands, and well-knit shoulders show,
That Nature disposition did bestow
To fit with fact their forme. Nor wants he prime.
But lowre *Affliction*, made a mate with *Time*;
Makes *Time* the more scene. Nor imagine I,
A worse thing to enforce debilitie,
Then is the Sea: though nature ne're so strong
Knits one together. Nor conceiue you wrong,
(Replied *Euryalus*) but proue his blood
With what you question. In the midst then stood
Renowm'd *Laodamas*, and prou'd him thus;

Come (stranger Father) and assaie with vs
Your powrs in these contentions: If your show
Be answerd with your worth, tis fit that you
Should know these conflicts: nor doth glorie stand
On any worth more, in a mans command,
Then to be strenuous, both of foote and hand:
Come then, make proofe with vs; discharge your mind
Of discontentments: for not farre behind
Comes your deduction. Ship is ready now;
And men, and all things. Why (said he) dost thou
Mocke me *Laodamas*! and these strifes bind
My powrs to answer: I am more inclin'd
To cares, then conflict. Much sustaind I haue;
And still am suffering. I come here to craue
In your assemblies, meanes to be dismiss'd,
And pray, both Kings, and subiects to assit.

Euryalus, an open brawle began;
And said: I take you Sir, for no such man
As fits these honored strifes. A number more
Strange men there are, that I would chuse before.
To one that loues to lie a ship-boord much;

L 3

These

Laodamas re-
sist *Ulysses* to
their sports.

The word is
cum significandi:
deductio: qua
transuehendum
curamus cum
qui nihilcum
aliquidum est
vetustus.

Euryalus re-
braids *Ulysses*.

Or

Or is the Prince of sailours; or to such
As traffique farre and neare, and nothing minde
But freight, and passage, and a forenright winde,
Or to a victler of a ship: or men
That set vp all their powns for rampant Gaine,
I can compare, or hold you like to be:
But, for a wrestler, or of qualitie
Fit for contentions nobles, you abhor
From worth of any such competitor.
Vlysses (frowning) answerd; Stranger! farre
Thy words are from the fashions regular
Of kinde, or honour. Thou art in thy guise
Like to a man, that authors iniuries.
I see, the Gods to all men, giue not all
Manly addition; wifedome, words that fall
(Like dice) vpon the square still. Some man takes
Ill forme from parents; but God often makes
That fault of forme vp, with obseru'd repaire
Of pleasing speech: that makes him held for faire;
That makes him speake securely: makes him shine
In an assembly, with a grace dinie.
Men take delight, to see how euently lie
His words asstepe, in honey modellie.
Another then, hath fashions like a God;
But in his language, he is foule, and broad:
And such art thou. A person faire is giuen;
But nothing else is in thee, sent from heauen.
For in thee lurkes, a base, and earthy soule
And 't'ha'tt compell'd me, with a speech most foule
To be thus bitter. I am not vnseene
In these faire strifes, as thy words ouerweene:
But in the first ranke of the best I stand.
At least, I did, when youth and strength of hand
Made me thus confident: but now am worne
With woes, and labours; as a humane borne
To beare all anguish. Sufferd much I haue.
The warre of men, and the inhumane waue
Haue I driuen through at all parts: but with all
My waite in sufferance: what yet may fall
In my performance, at these strifes Ile trie;
Thy speech hath mou'd, and made my wrath runne hie.
This said; with robe, and all, he graspt a stone,
A little grauer then was euer throwne
By these *Phaicians*, in their wrestling rout;
More firme, more massie, which (turn'd round about)
He hurried from him, with a hand so strong
It fung, and flew: and ouer all the throng
(That at the others markes stood) quite it went:

captiue captiue
on

Vlysses *angry*

ambulatory
Dumorum
magorum
auctor

Yet

Yet downe fell all beneath it; fearing spent
The force that draue it flying from his hand,
As it a dart were, or a walking wand.
And, farre past all the markes of all the rest
His wing stole way. When *Pallas* straight imprest
A marke at fall of it; resembling then
One of the navy-giuen *Phaician* men;
And thus aduanc't *Vlysses*: One, (though blinde)
(O stranger!) groping, may thy stones fall finde;
For not amidst the rout of markes it fell,
But farre before all. Of thy worth, thinke well;
And stand in all strifes: no *Phaician* here,
This bound, can either better or come nere.
Vlysses ioyd, to heare that one man yet
Vide him benignly; and would Truth abet
In those contentions. And then, thus smooth
He tooke his speech downe: Reach me that now Youth,
You shall (and straight I thinke) haue one such more;
And one beyond it too. And now, whose Core
Stands sound, and great within him (since ye haue
Thus put my plene vp) come againe and braue
The Guest ye tempted, with such grosse disgrace:
At wrestling, buffers, whirlbat, speed of race.
At all, or either, I except at none,
But vrge the whole State of you; onely one
I will not challenge, in my forced boast,
And that's *Laodamas*; for hee's mine Host.
And who will fight, or wrangle with his friend?
Vnwise he is, and base, that will contend
With him that feedes him, in a forreigne place;
And takes all edge off, from his owne sought grace.
None else except I here; nor none despise;
But wish to know, and proue his faculties,
That dares appeare now. No strife ye can name
Am I vnskilld in; (reckon any game
Of all that are, as many as there are
In vse with men) for Archerie I dare
Affirme my selfe not meane. Of all a troupe
Ile make the first foe with mine arrow stoupe;
Though, with me ne're so many fellows bend
Their bowes at markt men, and affe'd their end;
Onely was *Philoteses* with his bow
Still my superiour; when we Greekes would show
Our Archerie against our foes of *Troy*:
But all that now by bread, fraile life enioy,
I farre hold my inferiours. Men of old
None now aliuie, shall witnesse me so bold
To vant equality with such men as these;

L 4

He names *Laodamas* only for
all the other
brothers, since
in his exception,
the others en-
uies were curb'd:
for brothers ei-
ther are or
should be of one
acceptation in
all his things.
And *Laodamas*,
he calls his host,
being eldest son
to *Alcinous*:
the heire being
ouer the young
masters; nor
might he com-
monly prefer
Alcinous in his
exception, since
he stood not in
compassion at
these contenti-
ons.

Oechalian,

Oechalian, Eurystus, Hercules,

Who with their bowes, durst with the Gods contend.

And therefore caught *Eurystus* soone his end.

Nor did at home, in age, a reuerend man;

Apollo.

But by the Great incensed *Delphian*

Was shot to death, for daring competence

With him, in all an Archers excellence.

A Speare he hunk as farre, as any man

Shall shoote a shaft. How at a race I can

Bestirre my feete, I onely yeld to Feare,

And doubt to meete with my superiour here.

So many seas, so too much haue misfild

My lims for race; and therefore haue diffild

A dissolusion through my loued knees.

This said, he stild all talking properties;

*The ingenious
and rough speech
of Alcimus to
Phyllis.*

Alcimus onely answerd: O my Guest

In good part take we, what you haue bene preft

With speech to answer. You would make appeare

Your vertues therefore, that will still shine where

Your onely looke is. Yet must this man giue

Your worth ill language; when, he does not liue

In sort of mortals (whence to ere he springs

That iudgement hath to speake becoming things)

That will depraue your vertues. Note then now

My speech, and what, my loue presents to you;

That you may tell *Heroes*, when you come

To banquet with your Wife, and Birth at home,

(Mindfull of our worth) what deferuings *Ioue*

Hath put on our parts likewise; in remoue

From Sire to Sonne, as an inherent grace

Kinde, and perperuall. We must needs giue place

To other Countrey men; and fight yeld

We are not blamelesse, in our fights of field;

Buffets, nor wrestlings: but in speede of feete;

And all the Equipage that fits a feete,

We boast vs best. For table euer spread

With neighbour feasts, for garments varied;

For *Poesie*, *Musique*, *Dancing*, *Baths*, and *Beds*.

And now, *Phaeacians*, you that beare your heads

And feete with best grace, in enamouring dance;

Enflame our guest here; that he may aduance

Our worth past all the worlds, to his home friends;

As well for the vnmatcht grace, that commends

Your skills in footing of a dance; as theirs

That flie a race best. And so, all affaires,

At which we boast vs best; he best may trie;

As Sea-race, Land-race, Dance, and *Poesie*.

Some one, with instant speede to Court retire,

And

And fetch *Demodocus*, his soundfull lyre.

This said, the God-grac't king, and quicke resort

Pontonus made, for that faire harpe, to Court.

Nine of the lor-chus'de publique Rulers rose,

That all in those contentions did dispose;

Commanding a most smooth ground, and a wide,

And all the people, in faire game, aside.

Then with the rich harpe, came *Pontonus*

And in the midst, tooke place *Demodocus*.

About him then stood forth, the choise yong men,

That on mans first youth, made fresh entrie then:

Had Art to make their naturall motion sweete

And shooke a most diuine dance from their feete;

That twinckld Star-like, mou'd as swift, and fine,

And beate the aire so thinne, they made it shine.

Phylles wonderd at it; but amazd

He stood in minde, to heare the dance so phras'd.

For, as they danc't; *Demodocus* did sing,

The bright-crownd *Venus* loue, with Battailes king;

As first they closely mixt, in t'house of fire.

What worlds of gifts, wonne her to his desire;

Who then, the night-and-day-bed did defile

Of good king *Vulcan*. But in little while

The Sunne their mixture saw; and came, and told.

The bitter newes, did by his eares take hold

Of *Vulcans* heart. Then to his Forge he went;

And in his shrewd mind, deepe stuffe did inuent.

His mightie Anuile, in the stocke he put;

And forg'd a net, that none could loofe, or cut;

That when it had them, it might hold them fast.

Which, hauing finisht, he made vtmost haste

Vp to the deare roome, where his wife he wourd:

And (madly wrath with *Mars*) he all bestrowd

The bed, and bed posts: all the beame about

That crost the chamber; and a circle stroue,

Of his deuice, to wrap in all the roome.

And twas as pure, as of a Spiders loome,

The woofe before tis wouen. No man nor God

Could let his eie on it: a sleight so odde,

His Art shewd in it. All his craft bespent

About the bed: he said, as if he went

To well-built *Lemnos*; his most loued towne,

Of all townes earthly. Nor left this vnknowne

To golden-bridle-vling *Mars*; who kept

No blinde watch over him: but, seeing stepe

His riual so aside, he hastd home

With faire-wreath'd *Venus* loue stung; who was come

New from the Court of her most mightie Sire.

μαρμαρυγας ἰνδ.
μαρμαρυγῶν ἰνδ.
for splendor
vibrans
twinkld splen-
dor: μαρμαρυγῶν
Vibrate velut
radius solares,
Ayre rarefied
tutus spl.

The matter
whereof none
can see.

πελοποννησίου

Mars

Mars enterd; wrung her hand; and the retire
 Her husband made to *Lemnos* told; and said;
 Now (*Lone*) is *Vulcan* gone; let vs to bed,
 Hee's for the barbarous *Sintians*. Well appaid
 Was *Venus* with it; and afresh affaid
 Their old encounter. Downe they went; and straight
 About them 'clingd, the artificial sleight
 Of most wise *Vulcan*; and were to enscar'd,
 That neither they could stirre their coule prepar'd,
 In any lim about them; nor arise.
 And then they knew, they could no more disguise
 Their close conueiance; but lay, forc't, stone still.
 Backe rusht the Both foote cook'r; but straight in skill,
 From his neare skout-hole turnd; nor euer went
 To any *Lemnos*; but the sure cunct
 Left *Phabus* to discover, who told all.
 Then, home hopt *Vulcan*, full of griefe, and gall;
 Stood in the Portall, and cried out fo his;
 That all the Gods heard. Father of the skie
 And every other deathlesse God (said he)
 Come all, and a ridiculous object see;
 And yet not sufferable neither; Come,
 And witnesse, how when still I step from home,
 (Lame that I am) *Iones* daughter doth professe
 To do me all the shamefull offices;
 Indignities, despites, that can be thought;
 And loues this all-things-making-come to nought
 Since he is faire forsooth; foote-found, and I
 Tooke in my braine a little, leg'd awrie;
 And no fault mine; but all my parents fault,
 Who should not get, if mocke me, with my halt.
 But see how fast they sleepe, while I, in mone,
 Am onely made, an idle looker on.
 One bed their turne serues; and it must be mine;
 I thinke yet, I haue made their selfe-Ioues shine.
 They shall no more wrong me, and none perceiue:
 Nor will they sleepe together, I beleue
 With too hote haste againe. Thus both shall lie
 In craft, and force; till the extremitie
 Of all the dowre, I gaue her Sire (to gaine
 A dogged set-fac't Girle, that will not staine
 Her face with blushing, though she shame her head)
 He paie me backe: She's faire, but was no maide.

While this long speech was making, all were come
 To *Vulcan*; whole-brazens-founded home.
 Earth-shaking *Neptune*; vifull *Mercurie*,
 And far-shot *Phabus*. No She Deitie
 For shame, would show there: all the giue-good Gods

*Vulcan com-
 plains.*

flood in the Portall; and past periods
 Gaue length to laughers; all reioyc't to see
 That which they said; that no impietie
 Finds good successe at th'end. And now (said one)
 The slow outgoes the swift. Lame *Vulcan*, knowne
 To be the slowest of the Gods; outgoes
Mars the most swift; And this is that, which grows
 To greatest iustice; that Adulteries sport
 Obtain'd by craft, by craft of other fort,
 (And lame craft too) is plagu'd, which grieues the more,
 That found lims turning lame; the lame, * restore.

This speech amongst themselves they entertaind
 When *Phabus*, thus askt *Hermes*: Thus enchaind
 Would'st thou be *Hermes*, to be thus discloset
 Though, with thee, golden *Venus* were repos'd;

He soone gaue that an answer: O (said he
 Thou king of Archers) would twere thus with me.
 Though thrice so much shame; nay, though infinite
 Were powd about me; and that every light
 In great heauen shining, witnest all my harmes,
 So golden *Venus* slumberd in mine Armes.

The Gods againe laugh; euen the watry state
 Wrung out a laughter: But propitiate
 Was still for *Mars*, and praid the God of fire
 He would dissolue him; offering the desire
 He made to *Ioue*, to pay himselfe; and said,
 All due debits, should be, by the Gods repaid.

Pay me, no words (said he) where deeds lend paine;
 Wretched the words are, giuen for wretched paine.
 How shall I binde you in th'Immortals fight
 If *Mars* be once loos'd; nor will pay his right?

Vulcan (said he) if *Mars* should flie, nor see
 Thy right repaid, it should be paid by me:
 Your word, so giuen, I must accept (said he)
 Which said; he loofd them: *Mars* then rusht from skie
 And stoop't cold *Thrace*. The laughing Deity
 For *Cyprus* was, and tooke her *Paphian* state
 Where, She a *Graue*, ne're cut, hath consecrate:
 All with *Arabian* odors fum'd; and hath
 An Altar there, at which the *Graces* bathe,
 And with immortall Balms besmooth her skin;
 Fit for the blisse, Immortals solace in;
 Deckt her in to-be-studied attire,
 And apt to set beholders hearts on fire.

This sung the sacred Muse, whose notes and words
 The dancers feete kept; as his hands his cords.
Plyster, much was pleased, and all the crew:

This would the king haue varied with a new.

* Intending the
 sound of voices
 when they out-
 goe the sound.

This is
 the place, where
 the Gods
 sit, and
 the
 Graces
 bathe
 in
 the
 water.

And pleasing measure; and performed by
Two, with whom none would strive in dancie.
And those, his sonnes were; that must therefore dance
Alone; and onely to the harp aduance,
Without the words; And this sweete couple, was
Yong *Halius*, and diuine *Laodamus*:
Who danc't a Ball dance. Then the rich-wrought Ball,
(That *Polybus* had made, of purple all)
They tooke to hand: one threw it to the skie,
And then danc't backe; the other (capring hie)
Would surely catch it, ere his foote toucht ground;
And vp againe aduanc't it; and so found
The other, cause of dance; and then did he
Dance lofty trickes; till next it came to be
His turne to catch; and serue the other still.
When they had kept it vp to eithers will,
They then danc't ground trickes; oft mixt hand in hand;
And did so gracefully their change command;
That all the other Youth that stood at pause,
With deafning shours, gaue them the great applause.

Vlysses to Alcinoos.

Then said *Vlysses*; O past all men here
Cleare, not in powre, but in desert as clere,
You said your dancers, did the world surpass;
And they performe it, cleare, and to amaze.

This wonne *Alcinous* heart; and equall praise
He gaue *Vlysses*; saying, Matchlesse wife
(Princes and Rulers) I perceiue our guest;
And therefore let our hospitable best
In fitting gifts be giuen him: twelue chiefe kings
There are that order all the glorious things
Of this our kingdome; and the thirteenth, I
Exist, as Crowne to all: let instantly
Be thirteene garments giuen him: and, of gold
Precious, and fine, a Talent. While we hold
This our assembly; be all fetcht, and giuen;
That to our feast prepar'd, as to his heauen
One guest may enter. And that nothing be
Left vnperformd, that fits his dignity;
Euryalus shall here conciliate
Himselfe, with words and gifts; since past our rate
He gaue bad language. This did all commend
And giue in charge; and euery king did send
His Herald for his gift. *Euryalus*
(Answering for his part) said, *Alcinous*!
Our chiefe of all; since you command, I will
To this our guest, by all meanes reconcile;
And giue him this entirely metald sword:
The handle massie siluer; and the bord

That

That giues it couer, all of Iuorie,
New, and in all kinds, worth his qualitie.

This put he strait into his hand, and said:
Frolicke, O Guest and Father; if words, fled,
Haue bene offensiu; let swift whirlwinds take,
And rauish them from thought. May all Gods make
Thy wives fight good to thee; in quick retreat
To all thy friends, and best-lou'd breeding feate;
Their long misse quitting with the greater ioy;
In whose sweet, vanish all thy worst annoy.

And frolicke thou, to all height, Friend (said he)
Which heauen confirme, with wisht felicitie.
Nor euer giue againe desire to thee,
Of this sword's vse, which with affects so free,
In my reclaime, thou hast bestowd on me.

This said; athwart his shoulders he put on
The right faire sword; and then did set the Sunne.
When all the gifts were brought; which backe againe
(With King *Alcinous*, in all the traine)
Were by the honourd Heralds borne to Court;
Which his faire sonnes tooke; and from the resort
Laid by their reuerend Mother. Each his throne,
Of all the Peeres (which yet were ouerflowne
In King *Alcinous* command) ascended:
Whom he, to passe as much in gifts contended;
And to his Queene, said: Wife! see brought me here
The fairest Cabinet I haue; and there
Impose a well-cleansd, in, and vtter weed;
A Caldron heate with water, that with speed
Our Guest well bath'd, and all his gifts made sure;
It may a ioyfull appetite procure
To his succeeding Feast; and make him heare
The Poets *Hymne*, with the securer eare.
To all which, I will adde my boll of gold,
In all frame curious, to make him hold
My memory alwaies deare; and sacrifice
With it at home, to all the Deities.

Then *Arcte*, her maids charg'd to set on
A well-fiz'd Caldron quickly. Which was done;
Cleare water powr'd in, flame made so entire,
It gilt the brasie; and made the water fire.
In meane space, from her chamber brought the Queene
A wealthy Cabinet, where (pure and cleane)
She put the garments, and the gold bestowd
By that free State; and then, the other word
By her *Alcinous*, and said: Now Guest
Make close and fast your gifts, lest when you rest
A ship-board sweetly, in your way you meet

M

Some

Some losse, that lesse may make your next sleepe sweet.

This when *Vlysses* heard; all sure he made;
Enclosde and bound safe; for the sauing trade,
The Reuerend for her wisdom (Circé) had
In fortyeares taught him. Then the handmaid bad
His worth to bathing, which reioyct his heart.
For since he did with his *Calypso* part,
He had no hote baths. None had fauour'd him;
Nor bin so tender of his kingly lim.
But all the time he spent in her abode,
He liu'd respect'd, as he were a God.

Clean'd then and balmd; faire shirt, and robe put on;
Freshe come from bath, and to the Feasters gone;
Nausicaa, that from the Gods hands tooke
The soueraigne beautie of her blessed looke,
Stood by a well-caru'd Columne of the roome,
And through her eye, her heart was ouercome
With admiration of the Port imprest
In his aspect; and said: God saue you Guest!
Be chearfull, as in all the future state,
Your home will shew you, in your better Fate.
But yet, euen then, let this remembred be,
Your lifes price, I lent, and you owe it me.

*Nausicaa reflecta
med with Vlysses*

The varied in all counsels gaue reply:
Nausicaa! flowre of all this Empery!
So *Imus* husband, that the strife for noise
Makes in the clouds, bleesse me with strife of Ioyes,
In the desir'd day, that my house shall show,
As I, as I to a Goddesse, there shall vow,
To thy faire hand, that did my Being giue;
Which Ile acknowledge euery houre I liue.

This said, *Alcinous* plac'd him by his side;
Then tooke they feast, and did in parts diuide
The feuerall dithes; filld out wine, and then
The striu'd-for, for his worth, of worthy men,
And reuerenc't of the State; *Demodocus*
Was brought in by the good *Pantomus*.
In midst of all the guests, they gaue him place,
Against a lostie Pillar, when, this grace
The grac't with wisdom did him. From the Chine
That stood before him of a white-tooth'd Swine,
(Being farre the daintiest ioynt) mixt through with fat,
He caru'd to him, and sent it where he fat,
By his old friend, the Herald, willing thus:
Herald! reach this to graue *Demodocus*;
Say, I salute him; and his worth embrace.
Poets deserue past all the humane race,
Reuerend respect and honor; since the Queene

*segenomus,
Poetam cuius
bominibus dig-
na est societas.*

Of

Of knowledge, and the supreme worth in men
(*The Muse*) informes them; and loues all their race.

This, reacht the Herald to him; who, the grace
Receiu'd encourag'd; which, when feast was spent,
Vlysses amplified to this ascent:

Demodocus! I must preferre you farre,
Past all your fort; if, or the *Muse* of warre,
Iones daughter prompts you; (that the Greeks respects)
Or if the Sunne, that those of *Troy* affects.
For I haue heard you, since my coming, sing
The Fate of *Greece*, to an admired string.
How much our sufferance was; how much we wrought;
How much the actions rose to, when we fought.
So liuely forming, as you had bin there;
Or to some free relator, lent your care.
Forth then, and sing the wooden horses frame,
Built by *Epemus*; by the martiall Dame,
Taught the whole Fabricke; which, by force of sleight,
Vlysses brought into the Cities height;
When he had stuf't it with as many men,
As leuel'd lostie *Ilion* with the Plaine.
With all which, if you can as well enchant,
As with expression quicke and elegant,
You sung the rest; I will pronounce you cleare,
Inspir'd by God, past all that euer were.

This said; euen stird by God vp, he began;
And to his Song fell, past the forme of man;
Beginning where, the Greeks a ship-boord went,
And euery Chiefe, had set on fire his Tent.
When th' other Kings, in great *Vlysses* guide,
In *Troy*'s vast market place, the horse did hide:
From whence, the *Troians*, vp to *Ilion* drew
The dreadfull Engine. Where (late all arew)
Their Kings about it: many counsels giuen,
How to dispose it. In three waies were driuen
Their whole distractions: first, if they should feele
The hollow woods heart, (searcht with piercing Steele)
Or from the battlemens (drawne higher yet)
Deic't & headlong; or, that counterfet,
So vast and nouell, set on sacred fire;
Vowd to appease each angered Godheads ire.
On which opinion, they, thereafter, saw,
They then should haue resolu'd: th' vnalterd law
Of Fate prelagging; that *Troy* then should end,
When th' hostile horse, she should receiue to friend;
For therein should the *Grecian* Kings lie hid,
To bring the Fate and death, they after did.
He sung besides, the Greeks eruption

M 2

From

From those their hollow crafts; and horse forgone;
 And how they made *Depopulation* tread
 Beneath her feete, so high a Cities head.
 In which affaire, he sung in other place,
 That of that ambush, some man else did race
 The *Ilion* Towres, then **Laertides*;
 But here he *sung, that he alone did scife
 (With *Menelaus*) the ascended rooffe
 Of Prince *Desphobus*; and *Mars*-like prooffe
 Made of his valour: a most dreadfull fight,
 Daring against him. And there vanquish quite,
 In litle time (by great *Minervas* aid)
 All *Ilions* remnant, and *Troyleu*ll laid.
 This the diuine Expressor, did so giue
 Both act and passion, that he made it line;
 And to *Vlysses* facts did breathe a fire,
 So *deadly quickning, that it did inspire
 Old death with life; and renderd life so sweet,
 And passionate, that all there felt it fleet;
 Which made him pitie his owne crueltie,
 And put into that ruth, so pure an eie
 Of humane frailtie; that to see a man
 Could so reuiue from Death; yet no way can
 Defend from death; his owne quicke powres it made
 Feele there deaths horrors: and he felt life fade
 In *teares, his feeling braine sweet: for in things
 That moue past vtterance, teares ope all their springs.
 Nor are there in the Powres, that all life beares,
 More true interpreters of all, then teares.

And as a Ladie mournes her sole-lou'd Lord,
 That false before his Citie, by the sword,
 Fighting to rescue from a cruell Fate,
 His towne and children; and, in dead estate
 Yet panting, seeing him; wraps him in her armes,
 Weeps, thricks, and powres her health into his armes;
 Lies on him, struing to become his shield
 From foes that still assaile him; speares impeld
 Through backe and shoulders, by whose points embrude,
 They raise and leade him into seruitude,
 Labor and languor: for all which, the Dame
 Eates downe her cheekes with teares, and feeds lifes flame
 With miserable sufferanc: So this King,
 Of teare-sweet anguish, op't a boundlesse spring:
 Nor yet was seene to any one man there,
 But King *Alcinous*, who fate so neare,
 He could not scape him: sighs (so chok't) so brake
 From all his tempers, which the King d'd take
 Both note, and graue resp'd of, and thus spake:

Vlysses.
 As by the diuine
 fure directly in-
 spired, so, for
 Vlysses glory.

In that the
 slaughterers he
 made, were ex-
 press'd so lively.

marks Of nature.
 mean. Metaph.
 signifying, con-
 tinuo, tabesco.

Simile.

Hearc me, *Phaician* Counsellers and Peeres;
 And cease, *Demodocus*; perhaps all cares
 Are not delighted with his song; for, euer
 Since the diuine Muse sung, our Guest hath neuer
 Containd from secret mournings. It may fall,
 That something sung, he hath bin griu'd withall,
 As touching his particular. For beare;
 That *Feast* may ioyntly comfort all hearts here;
 And we may cheare our Guest vp; tis our best,
 In all due honor. For our reuerend Guest,
 Is all our celebration, gifts, and all,
 His loue hath added to our Festiuall.
 A Guest, and suppliant too; we should esteeme
 Deare as our brother; one that doth but dreame
 He hath a soule; or touch but at a mind
 Deathlesse and manly; should stand so enclin'd.
 Nor clokey you, longer, with your curious wit,
 (Lou'd Guest) what euer we shall aske of it.
 It now stands on your honest state to tell;
 And therefore giue your name; nor more concale,
 What of your parents, and the Towne that beares
 Name of your natue; or of forreiners
 That neare vs border, you are calld in fame.
 There's no man liuing, walkes without a name;
 Noble nor base; but had one from his birth;
 Impofde as fit, as to be borne. What earth,
 People, and citie, owne your? Giue to know:
 Tell but our ships all, that your way must show;
 For our *ships know th'expressed minds of men;
 And will so most intentiuey retaine
 Their scopes appointed, that they neuer erre;
 And yet vfe neuer any man to sterc:
 Nor any Rudders haue, as others need.
 They know mens thoughts; and whither tends their speed.
 And there will fet them. For you cannot name
 A Citie to them; nor far Soile, that *Fame*
 Hath any notice giuen, but well they know,
 And will fie to them, though they ebbe and flow,
 In blackest clouds and nights; and neuer beare
 Of any wracke or rocke, the slendrest feare.
 But this I heare my Sire *Nausithous* say
 Long since, that *Neptune* seeing vs conuay
 So safely passengers of all degrees,
 Was angry with vs; and vpon our seas,
 A well-built ship we had (neare harbor come,
 From safe deduction of some stranger home)
 Made in his stirring billowes, sticke stone still,
 And dimm'd our Citie, like a mightie hill,

This supertorja
 or affirmation of
 miracles, how
 impossible sooner
 in those times of
 fard, yet in those
 ages they were
 neither absurd
 nor strange. Those
 inanimat things
 haue (it seem'd)
 certain Genii; in
 whose power,
 they suppos'd,
 shew ship, facul-
 ties. As others
 haue affirm'd.
 Oles to haue
 sense of hearing;
 and so the ship of
 Argos was said
 to haue a Mest
 made of Dodona
 an Oke, shew was
 vocall, and could
 speake.

Hearc

M 3

With

With shade cast round about it. This report,
Intending his fa-
ther's justities.
 The old King made; in which miraculous sort,
 If God had done such things, or left vndone;
 At his good pleasure be it. But now, on,
 And truth relate vs; both whence you errd;
 And to what Clime of men would be transferrd;
 With all their faire Townes, be they, as they are;
 If rude, vniust, and all irregular;
 Or hospitable, bearing minds that please
 The mightie Deitie. Which one of these
 You would be set at, say; and you are there;
 And therefore what afflicts you? why, to heare
 The Fate of *Greece* and *Ilion*, mourne you so?
 The Gods haue done it; as to all, they do
 Destine destruction; that from thence may rise
 A Poeme to instruct posterities.
 Fell any kinsman before *Ilion*?
 Some worthy Sire-in-law, or like-neare sonne?
 Whom next our owne blood, and selfe-race we loue;
 Or any friend perhaps, in whom did moue
 A knowing soule, and no vnpleasing thing?
 Since such a good one, is no vnderling
 To any brother: for, what fits true friends,
True wisdom
fits true friends.
 True wisdom is, that blood and birth transcends.

Finis libri octani Hom. Odysse.

THE



THE NINTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

Vlysses here, as first made knowne;
 Who tells the sterne contention,
 His power did gainst the Cicones trie;
 And thence to the Lotophagie
 Extends his conquest; and from them,
 Assaies the Cyclop Polypheme;
 And by the craft, his wits apply,
 He puts him out his onely eye.

Another.

Isa. The strangely fed
Lotophagie.
The Cicones fled.
The Cyclops eye.

Vlysses thus resolu'd the Kings demands.
Alcinous! (in whom this Empire stands)
 You should not of so naturall right disherit
 Your princely feast, as take from it the spirit.
 To heare a Poet, that in accent brings
 The Gods brefts downe; and breathes them as he sings,
 Is sweet, and sacred; nor can I conceiue,
 In any common weale, what more doth giue

He begins where
Alcinous com-
mands Demo-
docus to end.

Note of the iust and blessed Empery,
 Then to see Comfort vniuersally
 Cheare vp the people. When in euery rooffe,
 She giues obseruers a most humane prooffe
 Of mens contents. To see a neighbours Feast
 Adorne it through; and thereat, heare the breast
 Of the diuine Muse; men in order set;
 A wine-page waiting, Tables crownd with meate;
 Set close to guests, that are to vse it skill;
 The Cup-boords furnisht; and the cups still filld.
 This shewes (to my mind) most humanely faire.
 Nor should you, for me, still the heauenly aire,
 That stirrd my soule so; for I loue such teares,
 As fall from fit notes; beaten through mine eares,
 With repetitions of what heauen hath done;
 And breake from heartie apprehension
 Of God and goodnesse, though they shew my ill.
 And therefore doth my mind excite me still,

beginning.

To tell my bleeding mone; but much more now,
To serue your pleasure; that, to ouer-flow
My teares with such cause, may by sighs be driuen;
Though ne're so much plagu'd, I may seeme by heauen.

And now my name; which, way shall leade to all
My miseries after: that their founts may fall
Through your eares also; and shew (hauing fled
So much affliction) first, who rests his head
In your embraces; when (so farre from home)
I knew not where to obtaine it resting roome.

I am *Ulysses Laertiades*;

The feare of all the world for policies;
For which, my facts as high as heauen resound.
I dwell in *Ithaca*, Earths most renown'd:

All ouer-shadow'd with the * Shake-leafe hill
Tree-fam'd *Neritus*; whose neare confines fill
Ilands a number, well inhabited,

That vnder my obseruance taste their bread.

Dulichium, *Samos*, and the full-of-wood
Zacynthus, likewise grac't with store of wood.

But *Ithaca*, (though in the seas it lie)

Yet lies the so aloft, she casts her eye
Quite ouer all the neighbour Continent.

Farre Norward situate, and (being lent

But little fauour of the Morne, and Sunne)

With barren rocks and cliffes is ouer-runne.

And yet of hardie youths, a Nurse of Name.

Nor could I see a Soile, where ere I came,

More sweete and withfull. Yet, from hence was I

Withheld with horror, by the Deitie

Diuine *Calypso*, in her caue house;

Enflam'd to make me her sole Lord and Spouse.

Circe *Ææa* too, (that knowing Dame,

Whose veines, the like affections did inflame)

Detain'd me like wife. But to neithers loue,

Could I be tempted; which doth well approue;

Nothing so sweete is as our countries earth;

And ioy of those, from whom we claime our birth.

Though rooves farre richer, we farre off possesse,

Yet (from our native) all our more, is lesse.

To which, as I contend'd, I will tell

The much-distrest-conferring-facts, that fell

By *Jones* diuine preuention; since I fer,

From ruin'd *Troy*, my first foote in retreat.

From *Ilion*, ill winds cast me on the Coast

The *Cicones* hold; where I emploid mine hoast

For *Ismarus*, a Citie, built iust by

My place of landing; of which, *Victory*

arripit. hinc
quaticentem
scu agitantem
frondea.

quedam quibus
corpes a iur &
vita iust: natur
appellatur.

Amor patriæ.

Made me expugner. I depeop'd it,
Slue all the men, and did their wiues remit,
With much spoile taken; which we did diuide,
That none might need his part. I then applide
All sped for flight: but my command therein,
(Foolles that they were) could no obseruance win
Of many souldiers, who with spoile fed hie,
Would yet fill higher; and excessiue
Fell to their wine; gaue slaughter on the shore,
Clouen-footed beees and sheepe, in mightie store.
In meane space, *Cicones* did to *Cicones* crie;
When, of their nearest dwellers, instantly
Many and better souldiers made strong head,
That held the Continent, and managed
Their horse with high skill: on which they would fight,
When fittest cause seru'd; and againe alight,
(With soone serue vantage) and on foote contend.
Their concourse swift was, and had neuer end;
As thicke and sodaine twas, as flowres and leaues
Darke Spring discouers, when the *Light receaues.
And then began the bitter Fate of *Ioue*
To alter vs vnhappy, which, euen stroue
To giue vs suffrance. At our Fleet we made
Enforced stand; and there did they invade
Our thrust vp Forces: darts encountred darts,
With blowes on both sides: either making parts
Good vpon either, while the Morning shone,
And sacred *Day* her bright increase held on;
Though much out-match in number. But as soone
As *Phæbus* Westward fell, the *Cicones* wonne
Much hand of vs; fixe proued souldiers fell
(Of euey ship) the rest they did compell
To seeke of *Flight* escape from *Death* and *Fate*.

Thence (sad in heart) we saild: and yet our State
Was something chear'd; that (being ouer-match so much
In violent number) our retreat was such,
As sau'd so many, Our deare losse the lesse,
That they surui'd; so like for like successe.
Yet left we not the Coast, before we call'd
Home to our country earth, the Soules exhal'd,
Of all the friends, the *Cicones* ouercame.
Thrice call'd we on them, by their seuerall name,
And then tooke leaue. Then from the angry *North*,
Cloud-gathering *Ioue*, a dreadfull storme call'd forth
Against our Nauie; couerd shore and all,
With gloomie vapors. *Night* did headlong fall
From frowning *Heauen*. And then hurld here and there
Was all our Nauie; the rude winds did teare;

After Night, in
the first of the
Morning.

The ancient cu-
stome of calling
home the dead,

In three, in foure parts, all their sailes; and downe
 Driuen vnder hatches were we, prest to drowne.
 Vp rusht we yet againe; and with tough hand
 (Two daies, two nights entold) we gat nere lands,
 Labours and sorrowes, eating vp our minds.
 The third cleare day yet, to more friendly winds
 We mastis aduanc't, we white sailes spread, and late.
 Forewinds, and guides, againe did iterate,
 Our ease and home-hopes; which we cleare had reacht;
 Had not, by chance, a sodaine North-wind fetcht,
 With an extreame sea, quite about againe,
 Our whole endeouours; and our course constrain
 To giddie round; and with our bowd sailes greete
 Dreadfull *Maleis*; calling backe our flecte,
 As farre forth as *Cythera*. Nine dayes more,
 Aduerse winds tost me; and the tenth, the shore,
 Where dwell the blossome-fed *Lotophagie*,
 I fetcht-fresh water tooke in instantly
 Fell to our food aship-boord; and then sent
 Two of my choice men to the Continent,
 (Adding a third, a Herald) to discouer,
 What sort of people were the Rulers ouer
 The land next to vs. Where, the first they met,
 Were the *Lotophagies*, that made them eate
 Their Country diet; and no ill intent,
 Hid in their hearts to them: and yet th'euent,
 To ill conuerted it; for, hauing eate
 Their daintie viands; they did quite forget
 (As all men else, that did but taste their feast)
 Both country-men and country; nor adreft
 Any returne; to informe what sort of men
 Made fixt abode there; but would needs maintaine,
 Abode themselves there; and eate that food euer.
 I made out after; and was faine to seuer
 Th'enchanted knot; by forcing their retreat;
 That strid, and wept, and would not leaue their meate
 For heauen it selfe. But, dragging them to flecte;
 I wrapt in sure bands, both their hands and feete,
 And cast them vnder hatches; and away
 Commanded all the rest, without least stay;
 Left they should taste the *Lote* too; and forget
 With such strange raptures, their despide retreat.

All then aboard, we beate the sea with Ores;
 And still with sad hearts saild by our way/shores;
 Till th'out-lawd *Cyclops* land we fetcht; a race
 Of proud-lin'd loiterers, that neuer sow,
 Nor put a plant in earth, nor vse a Plow;
 But trust in God for all things; and their earth,

The idle Cyclops.

(Vnflowne, vnplowd) giues euery of-spring birth,
 That other lands haue. Wheate, and Barley; Vines
 That beare in goodly Grapes, delicious wines;
 And *Ioue* sends showres for all: no counsels there,
 Nor counsellors, nor lawes; but all men beare
 Their heads aloft on mountaines, and those steepe,
 And on their tops too: and there, houses keepe
 In vaultie Caues; their households gouern'd all
 By each mans law, impos'd in seuerall;
 Nor wife, nor child awd; but as he thinks good.
 None for another caring. But there stood
 Another little Ile, well stor'd with wood,
 Betwixt this and the entry; neither nie
 The *Cyclops* Ile, nor yet farre off doth lie.
 Mens want it sufferd; but the mens supplies,
 The Goates made with their inarticulate cries.
 Goates beyond number, this small Iland breeds,
 So tame, that no access disturbs their feeds.
 No hunters (that the tops of mountaines scale,
 And rub through woods with toile) seeke them at all.
 Nor is the foile with flocks fed downe, nor plowd;
 Nor euer in it any feed was fowd.
 Nor place the neighbour *Cyclops* their delights,
 In braue Vermilion prow-deckt ships; nor wrights
 Vsefull and skilfull, in such works, as need
 Perfection to those trafficks, that exceed
 Their naturall confines: to sic out and see
 Cities of men; and rake in, mutually
 The prease of others; To themselves, they liue,
 And to their Iland, that enough would giue
 A good inhabitant; and time of yeare
 Obserue to all things. Ait could order there.
 There, close vpon the sea, sweet meadowes spring,
 That yet of fresh streames want no watering
 To their soft burthens: but of speciall yeeld,
 Your vines would be there; and your common field,
 But gentle worke make for your plow; yet beare
 A lositie haruest when you came to sheare.
 For passing far the foile is. In it lies
 A harbor so opportune, that no ties,
 Halfers, or gables need; nor anchors cast.
 Whom stormes put in there, are with stay embrac't;
 Or to their full wils safe; or winds aspire
 To Pilots vses their more quicke desire.
 At entry of the way, a siluer foord
 Is from a rock-impressing fountaine pow'd,
 All set with sable Poplars; and this Port
 Were we arriu'd at, by the sweet resort

The descriptions
 of all these coun-
 tries, haue admi-
 rable allegories,
 besides their arti-
 ly and pleasing
 relation.

Of some God guiding vs: for twas a night
 So gassly darke, all Port was past our sight,
 Clouds hid our ships, and would not let the Moone
 Affoord a beame to vs; the whole Ile wonne,
 By not an eye of ours. None thought the Blore
 That then was vp, shou'd waues against the shore,
 That then to an vnomeasur'd height put on.
 We still at sea esteemd vs, till alone
 Our fleet put in it selfe. And then were strooke
 Our gatherd sailes: our rest ashore we tooke,
 And day expected. When the Morne gaue fire,
 We rose, and walkt, and did the Ile admire.
 The *Nymphs*, *Iones* daughters, putting vp a heerd
 Of mountaine Goates to vs, to render cheard
 My fellow souldiers. To our Fleet we flew;
 Our crooked bowes tooke, long-pil'd darts, and drew
 Our selues in three parts out; when, by the grace
 That God vouch-saft, we made a gainfull chace.
 Twelue ships we had, and every ship had nine
 Fat Goates allotted; ten onely mine.
 Thus all that day, euen till the Sunne was set,
 We fate and feasted; pleasant wine and meate,
 Plenteously taking; for we had not spent
 Our ruddie wine a ship-board: supplement
 Of large sort, each man to his vessell drew,
 When we the sacred Citie ouerthrew,
 That held the *Ciccons*. Now then saw we neare,
 The *Cyclops* late-prais'd Iland; and might heare
 The murmure of their sheepe and goates; and see
 Their smokes ascend. The Sunne then set, and we
 (When Night succceeded) tooke our rest ashore.
 And when the world the Mornings fauour wore,
 I call'd my friends to counsell; charging them
 To make stay there, while I tooke ship and streame,
 With some associates; and explor'd what men
 The neighbour Ile held: if of rude disdaine,
 Churlish and tyrannous, or minds beueraid
 Pious and hospitable. Thus much said,
 I boarded, and commanded to ascend
 My friends and souldiers, to put off, and lend
 Way to our ship. They boarded, fate, and beate
 The old sea forth, till we might see the seate,
 The greatest *Cyclop* held for his abode;
 Which was a deepe Caue, neare the common rode
 Of ships that toucht there; thicke with Lawrels spred,
 Where many sheepe and goates lay shadowed:
 And neare to this, a Hall of torne-vp stone,
 High built with Pines, that heauen and earth atone;

And

And loftie-fronted Okes: in which kept house,
 A man in shape, immane, and monstrous,
 Fed all his flocks alone; nor would affoord
 Commerce with men; but had a wit abhord;
 His mind, his body answering. Nor was he
 Like any man, that food could possibly
 Enhance so hugely; but (beheld alone)
 Shew'd like a steepe hills top, all ouergrowne
 With trees and brambles; litle thought had I
 Of such vast objects. When, arriu'd so nigh;
 Some of my lou'd friends, I made stay aboard,
 To guard my ship; and twelue with me I shor'd,
 The choice of all. I tooke besides along,
 A Goat-skin flagon of wine, blacke and strong,
 That *Maro* did present; *Euantheus* sonne,
 And Priest to *Phœbus*; who had mansion
 In *Thracian Ismarus* (the Towne I tooke)
 He gaue it me; since I (with reuerence strooke,
 Of his graue place, his wife and childrens good)
 Freed all of violence. Amidst a wood
 Sacred to *Phœbus*, stood his house; from whence
 He fetcht me gifts of varied excellence;
 Seven talents of fine gold; a boll all fram'd
 Of masse siluer. But his gift, most fam'd,
 Was twelue great vessels, filld with such rich wine,
 As was incorruptible, and diuine.
 He kept it as his iewell, which none knew
 But he himselfe, his wife, and he that drew.
 It was so strong, that neuer any filld
 A cup, where that was but by drops insilld,
 And drunke it off; but twas before allaid
 With twentie parts in water; yet so swaid
 The spirit of that litle, that the whole,
 A sacred odour breath'd about the boll.
 Had you the odour smelt, and sent it cast,
 It would haue vext you to forbear the taste.
 But then (the taste gaind too) the spirit it wrought,
 To dare things high, set vp an end my thought.

Of this, a huge great flagon full I bore,
 And in a good large knapsacke, vistles store;
 And longd to see this heape of fortitude,
 That so illiterate was, and vpland rude,
 That lawes diuine nor humane he had leard.
 With speed we reacht the Cauerne, nor discern'd
 His presence there. His flocks he fed at field.
 Enting his den; each thing beheld, did yeeld
 Our admiration: shelues with cheefes heapt;
 Sheds stuff with Lambs and Goates, distinctly kept;

N

Vinum Maro-
 neum memo-
 rabile.

Distinct

Distinct the biggest, the more meane distinct;
Distinct the yongest. And in their precinct
(Proper and placefull) stood the troughs and pailcs,
In which he milkt; and what was giuen at meales,
Set vp a creaming: in the Euening still,
All scouring bright, as deaw vpon the hill.

Then were my fellowes instant to conuay
Kids, cheefes, lambs, alship boord; and away
Saile the salt billow. I thought best, not so,
But better otherwise; and first would know,
What guest-gifts he would spare me. Little knew
My friends, on whom they would haue preyd: his view
Prou'd after, that his inwards were too rough
For such bold vsage: we were bold enough,
In what I sufferd; which was there to stay;
Make fire and feed there, though heare none away.
There fare we, till we saw him feeding come,
And on his necke a burthen lugging home,
Most highly huge of Scarc-wood; which the pile
That fed his fire, supplide all supper while.
Downe by his den he threw it; and vp rose
A tumult with the fall. Afraid, we clofe
Withdrew our selues, while he into a Caeue
Of huge receir, his high-fed cattell draue,
All that he milkt; the males he left without
His lostie roofes, that all bestrowd about
With Rams and buck-goates were. And then a rocke
He lift aloft, that damd vp to his flocke,
The doore they enterd: was so hard to wield,
That two and twentie Waggons, all foure-wheeld,
(Could they be loaded, and haue teames that were
Proportion'd to them) could not stirre it there.
Thus, making sure, he kneeld and milkt his Ewes,
And braying Goates, with all a milkers dues.
Then let in all their yong: then, quicke did dresse,
His halfe milke vp for cheefe, and in a presse
Of wicker prest it; put in bolis the rest,
To drinke, and eate, and serue his supping feast.

All works dispatcht thus; he began his fire;
Which blowne, he saw vs; and did thus enquire:

Ho! Guests! what are ye? whence saile ye these seas?
Trafficke, or roue ye? and like the eues oppresse
Poore strange aduenturers; exposing to
Your soules to danger, and your liues to woe?

This vt'rd he, when Feare from our hearts tooke
The very life; to be so thunder-strooke
With such a voice, and such a monster see.
But thus I answerd: Ening *Grecians* we,

From Troy were turning homewards; but by force
Of aduerse winds, in far-diuerst course,
Such vnkowne waies tooke, and on rude seas tost,
(As *Ioue* decreed) are cast vpon this Coast.
Of *Agamemnon* (famous *Atreus* sonne)
We boast our selues the souldiers, who hath wonne
Renowme that reacheth heauen; to ouerthrow
So great a Citie, and to ruine so,
So many nations. Yet at thy knees lie
Our prostrate bosomes; forc't with praies to trie,
If any hospitable right, or Boone
Of other nature, (such as haue bin wonne
By lawes of other houes) thou wilt giue.
Reuerence the Gods, thou greast of all that liue.
We suppliants are; and hospitable *Ioue*
Poures wreake on all, whom praies want powre to moue:
And with their plagues, together will provide,
That humble Guests shall haue their wants supplide.

He cruelly answerd: O thou foole (said he)
To come so farre, and to importune me
With any Gods feare, or obseru'd loue;
We *Cyclops* care not for your Goat-fed *Ioue*;
Nor other Blesstones; we are better farre.
To *Ioue* himselfe, dare I bid open warre;
To thee, and all thy fellowes, if I please.
But tell me: where's the ship, that by the seas
Hath brought thee hither? If farre off, or neare;
Informe me quickly. These his temptings were.
But I, too much knew, not to know his mind;
And craft, with craft paid; telling him the wind
(Thrust vp from Sea, by him that shakes the Shore)
Had dasht our ships against his rocks, and tore
Her ribs in peeces, clofe vpon his Coast;
And we from high wracke sau'd; the rest were lost.

He answerd nothing; but rust in, and tooke
Two of my fellowes vp from earth, and strooke
Their braines against it. Like two whelps they flew
About his shoulders; and did all embrew
The blushing earth. No mountaine Lion tore
Two Lambs so sternly; lapt vp all their gore,
Gusht from their torne vp bodies; lim by lim,
(Trembling with life yet) rauisht into him.
Both flesh and marrow-stuffed bones he eate,
And euen th'vncleanst entrails made his meate.
We weeping, cast our hands to heauen, to view,
A sight so horrid. Desperation flew
With all our after liues, to instant death,
In our belcu'd destruction. But when breath,

*This relation
of Agamemnon,
and his glory
cheers for Troys
sacke, with the
picture of suppli-
ants receit, so
him that was so
barbarous and
impious, must be
intended spoken
by Pylus, with
supposition that
his hearers would
note, still as he
spoke, how raine
they would shew
to the Cyclops:
who respected li-
tle Agamemnon,
or their valiant
exploits against
Troy, or the Gods
themselves. For
otherwise, the se-
rious obseruati-
on of the words
(though good ex-
amples, if spoken
to another) want
their intensional
sharpnesse and
bite.*

The fury of his appetite had got,
 Because the gulfe his belly reacht his throte;
 Mans flesh, and Goates milke, laying laire on laire,
 Till neare chokt vp, was all the paffe for aire.
 Along his den, amongst his cattell, downe
 He rush't, and streakt him. When my mind was growne
 Desperate, to step in; draw my sword, and part
 His bosome, where the strings about the heart
 Circle the Liuer, and adde strength of hand.
 But that rash thought, More staide, did countermand;
 For there we all had perisht, since it past
 Our powres to lift aside a log so vast,
 As barr'd all outscape; and so sigh'd away
 The thought all Night, expecting active Day.
 Which come, he first of all, his fire enflames,
 Then milks his Goates and Ewes; then to their dams
 Lets in their yong; and wondrous orderly,
 With manly haste, dispatcht his houswifery.
 Then to his Breakfast, to which, other two
 Of my poore friends went: which eate, out then go
 His heards and fat flocks, lightly putting by
 The churlish barre, and clode it instantly;
 For both those works, with ease, as much he did,
 As you would ope, and thus your Quiner lid.

With stormes of whistlings then, his flocks he drave
 Vp to the mountaines; and occasion gaue
 For me to vse my wits, which to their height,
 I striu'd to skrew vp; that a vengeance might
 By some meanes fall from thence; and *Pallas* now
 Affoord a full eare to my neediest vow.
 This then, my thoughts preferd: a huge club lay
 Close by his milk-house, which was now in way
 To drie, and season; being an Oliue tree
 Which late he feld; and being greene, must be
 Made lighter for his manage. I was so vast,
 That we resembl'd it to some fit Mast,
 To serue a ship of burthen, that was driven
 With twentie Ores; and had a bignesse giuen,
 To beare a huge sea. Full so thicke, so tall
 We iudg'd this club; which I, in part, hew'd small,
 And cut a fathome off. The peece I gaue
 Amongst my souldiers, to take downe, and shauie,
 Which done, I sharpn'd it at top, and then
 (Hardn'd in fire) I hid it in the den,
 Within a nastie dunghill reeking there,
 Thicke, and so moist, it issude euery where.
 Then made I lots cast, by my friends to trie,
 Whose fortune seru'd to dare the bo'd out eie

Of that man-eater: and the lot did fall
 On foure I wist to make my aid, of all,
 And I, the fift made, choslen like the rest.

Then came the Euen; and he came from the feast
 Of his fat cattell, draue in all; nor kept
 One male abroad; if, or his memory slept
 By Gods direct will, or of purpose was
 His driuing in of all then, doth surpass
 My comprehension. But he clode againe
 The mightie barre; milke, and did still maintaine
 All other obseruation, as before.
 His worke, all done; two of my souldiers more,
 At once he snatcht vp; and to supper went.
 Then dar'd I words to him, and did present
 A boll of wine, with these words: *Cyclops* take
 A boll of wine from my hand, that may make
 Way for the mans flesh thou hast eate; and shew
 What drinke our ship held; which in sacred vow,
 I offer to thee; to take ruth on me
 In my dismission home. Thy rages be
 Now no more sufferable. How (shall men
 (Mad and inhumane that thou art) againe
 Greet thy abode, and get thy actions grace,
 If thus thou ragest, and cast vp their race.

He tooke, and drunke; and vehemently foyd
 To taste the sweet cup; and againe employd
 My flagons powre; entreating more, and said:
 Good Guest, againe affoord my taste thy aid;
 And let me know thy name; and quickly now,
 That in thy recompence I may bestow
 A hospitable gift on thy desert;
 And such a one as shall reioyce thy heart;
 For to the *Cyclops* too, the gentle Earth
 Beares generous wine; and *Ioue* augments her birth,
 In store of such, with showres. But this rich wine,
 Fell from the riuier that is meere diuine,
 Of *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*. This againe
 I gaue him; and againe, nor could the foole abstaine,
 But drunke as often. When the noble Iuyce
 Had wrought vpon his spirit; I then gaue vse
 To fairer language; saying: *Cyclops* now
 As thou demandst, Ile tell thee my name; do thou
 Make good thy hospitable gift to me;
 My name is *No-Mam*; *No-g-Man*, each degree
 Of friends, as well as parents, call my name.
 He answerd, as his cruell soule became:
No-Man! Ile eate thee last of all thy friends;
 And this is that, in which so much amends

I vowd to thy desertings; thus shall be
 My hospitable gift, made good to thee.
 This said; he vpwards fell; but then bent round
 His fleshie necke; and *Sheepe* (with all crowmes, crown'd)
 Subdude the Savage. From his throte brake out
 My wine, with mans flesh gobbers, like a spout;
 When loded with his cups, he lay and snor'd.
 And then tooke I the clubs end vp, and go'd
 The burning cole-heape, that the point might heeme.
 Confirmd my fellowes minds, lest *Fearre* should let
 Their vowd assay, and make them flie my aid.
 Strait was the Oliue Leuer, I had laid
 Amidst the huge fire, to get hardning, hot;
 And glowd extremely, though twas greene; (which got
 From forth the cinders) close about me stood
 My hardie friends: but that which did the good,
 Was Gods good inspiration, that gaue
 A spirit beyond the spirit they vnde to haue:
 Who tooke the Oliue sparre, made keene before,
 And plung'd it in his eye: and vp I bore,
 Bent to the top close; and helpe poure it in,
 With all my forces: And as you haue *Scene*
 A ship-wright bore a nauall beame, he oft
 Thrusts at the *Angur*: Frooke, works still aloft;
 And at the shanke, helpe others, with a cord
 Wwound round about, to make it sooner bor'd;
 All plying the round still: So into his eye,
 The fire stake, we labourd to imply.
 Out gush't the blood that scalded; his eye-ball
 Thrust out a flaming vapour, that scorcht all
 His browes and eye-lids; his eye-strings did cracke,
 As in, the sharpe and burning faster brake.
 And as a Smith to harden any toole,
 (Broad Axe, or Mattocke) in his Trough doth coole
 The red-hote substance, that so feruent is,
 It makes the cold waue strait to see the and hisse:
 So sod, and hizd his eye about the stake.
 He roar'd withall, and all his Cauerne brake
 In claps like thunder. We, did frighted flie,
 Dispers't in corners. He from forth his cie,
 The fixed stake pluckt: after which, the blood
 Flowd freshly forth; and, mad, he hurs'd the wood
 About his houill. Out he then did crie
 For other *Cyclops*, that in Cauernes by,
 Vpon a windie Promontorie dwell;
 Who hearing how impetuously he yeld,
 Rusth euery way about him; and enquir'd,
 What ill afflicted him, that he expir'd

Simile.

Simile.

Such

Such horrid clamors; and in sacred Night,
 To breake their sleepes for: Askt him, if his fright
 Came from some mortall, that his flocks had driuen?
 Or if by craft, or might, his death were giuen?
 He answerd from his den, By craft, nor might,
 No man hath giuen me death. They then said right,
 If no man hurt thee, and thy selfe alone,
 That which is done to thee, by *Ioue* is done.
 And what great *Ioue* inflicts, no man can flie;
 Pray to thy Father yet, *a Deities,
 And proue, from him, if thou canst helpe acquire.
 Thus spake they, leauing him. When all on fire,
 My heart with ioy was; that so well my wit,
 And name deceiu'd him; whom now paine did split;
 And groning vp and downe, he groping tride,
 To find the stone, which found, he put aside;
 But in the doore late, feeling if he could
 (As his sheepe issude) on some man lay hold;
 Esteeming me a foole, that could deuise
 No stratageme to scape his grosse surprife.
 But I, contending what I could inuent,
 My friends and me, from death so imminent,
 To get deliuerd: all my wiles I woue,
 (Life being the subiect) and did this approue;
 Fat fleecie Rams, most faire, and great, lay there,
 That did a *burthen like a Violet beare.
 These (while this learn'd in villanic did sleepe).
 I yokt with Officers cut there, sheepe to sheepe;
 Three in a ranke; and still the mid sheepe bore
 A man about his belly: the two more,
 Marcht on his each side for defence. I then,
 Chusing my selfe the fairest of the den,
 His fleecie belly vnder-crept; embrac't
 His backe; and in his rich wooll wrapt me fast
 With both my hands, arm'd with as fast a mind.
 And thus each man hung, till the Morning shin'd;
 Which come, he knew the houre, and let abroad
 His male-flocks first: the females, vnmilk't stood
 Bleating and braying; their full bags so fore,
 With being vnemptied; but their shepheard more,
 With being vnfighted, which was cause, his mind
 Went not a milking. He (to wreake enclin'd)
 The backs felt as they past, of those male dams:
 (Grosse foole) beleeuing, we would ride his Rams.
 Nor euer knew, that any of them bore
 Vpon his belly, any man before.
 The last Ram came to passe him, with his wooll,
 And me together, loded to the full:

Reptum.

Wooll of a violet
colour.

N 4

For

For there did I hang: and that Ram he staid;
And me withall had in his hands, my head
Troubl'd the while, not ~~cassidly~~, nor least.
This Ram he grop't, and talkt to: Lazie beast!
Why list art thou now: thou hast neuer vñde
To lag thus hindmost: but still first hast bruide
The tender blossome of a flowre; and held
State in thy steps, both to the flood and fild:
First still at Fold, at Euen; now last remaine:
Doeſt thou not wiſh I had mine eye againe,
Which that abhord man *Xo-Mas* did put out,
Assisted by his execrable rout,
When he had wrought me downe with wine: but he
Must not escape my wreake so cunningly.
I would to heauen thou knewſt, and could but speake,
To tell me where he lurks now; I would breake
His braine about my Caue, ſtew'd here and there,
To caſe my heart of thoſe foule iſs, that were
Th' inſtictions of a man, I priſde at nought.

Thus let he him abroad; when I (once brought
A litle from his hold) my ſelfe fiſt loſde,
And next, my friends. Then drane we, and diſpoſde,
His ſtrain-leggd ſar ſcece-bearers ouer land,
Euen till they all were in my ſhips command;
And to our lou'd friends, ſhewd our paid-for fight,
Eſcap't from death. But for our loſſe, outright
They brake in teares; which with a looke I ſtaid,
And bad them take our Boote in. They obaid;
And vp we all went; ſate, and vñde our Ores,
But hauing leſt as ſarre the ſauage ſhores,
As one might heare a voice; we then might ſee
The *Cyclop* at the haue; when inſtantly
I ſtaid our Ores, and this inſultance vñde:

Cyclop! thou ſhouldſt not haue ſo much abuſde
Thy monſtrous forces, to oppoſe their leaſt,
Againſt a man immartiall, and a gueſt;
And eate his fellowes: thou mightſt know there were
Some iſs behind (rude ſwaine) for thee to beare;
That ſeard not to deuoure thy gueſts, and breake
All lawes of humanes: *Aue* ſends therefore wreake,
And all the Gods, by me. This blew the more
His burning furie; when the top he tore
From off a huge Rocke; and ſo right a throw
Made at our ſhip, that iuſt before the Prow,
It ouerſew and fell: miſt Maſt and all
Exceeding lide; but about the fall,
So fierce a waue it raiſd, that backe it bore
Our ſhip ſo ſarre, it almoſt toucht the ſhore.

*Phyſtes inſults
ouer the Cyclop.*

A bead-hooke then (a far-extended one)
I ſnatcht vp, thruſt hard, and ſo ſet vs gone
Some litle way; and ſtrait commanded all
To helpe me with their Ores; on paine to fall
Againe on our conſuſion. But a ſigne,
I with my head made; and their Ores were mine,
In all performance. When we off were ſet,
(Then fiſt, twice further) my heart was ſo great,
It would againe prouoke him: but my men
On all ſides ruſht about me, to containe;
And ſaid: Vnhappie! why will you prouoke
A man ſo rude; that with ſo dead a ſtroke,
Giuen with his Rock-dart, made the ſea thruſt backe
Our ſhip ſo ſarre; and neare hand ſore't our wracker?
Should he againe, but heare your voice reſound,
And any word reach; thereby would be found
His Darts direction; which would, in his fall,
Cruſh peece-meale vs, quite ſplit our ſhip and all,
So much dart weilds the monſter. Thus vrg'd they
Impoſſible things, in feare; but I gaue way
To that wrath, which ſo long I held depreſt,
(By great *Neeceſſitie* conquerd) in my breſt.

Cyclop! if any aſke thee, who impoſde
Th' vñſightly blemiſh that thine eye enclodde;
Say that *Phyſtes* (old *Laertes* ſonne,
Whoſe ſeate is *Ithaca*; and who hath wonne
Surname of Citie-racer) bor'd it out.

At this, he braid ſo loud, that round about
He drave affrighted Ecchoes through the Aire;
And ſaid: O beaſt! I was premoniſht faire,
By aged Prophecie, in one that was
A great, and good man; this ſhould come to paſſe;
And how tis prou'd now? *Augur Telemus*,
Sumam'd *Eurymedes* (that ſpent with vs
His age in *Augurie*; and did exceed
In all preſage of *Truth*) ſaid all this deed,
Should this euent take; author'd by the hand
Of one *Phyſtes*; who I thought was mand
With great and goodly perſonage; and bore
A vertue anſwerable: and this ſhore
Should ſhake with weight of ſuch a conqueror,
When now a weakling came, a dwarfie thing,
A thing of nothings; who yet wit did bring,
That brought ſupply to all; and with his wine,
Put out the flame, where all my light did ſhine.
Come, land againe, *Phyſtes*! that my hand,
May Gueſt-rites giue thee; and the great command,
That *Neptune* hath at ſea, I may conuert

*Phyſtes continued
to ſpeake, no more
to reſpnde when
he ſaid to the
Cyclop, then to let
his hearers know
Epithetes, and
eſtimation in the
world.*

To the deduction, where abides thy heart,
With my sollicitings; whose Sonne I am;
And whose fame boasts to beare my Fathers name.
Nor thinke my hurt offends me; for my Sire
Can soone repose in it the vísual fire,
At his free pleasure; which no powre beside
Can boast: of men, or of the Deísde.

I answerd: Would to God I could compell
Both life and soule from thee; and send to hell
Those spoiles of nature. Hardly *Neptune* then
Could cure thy hurt, and giue thee all again.

*Polyphemus im-
precation a-
gainst Vlysses.*

Then flew fierce vowes to *Neptune*; both his hands
To starre-borne heauen cast: O thou that all lands
Girdst in thy ambient Circle; and in aire
Shak'st the curld Tresses of thy Sapphire haire;
If I be thine, or thou maist iustly vant,
Thou art my Father: heare me now, and grant
That this *Vlysses* (old *Lactes* Sonne,
That dwels in *Sibaca*; and name hath wonne
Of Citie-ruiner) may neuer reach
His naturall region. Or if to fetch,
That, and the sight of his faire roofes and friends,
Be fatall to him; let him that Amends
For all his miseries, long time and ill,
Smart for, and faile of: nor that Fate fulfill,
Till all his souldiers quite are cast away
In others ships. And when, at last, the day
Of his sole-landing, shall his dwelling shew,
Let *Detrimēt* prepare him wrongs enow.

Thus praid he *Neptune*; who, his Sire appeard;
And all his praire, to euery syllable heard.
But then a Rocke, in size more amplified
Then first, he rauisht to him; and implied
A dismall strength in it; when (wheelc about)
He sent it after vs; nor flew it out
From any blind aime; for a litle passe
Beyond our Fore-decke, from the fall there was:
With which the sea, our ship gaue backe vpon,
And shrunke vp into billowes from the stone;
Our ship againe repelling, neare as neare
The shore as first. But then our Rowers were
(Being warnd, more armd) and stronglier stemd the flood
That bore backe on vs, till our ship made good
The other Iland, where our whole Fleet lay;
In which our friends lay mourning for our stay;
And euery minute lookt when we should land.
Where (now arriu'd) we drew vp to the land;
The *Cyclops* sheepe diuiding, that none there

(Of all our priuates) might be wrung, and beare
Too much on powre. The Ram yet was alone,
By all my friends, made all my portion,
Aboue all others; and I made him then,
A sacrifice for me, and all my men,
To cloud-compelling *Ioue*, that all commands.
To whom I burnd the Thighs: but my sad hands,
Receiu'd no grace from him; who studied how
To offer, men and flecte to *Ouerthrow*.

*No occasion let
passe to Vlysses
fleece in our Pow-
ers; singular wis-
and wisedomme.*

All day still Sun-fer yet, we fate and eate;
And liberall store tooke in, of wine and meate.
The Sunne then downe, and place resign'd to shade,
We slept; Morne came, my men I raisd, and made
All go aboard; weigh Anker, and away.
They boorded, fate and beate the aged seas;
And forth we made saile; sad for losse before,
And yet had comfort, since we lost no more.

Finis libri noni Hom. Odysse.

THE



THE TENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT.

Vlysses now relates to vs,
The grace he had with AEolus,
Great Guardian of the hollow winds:
Which in a leather bag he binds,
And gives Vlysses; all bus one,
Which Zephyre was; who sild alone
Vlysses sailes. The Bag once scene
(While he slept) by Vlysses men;
They thinking it did gold inclose;
To find it, all the winds did lose.
Who backe flew to their guard againe.
Forth said he; and did next attaine
To where the Lætrigonians dwell.
Where he eleven ship; lost; and fell
On the AEëan coast; whose shore
He sends Eurylochus to explore,
Dividing with him halfe his men:
Who go, and turne no more againe;
(All same Eurylochus, to swimme
By Circe turn'd.) Their staves incline
Vlysses to their search; who got
Of Mercurie an Antidote,
(Which Moly was) gainst Cirtes charmes;
And so avoids his souldiers harmes.
A yeare with Circe all remaine,
And then their native formes regaine.
On utter shores, a time they dwell,
While Ithacus descends to hell.

Another.

Kates. Great AEolus
And Circe, friends,
Finds Ithacus;
And Hell descends.

The AEolian Iland we attaind,
That swumme about still on the sea; where rain'd
The God-lou'd AEolus Hippotides.
A wall of Steele it had; and in the seas,
A wave-beat-smooth-rocke, mou'd about the wall.
Twelve children, in his house imperiall,
Were borne to him: of which, fixe daughters were,
And fixe were sonnes, that youths sweet flowre did beare.

His

His daughters, to his sonnes he gaue, as wiues;
Who spent in feastfull comforts all their liues;
Close seated by their Sire, and his graue Spouse.
Past number were the dishes, that the house
Made euer fauour; and still full the Hall;
As long as day shin'd; in the night-time, all
Slept with their chaste wiues. Each his faire caru'd bed
Most richly furnisht; and this life they led.

We reacht the Cittie, and faire roofes of these;
Where, a whole moneths time; all things that might please
The King vouchsaf't vs. Of great Troy enquir'd,
The Grecian fleet, and how the Greekes retir'd:
To all which, I gaue answer, as behou'd.

The fit time come; when I dismissal mou'd;
He nothing would denie me, but addrest
My passe with such a bountie, as might best
Teach me contentment. For he did enfold
Within an Oxe hide, stead at nine yeares old,
All th'airie blasts, that were of stormie kinds.
Saturnius made him Steward of his winds;
And gaue him powre, to raise and to asswage;
And these he gaue me, curbd thus of their rage.
Which in a glittering siluer band I bound
And hung vp in my ship: enfold to round,
That no egression any breath could find.
Onely he left abroad the Westerne wind;
To speede our ships and vs, with blasts secure.

But our securities, made all vnsecure:
Nor could he consummate our course alone,
When all the rest had got egression.
Which thus succeeded. Nine whole daies and nights
We saild in safetie; and the tenth, the lights
Borne on our Countrey earth, we might descrie:
So neere we drew, and yet euen then fell I
(Bringing our watcht) into a fatall sleepe:
For I would suffer no man else to keepe
The foote that rul'd my vessels course; to leade
The faster home. My friends then Enuy fed,
About the bag I hung vp; and suppos'd,
That gold, and siluer, I had there enfolded,
As gift from AEolus. And said, O heauen!
What grace, and graue price, is by all men giuen
To our Commander? Whatsoeuer coast
Or towne, he comes to, how much he engroft
Of faire and precious prey, and brought from Troy:
We the same voiage went; and yet enioy
In our returne, these emptie hands for all.
This bag now, AEolus was so liberrall

Jupiter.

*in the voice
He calls the
Sterne, the
foote of the Ship.*

O

To

To make a Guest-gift to him. Let vs trie
Of what consists, the faire-bound Treasure;
And how much gold, and silver it contains.

Ill counsaile, presents approbation gaires.

They op't the bag, and out the vapours brake;
When instant tempest did our vessel take,
That bore vs backe to Sea; to mourne anew
Our absent Countrey. Vp amaz'd I flew,
And desperate things discours'd; if I should cast
My selfe to ruine in the seas; or taste
Amongst the liuing more mone, and sustaine:
Silent, I did so; and lay hid againe
Beneath the hatches: while an ill winde tooke
My ships, backe to *Æolia*: my men strooke
With woe enough. We pampt and landy then;
Tooke foode, for all this; and (of all my men,)
I tooke a Herald to me, and away
Went to the Court of *Æolus*; Where they
Were feasting still: he, wife and children set
Together close. We would not (at their meate)
Thrust in; but humbly on the threshold sat.
He then, amaz'd, my presence wonderd at;
And call'd to me: *Phylas*! how, thus backe
Art thou arriu'd here? what soule spirit brake
Into thy bosome to retire thee thus?
We thought we had deduction, curious
Giuen thee before; to reach thy shore and home:
Did it not like thee? I (euen ouertome
With worthy sorrow) answerd: My ill men
Haue done me mischief; and to them hath bene
My sleepe th'vnhappy motiue. But do you
(Dearest of friends) daine succour to my vow:
Your powres command it. Thus endeuor'd I
With soft speech to repaire my misery.
The rest, with ruth, sat dumbe: but thus spake he;
Auant; and quickly quit my land of thee,
Thou worst of all that breathe; it fits not me
To conuoy, and take in, whom heauens expose.
Away, and with thee go, the worst of woes,
That seek't my friendship, and the Gods thy foes.

Thus he dismiss'd me, sighing; sooth we said,
At heart afflicted: and now wholly faild
The minds my men sustaine: so spent they were
With toiling at their oares; and worse did beare
Their growing labours; that they caus'd their groughr,
By selfe-willd follies; nor now, euer thought
To see their Countrey more. Six nights and daies
We saild; the seuenth, we saw faire *Lemus* raise

Hic

Her lostie Towres (The *Lastrigonian* State)
That beares her Ports, so fame dissterminate.
Where * Shepheard, Shepheard calls out; he at home
Is call'd out by the other that doth come
From charge abroad; and then goes he to sleepe,
The other issuing. He whose turne doth keepe
The Night obseruance, hath his double hire;
Since Day and Night, in equall length expire,
About that Region; and the Nights watch weigh'd
At twice the Daies ward; since the charge thats laid
Vpon the Nights-man (besides breach of sleepe)
Exceeds the Daies-mans: for one, oxen keepe,
The other sheepe. But when the hauen we found,
(Exceeding famous; and enuiron'd round
With one continue rocke: which, so much bent,
That both ends almost met; so promitteth
They were; and made, the hauens mouth passing streight)
Our whole flecte, in we got; in whole receipt
Our Ships lay anchor'd close: nor needed we
Feare harme on any * staies; *Tranquillitie*
So purely late there: that waues great, nor small
Did euer rise to any height at all.
And yet would I, no entrie make; but staid
Alone without the hauen; and thence suruaid
From out a lostie watch-towre raised there,
The Countrey round about: nor any where
The woike of man or beast, appeard to me;
Onely a smoke from earth brake, I might see.
I then made choice of two; and added more,
A Herald for associate, to explore
What sort of men liu'd there. They went, and saw
A beaten way, through which, carts vnde to draw
Wood from the high hills, to the Towne; and met
A maid without the Port; about to get
Some neare spring-water. She, the daughter was
Of mightie *Lastrigian*, *Antipha*:
And to the cleare spring, call'd *Artacia*, went;
To which the whole Towne, for their water sent.
To her they came, and askt who gouern'd there?
And what the people, whom he orderd were?
She answerd not, but led them through the Port,
As making haste, to shew her fathers Court.
Where, enterd; they beheld (to their affright)
A woman like a mountaine top, in height.
Who rush't abroad; and from the Counsaile place
Cald home her horrid husband *Antipha*.
Who (deadly minded) straight he snatch't vp one,
And fell to supper. Both the rest were gone;

O 2

This place suffers different construction, in all the Commentors, (in which all erre from the mind of the Poet: as in a hundred other places) (which yet I want time to approue) especially about vs; see p. 124, 125, 126. Prope enim noctis & diei sunt viæ, (or si nimitur which is) vs; (figuring) which they will haue to be vnderstood, that the daies in that region are long and the nights short; where Hom. intends, that the Equinoctiall is there: (for how else is the course of day and night neare or equal?) But therefore the nights-man hath his double hire, being as long about his charge as the other; and the night being more dangerous, &c. And if the day were so long, why should the nights-man, be preferred in wages? For he, in, cast on the flutes, as ships are by weather.

Antipha was living there.

And

And to the flecte came. *Antiphos*, a cric
Draue through the Citie; (which heard,) instantly
This way, and that, innumerable fons;
Not men, but Gyants, issued through the Ports;
And mightie flints from rocks tore; which they threw
Amongst our ships; through which, an ill noife flew,
Of shiuerd ships, and life-expiring men,
That were, like fishes, by the monsters slaine,
And borne to sad feast. While they slaughtered these,
That were engag'd in all th'advantages,
The close-mouth'd, and most dead-calme haven could give;
I (that without lay) made some meane to live;
My sword drew; cut my gables; and to oares
Set all my men; and, from the plagues, those shores
Let flie amongst vs, we made haste to flie;
My men, close working, as men loth to die.
My ship flew freely off; but theirs that lay
On heapes in harbors, could enforce no way
Through these sterne fates, that had engag'd them there.
Forth our sad remnant faild; yet still retaind,
The ioyes of men, that our poore few remaind,

Then to the Ile *Æas* we attaind;
Where faire-haired, dreadfull, eloquent *Circe* raignd;
Æas sister, both by Dame and Sire;
Both daughters to heauens man-enlightning fire;
And *Perse*, whom *Oceanus* begat.
The ship-fit Port here, soone we landed at:
Some God directing vs. Two daies; two nights;
We lay here pining in the fatall spight;
Of toile and sorrow. But the next third day
When faire *Aurora* had inform'd; quick way
I made out of my ship; my sword and lance
Tooke for my surer guide; and made aduance
Vp to a prospect, I assay to see
The works of men; or heare mortallitie
Expire a voice. When I had climb'd a height
Rough and right hardly accessible; I might
Behold from *Circes* house (that in a groue
Set thicke with trees, stood; a bright vapor moue.

I then grew * curious in my thought to trie
Some fit enquire; when so spiritely flie
I saw the yallow smoke. But my discourf,
A first retiring to my ship gaue force
To giue my men their dinner, and to fend,
(Before th'adventure of my selfe) some friend.
Being neare my ship; of one so desolate
Some God had pittie, and would recreate
My woes a little, putting vp to me

* *curiosus*
Curiose cogno.
* *curiosus*
curiosus
ad hoc significat
curiosus: by rea-
son of the fire
mist which is.
Fumus qui fit
dum aliquid
accenditur.

A great and high-palmd Hart; that (fatallic,
litt in my way it selfe, to taste a flood)
Was then descending: the Sunne heate had sure
Importun'd him, besides the temperature
His naturall heate gaue. Howsoeuer, I
Made vp to him, and let my lauelin flie,
That strooke him through the mid-part of his chine;
And made him (braying) in the dust confine
His flying forces. Forth his spirit flew;
When I stept in, and from the deaths wound drew
My shrewdly-bitten lance; there let him lie
Till I, of cut-yp Officers, did imply,
A With; a fathome long, with which, his secte
I made together, in a sure league meete;
Stoop't vnder him, and to my necke, I heau'd
The mightie burthen; of which, I receau'd
A good part on my lance: for else I could
By no meane, with one hand alone, yphould
(loynd with one shoulder) such a deathfull lode.
And so, to both my shoulders, both hands stood
Needfull assistants: for it was a Deare
Goodly-wel-growne: when (coming something neare
Where rode my ships) I cast it downe, and red
My friends with kind words; whom, by name I cheer'd,
In note particular, and said; See friends,
We will not yet to *Plates* house, our ends
Shall not be hastend, though we be declind
In cause of comfort; till the day design'd
By Fates fixt finger. Come, as long as food
Or wine lasts in our ship; lets spirit our blood
And quit our care and hunger, both in one.

This said; they frolickt, came, and lookt vpon
With admiration, the huge bodied beast;
And when their first-seru'd eyes, had done their feast;
They wafte, and made a to-be-stru'd-for meale,
In * point of honour. On which all did dwell
The whole day long. And, to our vnzons store,
We added wine till we could with no more.

Sunne set, and darknesse vp; we slept, till light
Put darknesse downe: and then did I excite
My friends to * counsaile, vttering this: Now, friends,
Affoord vnpassionate eare; though ill Fate lends,
So good cause to your passion; no man knows
The reason whence, and how, the darknesse grows;
The reason, how the Morne is thus begunne:
The reason, how the Man-enlightning Sunne
Diues vnder earth: the reason how againe
He rears his golden head. Those counsailes then

* *agere, the daiu.*
The whole end of
this counsaile
was to persuade
his soldiers to
explore those
parts: which he
knew would
proue a most vn-
pleasing motion
to them; for their
fellows terrible
entertainment
with *Antiphos*,
and *Polyphos*, and
therefore he pre-
paret the little
he hath to say,
with this long
circumstances
implying a ne-
cessitie of that
service, and ne-
cessary resolution
to adde the triall
of the euent, to
their other ad-
uantage.

That passe our comprehension, we must leaue
 To him that knowes their causes; and receaue
 Direction from him, in our acts, as farre
 As he shall please to make them regular;
 And stoop to them to our reason. In our state,
 What then behoues vs? Can we estimate
 With all our counsailes, where we are: or know
 (Without instruction, past our owne skills) how
 (Put off from hence) to stee our course the more?
 I thinke we can not. We must then explore
 These parts for information; in which way
 We thus farre are: last Morne I might display
 (From off a high-raisd cliffe) an Iland lie
 Girt with th vnmeasur'd Seas; and is so nie
 That in the midst I saw the smoke arise
 Through tufts of trees. This rests then to aduise,
 Who shall explore this. This strooke dead their hearts,
 Remembering the most execrable parts
 That *Laestrigonian Antiphon* had plaid:
 And that foule *Cyclop*, that their fellows braid
 Betwixt his iawes; which moud them so; they cried.
 But idle teares, had neuer wants supplied.
 I, in two parts diuided all; and gaue
 To either part his Captaine: I must haue
 The charge of one; and one of God-like looke,
Eurylochus, the other. Lots we shooke,
 (Put in a cask together,) which of vs
 Should leade th' attempt; and twas *Eurylochus*.
 He freely went; with two and twenty more:
 All which, tooke leaue with teares; and our eyes wore
 The same wet badge, of weake humanity.
 These, in a dale, did *Circes* house descrye;
 Of bright stone built, in a conspicuous way:
 Before her gates, hill-wolues, and Lyons lay;
 Which with her virtuous drugs, so tame she made;
 That Wolfe, nor Lyon, would one man inuade
 With any violence; but all arose;
 Their huge long tailed wags; and in fawnes would close,
 As louing dogs, when masters bring them home
 Relicks of feast; in all obseruance, come
 And sooth their entries, with their fawnes and bounds;
 All guests, still bringing, some scraps for their hounds:
 So, on these men, the Wolues, and Lyons ramp;
 Their horrid paws set vp. Their spirits were damp
 To see such monstrous kindeesse; staid at gate,
 And heard within, the Goddesse cleaue
 A voice diuine, as at her web, she wrought,
 Subtle, and glorious, and past earthly thought;

Circes house.

Simile.

As

As all the housewiferies of Deities are.
 To heare a voice, so rauishingly rare;
Polites (one exceeding deare to me,
 A Prince of men; and of no meane degree
 In knowing vertue; in all Acts, whose mind
 Discreete cares all wayes, vsde to turne, and wind)
 Was yet surpris'd with it; and said; O friends,
 Some one abides within here, that commends
 The place to vs; and breathes a voice diuine;
 As she some web wrought; or her spindles twine
 She cherisht with her song: the pauement rings
 With imitation of the tunes she sings;
 Some woman, or some Goddesse tis; Aflay
 To see with knocking. Thus said he; and they
 Both knockt, and call'd; and straight her shining gates
 She opened, issuing: bade them in, to cates.
 Led, and (vnwise) they follow'd; all, but one
 Which was *Eurylochus*, who stood alone
 Without the gates; suspicious of a sleight;
 They enterd, she made sit; and her deceit
 She cloakt with Thrones; and goodly chaires of State;
 Set heaby honey, and the delicate
 Wine brought from *Smyrna*, to them; meale and cheefe;
 But harmefull venoms, she commixt with these;
 That made their Countrey vanish from their thought.
 Which, eate; she toucht them, with a rod that wrought
 Their transformation, farre past humane wunts;
 Swines snouts, swines bodies, tooke they, bristles, grunts;
 But still retaind the foules they had before;
 Which made them mourne their bodies change the more.
 She shut them straight in sties; and gaue them meate
 Oke-mast, and beech, and Cornell fruite, they eate,
 Groueling like swine on earth, in fowlest sort.
Eurylochus, straight hasted the report
 Of this his fellowes most remorsefull fate.
 Came to the ships; but so extruciate
 Was with his woe; he could not speake a word:
 His eyes stood full of teares; which shew'd how stor'd,
 His mind with mone remaind. We all admir'd;
 Askt what had chanc't him, earnestly desir'd
 He would resolue vs. At the last, our eyes,
 Enflam'd in him, his fellowes memories:
 And out his griefe burst thus; You wil'd, we went
 Through those thicke woods you saw; when, a descent
 Shew'd vs a faire house, in a light some ground,
 Where (at some worke) we heard a heauenly sound
 Breath'd from a Goddesse, or a womans brest:
 They knockt, she op't her bright gates; each, her guest

as this
 Cuius animus
 curas prudentes
 variat.

Seeing them, he
 thought of his
 fellows.

Her faire inuement made: nor would they stay,
(Fooles that they were) when she once led the way.
I enterd not, suspecting some deceit.
When all together vanisht; nor the sight
Of any one, (though long I lookt) mine eye
Could any way discover. Instantly,
(My sword, and bow reacht) I had shew the place,
When, downe he fell, did both my knees embrace,
And praid with teares thus, O thou kept of God,
Do not thy selfe lose; nor to that aboard
Leade others rashly; both thy selfe, and all
Thou ventur'st thither, I know well, must fall
In one sure ruine: with these few then stay;
We yet may shunne the others destinie.

I answerd him: *Eurylochus*! stay thou
And keepe the ship then; eat and drinke: I now
Will vnder take th' aduventure; there is cause
In great *Necessities* vnalterd lawes.
This said, I left both ship and leas; and on
Along the sacred vallies all alone
Went in discovery: till at last I came
Where, of the maine medicine-making Dame
I saw the great house: where, encounterd me,
The golden-rod sustaining *Mercurie*,
Euen entering *Circes* doores. He met me in
A yong mans likenesse, of the first-flow'd chin,
Whose forme hath all the grace of one so yong:
He first cald to me: then my hand he wrung,
And said, Thou no-place-finding, for repose;
Whither, alone, by these hill-confines, goes
Thy erring foote? Th' art entering *Circes* house,
Where, (by her medicines, blacke, and forcious)
Thy fouldiers all are shut, in well-arm'd fies,
And turnd to swine. Art thou arm'd with pife
Fit for their ranfomes? Thou com'st out no more
If once thou enterst. Like thy men before
Made to remaine here; But Ile guard thee free;
And saue thee in her spire: receiue of me
This faire and good receipt, with which, once arm'd;
Enter her rooves; for th' art to all prooffe charm'd
Against the ill day: I will tell thee all
Her banefull counsaile. With a festiuall
Shedde first receiue thee; but will spice thy bread
With flowrie poysons: yet vnalterd
Shall thy firme forme be; for this remedy
Stands most approu'd, gainst all her Sorcery.
Which, thus particularly shunne: When she
Shall with her long rod strike thee; instantly

*Ulysses would
for his fouldiers.
Eurylochus.*

*Ulysses encounter
Mercurie.*

Draw from thy thigh thy sword; and flie on her
As to her slaughter. She, (surprised with feare
And loue) at first, will bid thee to her bed;
Nor say the Goddesse nay; that welcomed
Thou maist with all respect be; and procure
Thy fellowes freedoms. But before, make sure
Her fauours to thee; and the great oath take
With which the blessed Gods, assurance make
Of all they promise: that no preiudice
(By stripping thee of forme, and faculties)
She may so much as once attempt on thee.
This said, he gaue his Antidote to me;
Which from the earth he pluckt; and told me all
The vertue of it: With what Deities call
The name it beares. And *Moly* they impose
For name to it. The roote is hard to loose
From hold of earth, by mortals: but Gods powre
Can all things do. Tis blacke, but beares a flowre
As white as milke. And thus flew *Mercurie*
Vp to immense *Olympus*, gliding by
The syluan lland. I, made backe my way
To *Circes* house: my mind, of my assay
Much thought reuoluing. At her gates I staid
And cald: she heard, and her bright doores displaid;
Inuited, led; I followed in: but tract
With some distraction. In a Throne she plac't
My welcome person. Of a curious frame
Twas, and so bright; I sate as in a flame.
A foote-stoole added. In a golden boule
She then subord a potion: in her soule,
Deformd things thinking: for amidst the wine
She mixt her man-transforming medicine:
Which when she saw I had deuour'd; she then,
No more obseru'd me with her soothing vaine;
But strooke me with her rod, and, To her Sty,
Bad, out, away, and with thy fellowes lie.
I drew my sword, and charg'd her, as I ment
To take her life. When out she cri'd, and bent
Beneath my sword, her knees; embracing mine;
And (full of teares) said, Who? of what high line
Art thou the issue? whence? what shores sustaine
Thy native Citie? I amaz'd remaine
That drinking these my venomes, th' art not turnd.
Neuer drunke any this cup; but he mournd
In other likenesse; if it once had past
The iuorie bounders of his tongue, and taste.
All but thy selfe, are brutishly declind:
Thy breast holds firme yet, and vnchang'd thy mind:

*The herbe Moly
which with U-
lysses while
Narration, he
in this Iean. Al-
legorical exposi-
tion. Notwith-
standing I say
with our Spon-
danus Credo in
hoc vltimo mun-
di ambitu extra-
terre innume-
ramizandæ fa-
cultatis adeo,
vt ne quid ista
quæ ad trans-
formandâ cor-
poræ petunt,
sure e mundo
eximii possit, &c*

Draw

Thou

Thou canst be therefore, none else but the man
Of many virtues: *Ithacusan*,
Deepe-soul'd *Ulysses*: who, I oft was told,
By that sic God, that beares the rod of gold,
Was to arrive here, in retreat from *Troy*.
Sheath then thy sword, and let my bed enioy
So much a man; that when the bed we praise,
We may beleeue in one anothers loue.

I then: O *Circé*, why entreat'st thou me
To mixe in any humane league with thee;
When thou, my friends hast beasts turn'd: and thy bed
Tenderst to me; that I might likewise leade
A beasts life with thee; forin'd, naked stript;
That in my blood, thy banes, may more be steep't.
I neuer will ascend thy bed, before
I may affirme, that in heavens sight you swore
The great oath of the Gods; that all attempt
To do me ill, is from your thoughts exempt.

I said; she swore: when, all the oath-rites said,
I then ascended her adorned bed;
But thus prepar'd: foure handmaids seru'd her there;
That daughters to her siluer fountaines were,
To her bright-sea-observing sacred floods;
And to her vncut consecrated woods.
One deckt the Throne-tops, with rich clothes of state;
And did, with filkes, the foote-pace, consecrate.
Another, siluer tables set before
The pompous Throne; and golden dishes store
Seru'd in with feuerall feast. A third fill'd wine;
The fourth brought water, and made fewell shine
In ruddy fires; beneath a wombe of brass.
Which heat, I bath'd; and odorous water was
Disperpled lightly, on my head, and necke;
That might my late, heart-hurting forrowes checke
With the refreshing sweetnesse; and, for that,
Men sometimes, may be something delicate.
Bath'd, and adorn'd, she led me to a Throne
Of massie siluer; and of fashion
Exceeding curious. A faire foote-stoole let;
Water appolde, and euery sort of meate
Set on th'elaborately polish'd boord.
She wisht my taste emploid; but not a word
Would my eares taste, of taste: my mind had food
That must digest; eye meate would do me good.
Circé (observing, that I put no hand
To any banquet, hauing countermand
From weightier cares; the light cares could excuse)
Bowing her neare me; these wing'd words did vfe:

Why

Why sits *Ulysses*, like one dumber: his mind
Lessening with languors? Nor to food enclind;
Nor wine? Whence comes it; out of any feare
Of more illusion? You must needs forbear
That wrongfull doubt, since you haue heard me sweare.

O *Circé*! (I replied) what man is he,
Awd with the rights of true humanitie,
That dares taste food or wine; before he sees
His friends redeem'd from their deformities?
If you be gentle, and indeed incline
To let me taste the comfort of your wine;
Dissolue the charmes, that their forc't formes encheine
And shew me here, my honor'd friends, like men.

This said, she left her Throne, and tooke her rod;
Went to her Stie, and let my men abroad,
Like swine of nine yeares old. They opposite stood;
Obscu'd their brutish forme; and look't for food;
When, with another medicine, (euery one
All ouer smeerd) their bristles all were gone,
Product by malice of the other bane;
And euery one, afresh, lookt vp a man.
Both yonger then they were; of stature more;
And all their formes, much goodlier then before.
All knew me; clingd about me, and a cry
Of pleasing mourning, flew about so hie,
The horrid roose refounded; and the Queene
Her selfe, was mou'd, to see our kinde so keene.
Who bad me now; bring ship and men ashore;
Our armes, and goods, in caues hid; and restore
My selfe to her, with all my other men.
I granted, went, and op't the weeping veine
In all my men; whose violent ioy to see
My safe returne, was passing kindly free
Of friendly teares, and miserably wept.
You haue not seene yong Heiffers (highly kept;
Filld full of daisies at the field, and driuen
Home to their houels; all so spritely giuen
That no roome can containe them; but about,
Back by the Dams, and let their spirits out
In ceaselesse bleating) of more iocund plight
Then my kind friends, euen crying out with sight
Of my returne so doubted. Circ'd me
With all their welcomes, and as cheerfully
Dispos'd their rapt minds, as if there they saw
Their naturall Countrie, clime *Ithaca*;
And euen the roofes where they were bred and borne.
And vowd as much, with teares: O your returne
As much delights vs; as in you had come

Our

Our Countie to vs, and our naturall home,
But what vnhappy fate hath sett our friends
I gaue valookt for answer, That amends
Made for their mourning, bad them first of all,
Our ship ashore draw; then in Cauerne stall
Our foodie cattell, hide our mutuall prize,
And then (said I) attend me, that your eyes,
In *Circes* sacred house, may see each friend,
Eating and drinking, banquets out of end.

They soone obeid; all but *Eurylochus*;
Who needes would stay them all; and counsell'd thus;

O wretches! whither will yet why are you
Fond of your mischiefs: and such gladnesse shew
For *Circes* house; that will transforme ye all
To Swine, or Wolves, or Lions: Neuer shall
Our heads get out; if once within we be,
But stay compell'd by strong *Necessitie*.
So wrought the *Cyclops*, when this caue, our friends
This bold one, led on, and brought all their ends
By his one indiscretion. I, for this
Thought with my sword (that desperate head of his
Hewne from his necke) to gash vpon the ground
His mangld bodie, though my blood was bound
In neare alliance to him. But the rest
With humble suite containd me, and request,
That I would leaue him, with my ship alone;
And to the sacred Pallace leade them on.

I led them; nor *Eurylochus* would stay,
From their attendance on me: Our late stay
Strooke to his heart so. But meane time, my men,
In *Circes* house, were all, in severall baine
Studiously sweetm'd, smugd with oile, and deckt
With, in, and outweeds: and a feast secret
Seru'd in before them: at which, close we found
They all were set, cheer'd, and carousing round.
When (mutuall fight had, and all thought on) then

Feast was forgotten; and the mone againe
About the house flew, driuen with wings of ioy.
But then spake *Circe*: Now, no more annoy:
I know my selfe, what woes by sea, and shore,
And men vniust, haue plagu'd enough before
Your iniur'd vertues: here then, feast as long,
And be as cheerfull, till ye grow as strong,
As when ye first forooke your Countrie earth.
Ye now fare all, like exiles; not a mirth
Flash in amongst ye, but is quencht againe
With still-renewd teares: though the beaten vaine
Of your distresses, should (me thinke) be now

Memories to
the
Commemora-
tion
of
their
miseries,
escapes, and
meetings:

Benumb with sufferance. We did well allow
Her kind perswasions; and the whole yeare staid
In varied feast with her. When, now arraid
The world was with the Spring; and orbie houres
Had gone the round againe, through herbs and flowres,
The moneths absolu'd in order; till the daies
Had runne their full race, in *Apollus* raies;
My friends rememberd me of home; and said,
If euer Fate would signe my passe; delayd
It should be now no more. I heard them well;
Yet that day, spent in feast, till darknesse fell;
And sleepe, his virtues, through our vapours shed.
When I ascended, sacred *Circes* bed;
Implor'd my passe; and her performed vow
Which now, my soule vrg'd; and my fouldiers now
Afflicted me with teares to get them gone.
All these I told her; and she answerd these;
Much skill'd *Vlysses* *Laertiades*!
Remaine no more, against your wils with me:
But take your free way: onely this must be
Perform'd before you stee your course for home;
You must the way to *Plato* ouercome;
And sterne *Persephone*, to forme your passe,
By th' aged *Tydeus* Soule *Tydeus*;
The dark-browd Prophet: whose soule yet can see
Clearely, and firmly: graue *Persephone*,
(Euen dead) gaue him a mind; that he alone
Might sing *Truties* solide wisedome, and not one
Proue more then shade, in his comparison.

This broke my heart; I sunke into my bed;
Mourn'd, and would neuer more be comforted
With light, nor life. But hauing now exprest
My paines enough to her, in my vnrest,
That so I might prepare her ruth; and get
All I held fit, for an affaire so great;
I said; O *Circe*, who shall stee my course
To *Platos* kingdome: Neuer ship had force
To make that voiage. The diuine in voice,
Said, Seeke no guide, raise you your Mast, and hoise
Your ships white sailes; and then, sit you at peace;
The fresh North spirit, shall waite ye through the seas.
But, hauing past th' *Ocean*, you shall see;
A little shore, that to *Persephone*
Puts vp a consecrated wood; where growes,
Tall Firres, and Sallowes, that their fruits soone loose:
Cast anchor in the gulphes: and go alone
To *Platos* darke house, where, to *Acberon*
Cocytus runnes, and *Pyriphlegiton*:

Cocytus borne of *Styx*, and where a *Rocke*
 Of both the met floods, beares the roing shocke,
 The darke *Herce*, (great *Tiresias*)
 Now coming neare, (to gaine propitious passe)
 Dig (of a cubit euery way) a pit;
 And powre (to all that are deceast) in it
 A solemne sacrifice. For which; first take
 Honey and wine, and their commixtion make:
 Then sweete wine, neate; and thirdly; water powre;
 And lastly, adde to these, the whitest flowre:
 Then vow to all the weake necks of the dead,
 Offerings a number: and when thou shalt tread
 The *Ithacensian* shore; to sacrifice
 A Heifer neuer tam'd, and most of price;
 A pyle of all thy most-esteemed goods
 Enflaming to the deare streames of their bloods:
 And, in secret Rites, to *Tiresias* vow
 A Ram cole blacke, at all parts, that doth flow
 With fat, and fleeces; and all thy flockes doth leade:
 When the all-calling nation of the dead
 Thou thus hast praid to; offer on the place,
 A Ram and Ewe all blacke: being turn'd in face
 To dreadfull *Erebus*; thy selfe aside
 The floods shore walking. And then, gratified
 With flocks of Soules, of Men, and Dames deceast,
 Shall all thy pious Rites be. Straight, addest
 See then the offering that thy fellowes slew;
 Flayd, and imposde in fire, and all thy Crew,
 Pray to the state of either Deitie,
 Graue *Plato*, and secrete *Persephone*.
 Then draw thy sword, stand firme; nor suffer one
 Of all the faint shades, of the dead and gone,
 T'approch the blood, till thou hast heard their king,
 The wise *Tiresias*: who, thy offering
 Will instantly do honour: thy home wayes,
 And all the measure of them, by the seas
 Amply vnfoldings. This the Goddesse told;
 And then, the morning in her Throne of gold,
 Suruaid the vast world; by whose orient light,
 The *Nymph* adorn'd me with attires as bright;
 Her owne hands putting on, both thirt and weede,
 Robes fine, and curious; and vpon my head,
 An ornament that glitterd like a flame:
 Girt me in gold; and forth betimes I came
 Amongst my souldiers; roud them all from sleepe;
 And bad them now; no more obseruance keepe
 Of ease, and feast; but straight, a shipboard fall,
 For now the Goddesse had inform'd me all:

atque hos uocauit
 quibus in ex-
 pounded Inclyta
 examina mor-
 tuorum. Est
 uocatus in the
 Epithete of Pla-
 to, and by Ana-
 tolye belongs to
 the dead, quod
 ad se omnes ad-
 uocet.

Their

Their noble spirits agree'd; nor yet so cleare
 Could I bring all off; but *Elpenor* there
 His heedlesse life left: he was yongest man
 Of all my company, and one that wanne
 Least fame for armes; as little for his braine;
 Who (too much sleept in wine, and so made faine;
 To get refreshing by the coole of sleepe;
 Apart his fellowes; plung'd in vapors deepe;
 And they as high in tumult of their way)
 Sodaynly wak't, and (quite out of the stay
 A sober mind had giuen him) would descend
 A huge long Ladder, forward; and an end
 Fell from the very rooffe; full pitching on
 The dearest ioynt, his head was plac't vpon;
 Which (quite dissolu'd,) let loose his soule to hell.
 I, to the rest; and *Circe* meanes did tell
 Of our returne (as crossing cleane the hope
 I gaue them first) and said: You thinke the scope
 Of our endeuours now, is straight for home,
 No: *Circe* otherwise design'd, whose doome
 Enioynd vs first, to greet the dreadfull house
 Of *Aulstere Plato*, and his glorious spoult;
 To take the counsaile of *Tiresias*
 (The reuerend *Theban*) to direct our passe.
 This brake their hearts, and grieve made teare their haire
 But grieve was neuer good, at great affaire.
 It would haue way yet. We went wofull on
 To ship and shore, where, was arriu'd as soone
Circe vnscene, a blacke Ewe, and a Ram,
 Binding for sacrifice; and as she came
 Vanisht againe, vnwittneft by our eyes;
 Which grieu'd not vs, nor checkt our sacrifice;
 For who would see God, loath to let vs see?
 This way, or that bent; still his waies are free.

Finis decimi libri Hom. Odysf.

THE XI. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT.

Vlysses way to Hell appears;
Where he, the grane Tiresias bears;
Enquires his owne, and others fates.
His mother sees, and th' after states,
In which, were held, by sad Decasse
Heroes, and Heroesses;
A number, that at Troy wag'd warres;
As Ajax that was still at iarre
With Ithacus, for th' armes he lost;
And with the great Achilles Ghost.

Another.

Naphtal. Vlysses here
Invokes the dead;
The times appeare,
Hereafter led.

*They mourned the
event before
they knew it.*

Arri'd now at our ship; we lancht, and set
Our Mast vp, put forth saile; and in did get
Our late-got Cattell. Vp our sailes, we went;
My wayward fellowes mourning now th' event.
A good companion yet, a foreight wind;
Circe, (the excellent vicer of her mind)
Supplied our murmuring consorts with, that was
Both speed, and guide to our aduenturous passe.
All day our sailes stood to the winds; and made
Our voiage prosperous. Sunne then set, and shade
All wayes obscuring: on the bounds we fell
Of deepe *Oceanus*; where people dwell
Whom a perpetuall cloud obscures outright:
To whom the cheerefull Sunne lends neuer light;
Nor when he mounts the star-sustaining heauen;
Nor when he stoopes earth, and sets vp the Euen:
But Night holds fixt wings, fettherd all with Banes,
About those most vnblest *Cimmerianes*.
Here drew we vp our ship: our sheepe with-drew;
And walkt the shore till we attaine the view
Of that fad region *Circe* had forthew'd;
And then the sacred offerings, to be vow'd,
Eurylochus, and *Perfumedes* bore.
When I, my sword drew, and earths wombe did gore

Till

Till I, a pit digg'd of a cubite round;
Which with the liquid sacrifice, we crown'd
First, honey mixt with wine; then, sweete wine neate;
Then water pow'd in; last the flowre of wheate,
Much I importun'd then, the weake-neckt dead,
And vowd, when I the barren soile should tread
Of clifffe *Ithaca*; amidst my hall
To kill a Heifer, my cleare best of all,
And giue in offering: on a Pile compo'd
Of all the choise goods, my whole house enlos'd.
And to *Tiresias*, himselfe, alone
A sheepe cole-blacke, and the selectest one
Of all my flocks. When to the powres beneath,
The sacred nation, that surviue with Death,
My prays, and vowes, had done deuotions fit,
I tooke the offerings, and vpon the pit
Bereft their liues. Our gusht the fable blood;
And round about me, fled out of the flood,
The Soules of the decaft. There cluster'd then,
Youths, and their wiues, much suffering aged men,
Soft tender virgins, that but new came there,
By timelesse death, and greene their sorrowes were.
There, men at Armes, with armors all embrew'd,
Wounded with lances, and with faulchions hew'd;
In numbers, vp and downe the ditch, did stalke;
And threw vnmeasur'd cries, about their walke;
So horrid that a bloodlesse feare surpris'de,
My daunted spirits. Straight then, I aduic'de
My friends to slay the slaughter'd sacrifices;
Put them in fire, and to the Deities,
Sterne Pluto, and *Persephone*, apply
Excitefull prays. Then drew I from my Thy,
My well-edg'd sword; stept in, and firmly stood
Betwixt the prease of shadowes, and the blood;
And would not suffer any one to dip
Within our offering, his vnfolide lip;
Before *Tiresias*, that did all controule.
The first that preast in, was *Elpenor's* soule;
His body, in the broad-waid earth, as yet
Vnmournd, vnburied by vs; since we sweet
With other vrgent labours. Yet his smart,
I wept to see; and ru'd it from my heart;
Enquiring how, he could before me be,
That came by ship: He mourning, answerd mee
In *Circe's* house; the spite some Spirit did beare;
And the vnspcakable good licour there
Hath bene my bane. For being to descend
A ladder much in height; I did not tend

P 3

My

My way well downe; but forwards made a prooffe
To tread the rounds; and from the very rooffe
Fell on my necke, and brake it. And this made
My soule thus visite this infernall shade.
And here, by them that next thy selfe are deare,
Thy Wife, and Father, that a little one
Gave food to thee; and by thy onely Sonne
At home behind thee left, (*Telemachus*)
Do not depart by stealth, and leaue me thus,
Vnmourn'd, vnburied: left neglected I
Bring on thy selfe, th'incensed Deitie.
I know, that faile from hence, thy ship must touch
On th' Ile *Aea*; where vouchsafe thus much
(Good king) that, landed, thou wilt instantly,
Bestow on me, thy royall memory;
To this grace, that my body, armes and all,
May rest consum'd in fire funerall.
And on the fomic shore, a Sepulchre
Erect to me; that after times may heare
Of one so haplesse. Let me theie implore;
And fixe vpon my Sepulchre, the Ore
With which aline, I shooke the aged seas;
And had, of friends, the deare societie.

Miseno apud
Virgilium, in-
grati mole, &c.

I told the wretched Soule, I would fulfill
And execute to th' utmost point, his will;
And, all the time, we sadly talkt; I still
My sword about the blood held; when aside
The Idoll of my friend, still amplified
His plaint, as vp and downe, the shades he en'd.
Then, my deceased mothers Soule appeard;
Faire daughter of *Anticlea*, the Great;
Graue *Anticlea*, Whom, when forth I set
For sacred *Ilion*, I had left alike.
Her sight, much mou'd me; and to teares did driue
My note of her decesse: and yet, not the
(Though in my ruth, she held the highest degree)
Would I admit to touch the sacred blood;
Till from *Tiresias*, I had vnderstood
What *Circes* told me. At the length did land,
Theban Tiresias foule; and in his hand
Sustained a golden Scepter, knew me well;
And said; O man vnhappy, why to hell
Admittst thou darke arrival; and the light
The Sunne giues, leaust; to haue the horrid sight
Of this blacke region, and the shadowes here:
Now heath thy sharpe sword; and the pit forbeare.
That I the blood may taste; and then relate
The truth of those acts, that affect thy Fate.

*Tiresias in P.
596.*

I heath'd my sword; and left the pit, till he
The blacke blood tasting, thus instructed me;
Renoun'd *Ulysses*! all vnaskt, I know
That all the cause of thy annuall now,
Is to enquire thy wisht retreat, for home:
Which hardly God will let thee ouercome;
Since *Neptune* still will his opposure trie,
With all his laid vp anger, for the eye
His lou'd Sonne lost to thee. And yet through all
Thy suffering course, (which must be capital)
If both thine owne affections, and thy friends
Thou wilt containe; when thy accessse ascends
The three-forck't Iland, hauing scapt the seas;
(Where ye shall find fed, on the flowrie leas,
Fat flocks, and Oxen; which the Sunne doth owne;
To whom are all things, as well heard as showne:
And neuer dare, one head of those to slay;
But hold, vnharmedfull on, your wished way)
Though through enough affliction; yet secure
Your Fates shall land ye. But *Presage* saies sure,
If once ye spoile them; spoile to all thy friends;
Spoile to thy Fleete; and if the iustice ends
Short of thy selfe; it shall be long before,
And that length, forc't out, with inflictions store:
When, losing all thy fellowes, in a faile
Of forreigne built (when most thy Fates preuaile
In thy deliuerance) thus th' euent shall sort;
Thou shalt find shipwracke, raging in thy Port:
Proud men, thy goods consuming; and thy Wife
Vrging with gifts; giue charge vpon thy life.
But all theie wrongs, *Reuenge* shall end to thee;
And force, or cunning, set with slaughter, free
Thy house of all thy spoilers. Yet againe,
Thou shalt a voyage make; and come to men
That know no Sea, nor ships, nor oares, that are
VWings to a ship; nor mixe with any fare,
Salts fauoric vapor. Where thou first shalt land,
This cleare-giuen signe, shall let thee vnderstand,
That there those men remaine: assume ashore,
Vp to thy roiall shoulder, a ship oare;
With which, when thou shalt meete one on the way,
That will, in Countey admiration, say
Whar dost thou with that wanne, vpon thy necke?
There, fixe (that wanne) thy oare; and that shore decke.
With sacred Rites to *Neptune*: slaughter there
A Ram, a Bull, and, (who for strength doth beare
The name of husband to a herd) a Bore.
And, coming home, vpon thy naturall shore,

Men that neuer
eate salt with
their foode.

Give pious *Hecatombs*, to all the Gods
(Degrees obseru'd). And then the *Periods*
Of all thy labors, in the peace shall end
Of easie death; which shall the lesse extend
His passion to thee; that thy foe, the Sea
Shall not enforce it, but *Deaths* victory,

gives him his own.
Which all trans-
late (except that)
sub. melli. The
Epithets Nereus,
not of Nereus,
viz. pinguin, or
lumpen. pin-
guet. But Nereus
signifying
flagitious o-
rande. To which,
pious age is e-
ner altogether
added.

Shall chance in onely earnest pray-vow'd age:
Obtaind at home, quite emptied of his rage;
Thy subjects round about thee, rich and blest:
And here hath *Truth* summ'd vp, thy vitall rest.

I answerd him; We will suppose all these
Decreed in Deity; let it likewise please
Tiresias to resolve me, why so neare
The blood and me, my mothers Soule doth beare;
And yet, nor word, nor looke, vouchsafe her Sonnet
Doth she not know me? No (said he) nor none
Of all these spirits, but my selfe alone;
Knowes any thing, till he shall taste the blood;
But whomsoever, you shall do that good,
He will the truth, of all you wish, unfold;
Who, you enuy it to, will all withhold.

Thus said the kingly foule, and made retreat,
Amidst the inner parts of *Plato's* Seate,
When he had spoke thus, by diuine instinct:
Still I stood firme, till to the bloods precinct
My mother came, and drunke; and then she knew,
I was her Sonne; had passion to renew
Her naturall plaints; which thus she did pursue:
How is it, (O my Sonne) that you aliue,
This deadly-darksome region vnderdiue:
Twixt which, and earth, so many mighty seas,
And horrid currents, interpose their prease:
Oceanus, in chiefe; which none (vnlesse

More helpt then you) on foote now can transgresse.
A well built ship he needs, that ventures there:
Com'st thou from *Troy* but now? enforce't to erre
All this time with thy fouldiers? Nor hast scene,
Ere this long day, thy Country, and thy Queene?

I answerd; That a necessary end
To this infernall state, made me contend;
That from the wife *Tiresias Thibban* Soule,
I might, an Oracle, inuolu'd, vnrowle:
For I came nothing neare *Achaia* yet;
Nor on our lou'd earth, happy foote had set;
But (misshaps suffering) err'd from Coast to Coast;
Euer since first, the mighty *Gracian* boast
Diuine *Atrides*, led to *Ilion*;
And I, his follower, to set warre vpon

The rapefull *Trojans*: and so praid she would
The Fate of that vngentle death vnfold;
That forc't her thither: if some long disease;
Or that the Splene, of her that arrowes please,
(*Diana*, enuious of most eminent Dames)
Had made her th' object of her deadly aime:
My Fathers state, and sonnes, I fought, if they
Kept still my goods: or they became the prey
Of any other, holding me no more
In powre of safe returne, or if my store
My wife had kept together, with her Sonnet:
If she, her first mind held; or had bene wonne
By some chiefe *Grecian*, from my loue, and bed:

All this she answerd; that *Affliction* fed
On her blood still at home; and that to griepe,
She all the dayes, and darknesse, of her life,
In teares, had consecrate. That none posselt
My famous kingdomes Throne; but th' interest
My sonne had in it; still he held in peace.
A Court kept, like a Prince; and his increase
Spent in his subjects good; administering lawes
With iustice, and the generall applause
A king should merit; and all call'd him king.
My Father, kept the vpland, labouring;
And shun'd the Citie: vnde no sumptuous beds;
Wonderd at furnitures; nor wealthy weeds;
But, in the Winter, strew'd about the fire
Lay with his slaues in ashes; his attire
Like to a beggers. When the Sommer came;
And Autumne all fruits ripend with his flame;
Where Grape-charg'd vines, made shadows most abound,
His couch with false leaues, made vpon the ground:
And here lay he; his Sorrowes fruitfull state,
Increasing, as he faded, for my Fate.
And now, the part of age, that irksome is
Lay sadly on him. And that life of his,
She led, and persist in; not slaughter'd by
The Dame, that darts lou'd, and her archerie;
Nor, by disease inuaded, vast, and foule
That waists the body, and sends out the foule
With shame and horror: onely in her mone,
For me, and my life, she consum'd her owne.

She thus; when I, had great desire to prove
My armes, the circle, where her foule did moue,
Thrice prou'd I, thrice she vanisht, like a sleepe;
Or fleeting shadow, which strooke much more deepe
The wounds, my woes made; and made, aske her why
She would my Loue to her embraces flie;

And not vouchsafe, that euen in hell we might,
Pay pious Nature, her vnaler'd right,
And gine *Vexation* here, her cruell fill?

Persephone or
Persephone.

Should not the Queene here, to augment the ill
Of euerie sufferance (which her office is)
Enforce thy idoll, to afford me this?

O Sonne (the answerd) of the race of men
The most vnhappy, our most equall Queene,
Will mocke no solide armes, with empty shade;
Nor suffer empty shades, againe t'invade
Flesh, bones, and nerves: nor will defraud the fire
Of his last dues; that, soone as spirits expire,
And leaue the white bone, as his native right;
When, like a dreame, the soule assumes her flight.
The light then, of the liuing, with most haste
(O Sonne) contend to: this thy little taste
Of this state is enough; and all this life,
Will make a tale, fit, to be told thy wife.

The old Heroe
often appears to
Hyller.

This speech we had, when now repair'd to me
More female spirits, by *Persephone*,
Driven on before her. All t'heroes wiues
And daughters, that, led there their second liues,
About the blacke blood throughd. Of whom, yet more
My mind impell'd me to enquire, before
I let them altogether taste the gore;
For then would all haue bene disperst, and gone,
Thicke as they came. I therefore, one by one
Let taste the pit: my sword drawne from my Thy
And stand betwixt them made; when, seuerally
All told their stockes. The first that quencht her fire,
Was *Tyro*, issu'd of a noble Sire.
She said the sprong from pure, *Salomon* bed;
And *Cretum*, Sonne of *Eolus* did wed.
Yet the diuine flood *Enipeus*, lou'd,
Who much the most faire streame, of all floods mou'd.
Neare whose streames, *Tyro* walking: *Neptune* came,
Like *Enipeus*, and enioyd the Dame:
Like to a hill; the blew and Snakie flood
Abov' th'immortal, and the mortall flood;
And hid them both; as both together lay,
Iust where his current, fallies into the Sea.
Her virgine wast, dissolu'd, she slumberd then;
But when the God had done the worke of men,
Her faire hand gently wringing; thus he said,
Woman! Reioyce in our combined bed;
For when the yeare hath runne his circle, round
(Because the Gods loues, must in fruit abound)
My loue shall make (to cheere thy teeming moones)

Tyro.

Thy

Thy one deare burthen, beare two famous Sonnes;
Loue well, and bring them vp: go home, and see
That, though of more ioy yet, I shall be free;
Thou dost not tell, to glorifie thy birth:
Thy Loue is *Neptune* shaker of the earth.
This said; he plung'd into the sea, and she
(Begot with child by him) the light let see
Great *Pelias*, and *Neleus*; that became
In *Ioues* great ministrie, of mighty fame.
Pelias, in broad *Iolcus* held his Throne,
Wealthy in cattell; th'other roiall Sonne
Rul'd fandy *Pylor*. To these, issue more
This Queene of women to her husband bore:
Aeson, and *Pheres*, and *Amythaon*,
That for his sight on horsebacke, stoopt to none.

Antiope like *Tyro*
re.

Next her, I saw admir'd *Antiope*
Alopus daughter; who (as much as she
Boasted attraction, of great *Neptunes* loue)
Boasted to slumber in the armes of *Ioue*:
And two Sonnes likewise, at one burthen bore,
To that, her all-controlling Paramore:
Amphion, and faire *Zethus*; that first laid
Great *Thebes* foundations; and strong wals conuaid
About her turrets, that seuen Ports enclos'de.
For though the *Thebans*, much in strength repose,
Yet had not they, the strength to hold their owne,
Without the added aides, of wood, and stone.

Alcmena.

Alcmena, next I saw; that famous wife
Was to *Amphytrio*; and honor'd life
Gau'e to the Lyon-hearted *Hercules*,
That was, of *Ioues* embrace, the great increase.

Megara.

I saw besides, proud *Craons* daughter there,
Bright *Megara*; that nuptiall yoke did weare
With *Ioues* great Sonne; who neuer field did try,
But bore to him, the flowre of victory.

Epicastra the mo-
ther of *Oedipus*.

The mother then, of *Oedipus*, I saw,
Faيرة *Epicastra*; that beyond all law,
Her owne Sonne married, ignorant of kind;
And, he (as darkly taken, in his mind)
His mother wedded, and his father slew;
Whose blind act, heauen expos'de at length to view.
And he, in all lou'd *Thebes*, the supream state
With much mone manag'd; for the heauy Fate
The Gods laid on him. She made violent flight
To *Plutos* darke house, from the lothed light;
Beneath a steepe beame, strangl'd with a cord;
And left her Sonne, in life, paines as abhord,
As all the furies pow'r'd on her in hell.

Then

Chloris.

Then saw I *Chloris*, that did so excell
In answering beauties, that each part had all;
Great *Neleus* married her, when gifts not small,
Had wonne her fauour; term'd by name of dowre.
She was of all *Amphions* seed, the flowre:
(*Amphion*, call'd *Isafides*, that then
Rul'd strongly, *Myrmæon Orchomen*)
And now his daughter rul'd the *Pylean* Throne;
Because her beauties Empire ouerthroned.
She brought her wife and husband, *Neleus*,
Nestor, much honord; *Perclymenus*,
And *Chromius*; Sonnes, with soueraigne vertues grac'd;
But after, brought a daughter that surpass'd;
Rare beautied *Pero*, so for forme exact;
That *Nature*, to a miracle, was rackt,
In her perfections, blaz'd with th'eyes of men.
That made of all the Countries hearts, a chaine,
And drew them suiters to her. Which her Sire
Tooke vantage of; and (since he did aspire
To nothing more, then to the broad-browd herd
Of *Oxen*, which the common fame forer'd,
Own'd by *Iphiclus*) not a man should be
His *Pero's* husband, that from *Phylæus*,
Those neuer-yet-driven *Oxen*, could not drine:
Yet these; a strong hope held him to atchieue;
Because a Prophet that had neuer err'd,
Had said, that onely he should be prefer'd
To their possession. But the equall Fate
Of God, withstood his stealth: inextricate
Imprisoning Bands; and sturdy churlish Swaines
That were the Heardsmen; who withheld with chaines
The stealth attempter: which was onely he
That durst abet the Act with Prophecie;
None else would vnder take it; and he must:
The king would needs, a Prophet should be iust;
But when some daies and moneths, expired were,
And all the *Howes* had brought about the year,
The Prophet, did so satisfie the king
(*Iphiclus*; all his cunning questioning)
That he enfranchis'd him; and (all worst done)
Jones counsaile made, th'all safe conclusion.
Then saw I *Leda*, (link in nuptiall chaine
With *Tyndarus*) to whom, she did sustaine
Sonnes much renown'd for wisdom; *Cassius* one,
That past, for use of horse, comparison;
And *Pollux*, that exceld, in whilist fight;
Both these, the fruitfull Earth bore; while the light
Of life inspir'd them; After which, they found

Leda.

Such

Such grace with *Joue*, that both liu'd vnder ground,
By change of daies: life still did one sustaine,
While th'other died; the dead then, liu'd againe,
The living dying; both, of one selfe date,
Their liues and deaths made, by the Gods and Fate.

Iphimedia, after *Leda* came,
That did deriue from *Zeptune* too, the name
Of Father to two admirable Sonnes:
Life yet made short their admirations;
Who God-oppoed *Otus* had to name,
And *Ephialtes*, farre in found of Fame.
The prodigall Earth so fed them, that they grew
To most huge stature; and had fairest hew
Of all men, but *Orion*, vnder heauen;
At nine yeares old, nine cubits they were driuen
Abroad in breadth, and sprung nine fathomes hie.
They threatm'd to giue battell to the skie,
And all th'Immortals. They were setting on
Ossa vpon *Olympus*; and vpon
Steepe *Ossa*, leauie *Pelius*, that euen
They might a high-way make, with loslie heauen.
And had perhaps perform'd it, had they liu'd
Till they were Striplings. But *Joues* Sonne depriu'd
Their lims of life; before th'age that begins
The flowre of youth; and should adorne their chins.

Phæacia and *Procris*, with wife *Minus* flame,
(Bright *Ariadne*) to the offering came.
Whom whilom *Theseus* made his prise from *Crete*;
That *Athens* sacred soile, might kisse her feete.
But neuer could obtaine her virgin Flowre;
Till, in the Sea-girt *Dia*, *Dians* powre
Detain'd his homeward haste; where (in her Phane,
By *Bacchus* winnest) was the fatal wane
Of her prime Glorie. *Mæra*, *Chymene*,
I winnest there; and loth'd *Eryphile*,
That honour'd *gold more, then the lou'd her Spouse.

But all th'*Heroesses* in *Plutos* house,
That then encounterd me, exceeds my might
To name or number; and *Ambrosian* Night
Would quite be spent; when now the formall houres,
Present to *Sleepe*, our all-dispos'd powres.
If at my ship, or here, my home-made vow,
I leave for fit grace, to the Gods and you.

This said; the silence his discourse had made,
With pleasure held still, through the houses shade.
When, white-arm'd *Arete* this speech began:
Phæacians! how appears to you this man?
So goodly person'd, and so match with mind?

Iphimedia.

Phæacia and
Procris.Mæra and Chy-
mene.

Ambrosian was
her husband; with
she betrayed to his
ruine at *Thetis*,
for gold taken of
Adraftus her
brother.

My

Me; guest he is; but all you stand combin'd,
In the renowne he doth vs. Do not then
With carelesse haste dismiss him: nor the maine
Of his dispatch, to one so needie, maine;
The Gods free bountie, giues vs all iust claime
To goods enow. This speech, the oldest man
Of any other *Phaenician*,
The graue *Heracles*, *Echimeus* gaue
All approbation; saying: Friends! ye haue
The motion of the wise *Queen*; in such words,
As haue not mist the marke; with which, accords
My cleare opinion. But *Alcinous*,
In word and worke, must be our rule. He thus;
And then *Alcinous* said: This then must stand,
If while I liue, I rule in the command
Of this well-skild-in-Navigation State.
Endure then (Guest) though most importunate
Be your affects for home. A litle stay
If your expectance beare; perhaps it may
Our gifts make more complete. The cares of all,
Your due deduction asks; but Principall
I am therein, the ruler. He replied:

Alcinous: the most duly glorified,
With rule of all; of all men; if you lay
Commandment on me, of a whole yeares stay;
So all the while, your preparations rise,
As well in gifts, as *time: ye can deuise
No better with for me; for I shall come
Much fuller handed, and more honourd home;
And dearer to my people: in whole loues,
The richer euer more the better proues.

He answerd: There is argu'd in your sight,
A worth that works not men for benefit,
Like Prolers or Impostors; of which crew,
The gentle blacke Earth feeds not vp a few;
Here and there wandrers, blanching tales and lies,
Of neither praise, nor vse: you moue our eies
With forme; our minds with matter, and our cares
With elegant oration; such as beares,
A musick in the orderd historie
It layes before vs. Not *Demodocus*,
With sweeter straines hath vnde to sing to vs,
All the *Greece* sorrowes, wept out in your owne.
But say; of all your worthy friends, were none
Obiectd to your eyes; that *Consorts* were
To *Ilion* with you; and seru'd destinie there?
This Night is passing long, vnmeasur'd: none
Of all my houldhouse would to bed yet: On,

Venus & sat
dictum.

Relate

Relate these wondrous things. Were I with you;
If you would tell me but your woes, as now,
Till the diuine *Aurora* shewd her head,
I should in no night relish thought of bed.

Most eminent King, (said he) *Times*, all must keepe;
There's time to speake much, time as much to sleepe.
But would you heare still, I will tell you still,
And vtter more, more miserable ill,
Of Friends then yet, that scap't the dismall warres,
And perisht homewards, and in houldhouse iarres.
Wag'd by a wicked woman. The chatte **Queen*,
No looner made these Ladie-ghosts vnseene,
(Here and there sitting) but mine eie-sight wonne
The Soule of *Agamemnon*, (*Atreus* sonne)
Sad; and about him, all his traine of friends,
That in *Aegisthus* house, endur'd their ends,
With his sterne Fortune. Hauing drunke the blood,
He knew me instantly; and forth a flood
Of springing teares gush't. Out he thrust his hands,
With will to embrace me; but their old commands,
Flowd not about him; nor their weakest part.
I wept to see; and mon'd him from my heart.
And askt: O *Agamemnon*! King of men!

What sort of cruell death, hath renderd slaine
Thy royall person? *Neptune*, in thy Fleete?
Heauen, and his hellish billowes making meete;
Rowling the winds? Or haue thy men by land
Done thee this ill, for vsing thy command,
Past their consents, in diminution
Of those full shares, their worths by lot had wonne,
Of sheepe or oxen? or of any towne?
In couetous strife, to make their rights, thine owne,
In men or women prisoners? He replied:
By none of these, in any right, I died;
But by *Aegisthus*, and my muntherous wife,
(Bid to a banquet at his house) my life
Hath thus bene rest me: to my slaughter led,
Like to an Oxe, pretended to be fed.

So miserably fell I; and with me,
My friends lay massacred: As when you see
At any rich mans nuptials, shot, or feast,
About his kitchen, white-tooth'd swine lie drest.
The slaughters of a world of men, thine eies,
Both priuate, and in prease of enemies,
Haue personally witnesst; but this one,
Would all thy parts haue broken into mone:
To see how strew'd about our Cups and Cates,
As Tables set with Feast, so we with Fates,

Here he begins
his other relation,
Proserpine,

Q.

AN

All gasht and staine, lay; all the floore embrude
 With blood and braine. But that which most I ru'd,
 Flew from the heauie voice, that *Priams* feed,
Cassandra breath'd; whom, she that wit doth feed
 With banefull craftis, false *Clytemnestra* slew,
 Close sitting by me, vp my hands I threw
 From earth to heauen; and tumbling on my sword,
 Gaue wretched life vp. When the most abhord,
 By all her sexes shame, forsooke the roome;
 Nor daind (though then so neare this heauie home)
 To shur my lips, or close my broken eies.
 Nothing so heapt is with impieties,
 As such a woman, that would kill her Spouse,
 That married her a maid. When to my house
 I brought her, hoping of her loue in heart,
 To children, maids, and slaues. But she (in th' Art
 Of onely mischief heartie) not alone
 Cast on her selfe, this foule asperion;
 But louing Dames, hereafter, to their Lords
 Will beare, for good deeds, her bad thoughts and words.

Alas (said I) that *Ioue* should hate the liues
 Of *Atræus* feed, so highly for their viues.

For *Menelaus* wife, a number fell;
 For dangerous absence, thine sent thee to hell.

For this, (he answerd) Be not thou more kind
 Then wife to thy wife; neuer, all thy mind
 Let words expresse to her. Of all she knowes,
 Curbs for the worst still, in thy selfe repose.
 But thou by thy wifes wiles, shalt lose no blood;
 Exceeding wise she is, and wife in good.

Icarus daughter, chaste *Penelope*,
 We left a yong Bride; when for battell, we
 Forsooke the Nuptiall peace; and at her brest,
 Her first child sucking. Who, by this houre, blest,
 Sits in the number of flourishing men.
 And his blisse, she hath, that she can containe;
 And her blisse, thou hast, that she is so wise;
 For, by her wisedome, thy returned eies
 Shall see thy sonne; and he shall greeke his Sire,
 With sitting welcomes. When in my retire,
 My wife denies mine eyes, my sonnes deare fight;
 And, as from me, will take from him the lights,
 Before she addes one iust delight to life;
 Or her false wit, one truth that fits a wife.
 For her sake therefore, let my harmes aduise;
 That though thy wife be neere so chaste and wife,
 Yet come not home to her in "open view,
 With any ship, or any personall shew.

This aduise he
 followed at his
 coming home.

But

But take close shere disguise: nor let her know;
 For tis no world, to trust a woman now.
 But what sayes Fame? Doth my Sonne yet suruiue,
 In *Orchomenos*, or *Pylos*? or doth liue
 In *Sparta*, with his Vnkle? yet I see
 Diuine *Orestes* is not here with me.

I answerd, asking: Why doth *Atræus* sonne:
 Enquire of me? who yet arriu'd where none
 Could giue to these newes any certaine wings?
 And tis absurd, to tell vncertaine things.

Such sad speech past vs; and as thus we stood,
 With kind teares rendring vnkind fortunes good;
Achilles and *Patroclus* appeard;
 And his Soule whom neuer ill was heard,
 The good *Ulysses*: and the Soule of him,
 That all the *Greeks* past, both for force and lim,
 Excepting the vnmatcht *Asides*,
 Illustrious *Ajax*. But the first of these,
 That saw, acknowledg'd, and saluted me,
 Was * *Thetis* conquering Sonne, who (heauily
 His state here taking) said: Vnworthy breath!
 What act, yet mightier, imagineth
 Thy ventrous spirit? How doest thou descend
 These vnder regions: where the dead mans end,
 Is to be lookt on? and his foolish shade?

I answerd him: I was induc'd t' inuade
 These vnder parts, (most excellent of *Greece*)
 To visite wife *Tirestias*, for aduice
 Of vertue to direct my voyage home
 To rugged *Ithaca*; since I could come
 To note in no place, where *Achaia* stood;
 And so liu'd euer, tortur'd with the blood
 In mans vaine veins. Thou therefore (*Thetis* sonne)
 Hast equall'd all, that euer yet haue wonne
 The blisse the earth yeelds; or hereafter shall.
 In life, thy eminence was ador'd of all,
 Euen with the Gods. And now, euen dead, I see
 Thy vertues propagate thy Emperie,
 To a renew'd life of command beneath;
 So great *Achilles* triumphs ouer death.
 This comfort of him, this encounter found;
 Vigor nor my death to me, nor rub that wound;
 I rather wish, to liue in earth a Swaine,
 Or serue a Swaine for hire, that scarce can gaine
 Bread to sustaine him; then (that life once gone)
 Of all the dead, sway the Imperiall thone.
 But say; and of my Sonne, some comfort yeeld;
 If he goes on, in first fights of the field;

Achilles of the
 new life,

Q 3

Or

Or lurks for safetie in the oblique Rere:
 Or of my Father, if thy royall care
 Hath bene aduertise, that the *Phthian* Throne,
 He still commands, as greatest *Myrmidon*?
 Or that the *Phthian* and *Thessalian* rage,
 (Now feete and hands are in the hold of Age)
 Despise his Empire: Vnder those bright rayes,
 In which, heaueus seruour hurles about the dayes;
 Must I no more shine his reuenger now;
 Such as of old, the *Iliou* ouerthrow
 Witnest my anger: th'vniuersall host,
 Sending before me, to this shadie Coast,
 In fight for *Grecia*. Could I now resort,
 (But for some small time) to my Fathers Court;
 In spirit and powre, as then: those men should find
 My hands inaccessible, and of fire, my mind,
 That durst, with all the numbers they are strong,
 Vnseate his honour, and suborne his wrong.
 This pitch still flew his spirit, though so low;
 And this, I answerd thus: I do not know,
 Of blamelesse *Pelem*, any least report;
 But of your sonne, in all the utmost sort,
 I can informe your care with truth, and thus:

*Ulysses reports of
 Neoptolemus the
 son of Achilles.*

From *Scyros*, princely *Neoptolemus*,
 By Fleete, I conuaid to the *Greeks*, where he
 Was Chiefe, at both parts: when our grauitie
 Retir'd to counsell, and our youth to fight.
 In counsell still (so firie was *Conceit*,
 In his quicke apprehension of a cause)
 That first he euer spake; nor past the lawes
 Of any graue stay, in his greatest hast.
 None would contend with him, that counsell last;
 Vnlesse illustrious *Achilles*, he and I
 Would sometimes put a friendly contrary,
 On his opinion. In our fights, the praise
 Of great or common, he would neuer cease;
 But farre before fight euer. No man there;
 For force, he forced. He was slaughterer
 Of many a braue man, in most dreadfull fight.
 But one and other, whom he rest of light,
 (In *Grecian* succour) I can neither name,
 Nor giue in number. The particular fame,
 Of one mans slaughter yet, I must not passe;
Eurypilus Telephides he was,
 That fell beneath him; and with him, the falls
 Of such huge men went, that they shewed like * whales,
 Rampin'd about him. *Neoptolemus*
 Set him so sharply, for the sumptuous

*This place (and
 a number more)
 is most miserably
 mistaken by all
 translators and
 commentators.*

Fauours

Fauours of Mistresse, he saw him weare;
 For past all doubt, his beauties had no peere,
 Of all that mine eyes noted; next to one,
 And that was *Memnon*, *Tithonus* Sun-like sonne.
 Thus farre, for fight in publicke, may a tast
 Giue of his eminence. How farre surpass
 His spirit in priuate, where he was not seene;
 Nor glorie could be said, to praise his spleene;
 This close note, I excerpted, When we late
 Hid in *Epeus* horse; no Optimate
 Of all the *Greeks* there, had the charge to ope
 And shut the * Stratageme, but I. My scope
 To note then, each mans spirit, in a streight
 Of so much danger; much the better might
 Be hit by me, then others: as, prouokt,
 I shifted place still; when, in some I smokt
 Both priuie tremblings, and close vent of teares.
 In him yet, not a soft conceit of theirs,
 Could all my search see, either his wet eyes
 Plied still with wipings; or the goodly guise,
 His person all waies put forth; in least part,
 By any tremblings, shewd his toucht-at heart.
 But euer he was vying me to make
 Way to their sally, by his signe to shake
 His sword hid in his scabberd; or his Lance
 Loded with iron, at me. No good chance,
 His thoughts to *Troy* intended. In theuent,
 (High *Troy* depopulate) he made ascent
 To his faire ship, with prise and treasure store:
 Safe, and no touch, away with him he bore,
 Of farre-off hui'd Lance, or of close-fought sword,
 Whose wounds, for fauours, Warre doth oft afford;
 Which he (though fought) mist, in warres closest wage;
In close fights; Mars doth neuer fight, but rage.

*The host about
 sold;*

This made the soule of swift *Achilles* tred
 A March of glorie, through the herbie meades;
 For ioy to heare me so renowme his Sonne;
 And vanish stalking. But with passion
 Stood th'other Soules strooke: and each told his bane.
 Onely the spirit * *Telamonian*
 Kept farre off; angrie for the victorie
 I wonne from him at Fleete; though *Arbitrie*
 Of all a Court of warre, pronounc't it mine,
 And *Pallas* selfe. Our prise were th'armes diuine,
 Of great * *Aeides*; propofde t'our fames
 By his bright * Mother, at his funerall Games.
 I wish to heauen, I ought not to haue wonne;
 Since for those Armes, so high a head, so soone

*Alas the fount
 of Telamon.*

*Achilles
 Thon.*

Q 4.

The

The base earth coverd. *Ajax*, that of all
 The hoast of *Greece*, had perlon capitall,
 And acts as eminent; excepting his,
 Whose armes those were; in whom was nought amisse.
 I tride the great Soule with soft words, and said:
Ajax! great sonne of *Telamon*; arraid
 In all our glories! what? not dead resigne
 Thy wrath for those curst Armes: The Powres diuine,
 In them forg'd all our banes; in thine owne One;
 In thy graue fall, our Towre was ouerthrowne.
 We mourne (for euer maid) for thee as much,
 As for *Achilles*: nor thy wrong doth touch,
 In sepence, any but * *Saturnus* doome;
 In whose hate, was the hoast of *Greece* become
 A very horror, Who exprest it well,
 In signing thy Fate, with this timelisse Hell.
 Approch then (King of all the *Grecian* merit)
 Represse thy great mind, and thy flammie spirit;
 And giue the words I giue thee, worthy care.

All this, no word drew from him, but lesse neare
 The sterne Soule kept. To other Soules he fled,
 And glid along the Riuier of the dead.
 Though Anger mou'd him; yet he might haue spoke;
 Since I to him. But my desires were strooke
 With sight of other Soules. And then I saw
Mimos, that ministred to *Death* a law,
 And *Joues* bright sonne was. He was set, and swaid
 A golden Scepter; and to him did pleade
 A sort of others, set about his Throne,
 In *Plutos* wide-door'd house; when strait came on,
 Mightie *Orion*, who was hunting there,
 The heards of those beasts he had slaughterd here,
 In desert hills on earth. A Club he bore,
 Entirely Steele, whose vertues neuer wore.

Tityus I saw: to whom the glorious Earth
 Opened her wombe, and gaue vnhappy birth;
 Vpwards, and flat vpon the Pavement lay
 His ample lims; that spred in their display,
 Nine Acres compasse. On his bosome sat
 Two Vultures, digging through his caule of fat,
 Into his Liuer, with their crooked Beakes;
 And each by turnes, the concrete entrails breakes,
 (As Smiths their Steele beate) set on either side.
 Nor doth he euer labour to diuide
 His Liuer and their Beakes; nor with his hand,
 Offer them off: but suffers by command,
 Of th'angrie Thunderer; offering to entorce,
 His loue *Latona* in the close recourse,

She

She vnde to *Pyrho*, through the dancing land,
 Smooth *Panopæus*. I saw likewise stand,
 Vp to the chin, amidst a liquid lake,
 Tormented *Tantalus*; yet could not slake
 His burning thirst. Oft as his scornfull cup,
 Th'old man would taste; so oft twas swallowd vp;
 And all the blacke earth to his feete descried;
 Diuine powre (plaguing him) the lake still dried.
 About his head, on high trees, clustering, hung
 Peares, Apples, Granets, Oliues, euer yong;
 Delicious Figs, and many fruites trees more,
 Of other burthen, whose alluring store,
 When th'old Soule strid'd to pluck, the winds from sight,
 In gloomie vapours, made them vanish quite.

There saw I *Sisyphus*, in infinite mone,
 With both hands heauing vp a massie stone;
 And on his tip-toes, racking all his height,
 To wrest vp to a mountaine top, his freight;
 When prest to rest it there (his nerves quite spent)
 Downe rustle the deadly Quarrie: the euent
 Of all his torture, new to raise againe;
 To which, strait set his neuer rested paine.
 The sweate came gushing out from euery Pore;
 And on his head a standing mist he wore;
 Reeking from thence, as if a cloud of dust
 Were rais'd about it. Downe with these was thrust,
 The Idoll of the force of *Hercules*.

But his firme selfe, did no such Fate oppress;
 He feasting liues amongst th'immortall States;
 White-ankled *Hebe*, and himselfe, made mates,
 In heavenly Nuptials. *Hebe*, *Joues* deare race,
 And *Junos*; whom the golden Sandals grace.
 About him flew the clamors of the dead,
 Like Fowler; and still stoop cuffing at his head.
 He, with his Bow, like Night, stalkt vp and downe;
 His shaft still nockt; and hurling round his frownt;
 At those vext houerers, aiming at them still;
 And still, as shooting out, desire to still.

A horrid Bawdricke, wore he thwart his brest;
 The Thong all gold, in which were formes impress,
 Where *Art* and Miracle, drew equall breaths,
 In Beates, Bores, Lions, Battels; Combats, Deaths.
 Who wrought that worke, did neuer such before;
 Nor so diuinely will do euer more.
 Soone as he saw, he knew me; and gaue speech:
 Sonne of *Laertes*; high in wisedomes reach;
 And yet vnhappy wretch; for in this heart,
 Of all exploits atchieu'd by thy desert,

Thy

Thy worth but works out some sinister Fate.
As I in earth did. I was generate
By *me* himſelfe; and yet paſt meane, oppreſt
By one my farre inferiour; whoſe proud heſt,
Impoſſe abhorred labours, on my hand.
Of all which, one was, to deſcend this Strand,
And hale the dog from thence. He could not thinke
An act that *Danger* could make deeper ſinke;
And yet this depth I drew; and fetcht as hie,
As this was low, the dog. The Deitie,
Of ſleight and wiſedome, as of downe-right powre,
Both ſtoopt, and raiſd, and made me Conquerour.

This ſaid; he made deſcent againe as low
As *Pluto's* Court; when I ſtood firme; for ſhow
Of more *Heroes*, of the times before;
And might perhaps haue ſcene my wiſh of more;
(As *Theſeus* and *Pirithous*, deriu'd
From rootes of *Deitie*) but before th'atchieu'd
Rare fight of theſe; the rank ſoul'd multitude
In infinite ſtocks roſe; venting ſounds ſo rude,
That pale *Fear* took me, left the *Gorgons* head
Ruſht in amongſt them; thruſt vp, in my dread,
By grim *Perſephone*. I therefore ſent
My men before to ſhip; and after went.
Where, boarded, ſet, and lancht; th'Ocean waue,
Our Ores and forewinds, ſpeedie paſſage gaue.

Fini libri undecimi Hom. Odysſſ.



THE



THE XII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGUMENT.

HE ſhewes from Hell his ſafe retreat,
To th' Ile *Aiæa*, *Circes* ſeate.
And how he capt the *Sirens* call.
With th'erring *Rocket*, and waters falls,
That *Scylla* and *Charybdis* break.
The *Sunnes* ſolne *Herd*; and his ſad wreake,
Both of *Vlyſſes* ſhip and men,
His owne head ſcaping ſcarce the paine.

Another.

*Mo. The Rocket that errd;
The Sirens call;
The Sunnes ſolne Herd;
The ſoulders full.*



Vr Ship now paſt the ſtreights of th'Ocean flood;
She plowd the broad ſeas billowes; and made good,
The Ile *Ææa*, where the *Pallace* ſtands
Of th'early Riſer, with the roſie hands,
Actiue Aurora; where ſhe loues to dance;
And where the *Sunne* doth his prime beames aduance.

When here arriu'd; we drew her vp to land,
And trod our ſelues the reſaluted ſand:

Found on the ſhore, ſit reſting for the Night;
Slept, and expected the celeftiall light.

Soone as the white-and-red-mixt-fingerd Dame,
Had guilt the mountaines with her Saffron flame;
I ſent my men to *Circes* houſe before,
To ſteal decaſt *Elpenor* to the ſhore.

Strait ſwell'd the high banks with ſeld heapes of trees;
And (full of teares) we did due Exequies
To our dead friend. (Whoſe Corſe conſum'd with fire,
And honourd Armes: whoſe Sepulcher entire;
And ouer that, a Columne raiſd) his Ore,
Curioſly caru'd (to his deſire before)
Vpon the top of all his Tombe, we fixt.
Of all Rites fit, his Funerall Pile was mixt.

Nor was our ſife aſcent from hell, conceald
From *Circes* knowledge; nor ſo ſoone reueald,
But ſhe was with vs, with her bread and food,
And ruddie wine, brought by her ſacred brood

*Rediit ab in-
feris ad Circeam.*

*Elpenor tumu-
latur.*

Of woods and Fountaines. In the midst the flood,
And thus saluted vs: Vnhappie men,
That haue (inform'd with all your fences) bene
In *Plutos* dismall mansion. You shall die
Twice now; where others that *Mortalitie*,
In her faire armes, holds; shall but once de cease.
But eate and drinke out all conceit of these;
And this day dedicate to food and wine;
The following *Night* to *Sleepe*. When next shall shine
The chearfull Mornings, you shall probe the seas.
Your way, and euery act ye must adresse,
My knowledge of their order shall designe:
Left with your owne bad counsels, ye encline
Euent as bad against ye; and sustaine
By sea and shore, the wofull ends that raigne
In wilfull actions. Thus did she aduise;
And, for the time, our Fortunes were so wise,
To follow wise directions. All that day
We fate and fasted. When his lower way,
The Sunne had enterd, and the *Euen*, the hie:
My friends slept on their Gables; she and I,
(Led by her faire hand, to a place apart,
By her well sorted) did to sleepe conuert
Our timed powres. When, all things *Fate* let fall
In our affaire, she askt, I told her all.
To which she answerd: These things thus tooke end:
And now to those that I informe, attend:
Which (you remembering) God himselfe shall be,
The blessed author of your memorie.

Circe praestigat
futura pericula.

Sirenum des-
cription.

First, to the *Sirens* ye shall come, that taint
The minds of all men, whom they can acquaint
With their attractions. Whofoeuer shall
(For want of knowledge mou'd) but heare the call
Of any *Siren*: he will so despise
Both wife and children, for their forceries,
That neuer home turns his affections steame;
Nor they take ioy in him, nor he in them.
The *Sirens* will so soften with their song,
(Shrill, and in sensuall appetite so strong)
His loose affections, that he giues them head.
And then obserue: They sit amidst a meade,
And round about it runnes a hedge or wall
Of dead mens bones: their wither'd skins and all,
Hung all along vpon it, and these men
Were such as they had sawnd into their Fen,
And then their skins hung on their hedge of bones.
Saile by them therefore, thy companions
Before hand causing to stop euery care

With

With sweete soft waxe so close; that none may heare
A note of all their charmings. Yet may you
(If you affect it) open care allow
To trie their motion: but presume not so
To trust your iudgement; when your senses go
So loose about you; but giue straight command
To all your men, to bind you foote and hand,
Sure to the Mast; that you may safe approue
How strong in infatigation to their loue
Their raptuing tunes are. If so much they moue,
That, spite of all your reason, your will stands
To be enfranchis'd, both of feete and hands;
Charge all your men before, to sleight your charge,
And rest so farre, from fearing to enlarge,
That much more sure they bind you. When your friends
Haue outfaild these: the danger that transcends
Rests not in any counsaile to preuent;
Vnlesse your owne mind, finds the tract and bent
Of that way, that auoids it. I can say
That in your course, there lies a twofold way,
The right of which, your owne, taught, present wit
And grace diuine, must prompt. In generall yet
Let this informe you: Neare these *Sirens* shore
Moue two steepe Rocks; at whose feete, lie and rore
The blacke seas cruell billowes: the blest Gods
Call them the *Rouers*. Their abhord abods
No bird can passe: no nor the *Dones*, whose feare
Sire *Ioue* so loues, that they are said to beare
Ambrosia to him; can their rauine scape;
But one of them, failes euer to the rape
Of those slie rocks. Yet *Ioue*, another still
Adds to the rest; that so may euer fill
The sacred number. Neuer ship could shunne
The nimble perill wing'd there; but did runne
With all her bulke, and bodies of her men
To vtter ruine. For the seas retaine
Not only their outrageous æsture there;
But fierce assistants, of particular feare,
And supernaturall mischief, they expire;
And those are whirlewinds of deuouring fire
Whisking about still. Th' *Argiue* ship, alone

οὐρανὸν ἔκτανεν,
Columbus in-
de. What these
Dones were, and
the whole minde
of this place: the
Great Macedon
asking Chiron
Amphipolites, he
answered, They
were the Pleiades
or seven Stars.
One of which
(besides his pro-
per imperfection,
of being awn-
t' adeo exilis,
vel subobscurus,
ut vis apparat)
is vterly obscu-
red or let by
these Rocks. Why
then, or how,
Ioue still suppli-

ed the best one, that the number might be full: Athenamus sailes to it, and helps the other out: Interpreting it to be affirmed of
their perpetuall septenary number, though there appeared but sixe. But how lame and loathsome these *Pregits* shew in their af-
fected expostions of the Poet call it inde, this and an hundred others: spent in mere presumptuous gosse at the inaccessible
Poet: I hope will make plaine enough to the most envious of any thing done, besides their euine set canons, and most arrogant
owne meanings. In the 22. of the *Iliads*, (being 4) at the Games celebrated at Patroclus funerals, they tied to the top of a Mast,
οὐρανὸν ἔκτανεν, timidam Columbam, ut forte at a game: so that (by these great mens abuse) old expostions of things shew

R

(Which

Increase they yeeld not, for they neuer die;
 There euery shepherdesse, a Deitie.
 Faire *Phaebusa*, and *Lempete*,
 The louely *Nymphs* are, that their Guardians be.
 Who, to the daylights lotty-going flame
 Had gracious birthright, from the heavenly Dame
 Still yong *Nereus*; who (brought forth and bred)
 Fare off dismist them; to see duly fed
 Their Fathers herds and flocks in *Sicilie*.
 These herds, and flocks, if to the Deitie
 Ye leaue, as sacred things, vntoucht; and on
 Goe with all fit care of your home, alone,
 (Though through some sufferance) you yet safe shall land
 In wished *Ithaca*. But if impious hand
 You lay on those herds to their hurts: I then
 Prefage sure ruine, to thy ship and men.
 If thou escap'st thy selfe, extending home
 Thy long d for landing; thou shalt loded come
 With store of losses, most exceeding late,
 And not comforted with a saved mate.

This said; the golden-thron'd *Aurora* rose;
 She, her way went, and I did mine dispose
 Vp to my ship; weigh'd Anchor, and away.
 When reuerend *Circé*, helpt vs to conuaie
 Our vessell safe, by making well inclind
 A Sea mans true companion, a forewind;
 With which she filld our sailes, when, sitting all
 Our Armes close by vs; I did sadly fall
 To graue relation, what concern'd in Fate
 My friends to know, and told them that the state
 Of our affaires successe, which *Circé* had
 Prefag'd to me alone, must yet be made
 To one, nor onely two knowne; but to all:
 That since their liues and deaths were left to fall
 In their elections; they might life elect,
 And giue what would preferue it, fit effect.

I first inform'd them, that we were to see
 The heavenly-singing *Sirens* harmony,
 And flowre-adorned Medow. And that I
 Had charge to heare their song; but fencer fast
 In bands, vnfauor'd, to th' erected Mast;
 From whence, if I should pray; or vs command
 To be enlarg'd, they should with much more band
 Containe my struglings. This I simply told
 To each particular; nor would withhold
 What most enioyn'd mine owne affection stay,
 That theirs the rather might be taught to bay.
 In meane time, flew our ships; and straight we fetcht

The

The *Sirens* Ile; a spleenelesse wind, so stretch
 Her wings to waft vs, and sovr'd our keele.
 But hauing reacht this Ile, we could not feele
 The least gaspe of it: it was striken dead,
 And all the Sea, in prostrate slumber spread:
 The *Sirens* diuell charm'd all. Vp then flew
 My friends to worke; strooke faile, together drew,
 And vnder hatches stowd them: far, and plied
 Their polisht oares; and did in curls diuide
 The white-head waters. My part then came on;
 A mighty waxen Cake, I set vpon;
 Chopt it in fragments, with my sword; and wrought
 With strong hand, euery peccet, till all were soft.
 The great powre of the Sunne, in such a beame
 As then flew burning from his Diademe,
 To liquefaction helpt vs. Orderlie,
 I stoppt their eares; and they, as faire did ply
 My secte, and hands with cords; and to the Mast
 With other halfers, made me soundly fast.

Then tooke they seate; and forth our passage strooke;
 The somie Sea, beneath their labour shooke.

Rowd on, in reach of an erected voice;
 The *Sirens*: soone tooke note, without our noice;
 Tun'd those sweete accents, that made charmes so strong;
 And these learn'd numbers, made the *Sirens* song:

Come here, thou, worthy of a world of praise;
 That dost so high, the Grecian glory raise;
 Vlysses! stay thy ship; and that song heare
 That none past euer, but is bent his care:
 But lest him rauish, and instructed more
 By vs, then any, euer heard before.
 For we know all things; whatsoeuer were
 In wide Troy labour'd; whatsoeuer there
 The Grecians and the Troians both sustain'd;
 By those high issues that the Gods ordain'd.
 And whatsoeuer, all the earth can show
 T'informe a knowledge of desert, we know.

This they gaue accent in the sweetest straine
 That euer open'd an enamour'd vaine.
 When, my constrain'd heart, needs would haue mine care
 Yet more delighted; force way forth, and heare.
 To which end I commanded, with all signe
 Sterne lookes could make (for not a ioynt of mine
 Had powre to stirre) my friends to rise, and giue
 My limbs free way. They freely striu'd to driue
 Their ship still on. When (farre from will to lose)
Eurylochus, and *Perimedes* rose
 To wrap me surer; and oppress me more

R 3

With

With many a halfer, then had vs before.
 When, rowing on, without the reach of sound;
 My friends vnstopt their eares; and me, vnbound;
 And, that Ile quite we quitted. But againe
 Fresh feares emploid vs. I beheld a maine
 Of mighty billows, and a smoke ascend:
 A horrid murmure hearing. Eeery friend
 Astonisht sat: from eeuery hand, his oare
 Fell quite forsaken: with the dismall Rore
 Where all things there made Echoes, stone still stood
 Our ship it selfe: because the ghastly flood
 Tooke all mens motions from her, in their owne:
 I, through the ship went, labouring vp and downe
 My friends recouerd spirits. One by one
 I gaue good words, and said: That well were knowne
 These ills to them before: I told them all;
 And that these could not proue, more capitall
 Then those the *Cyclops* blockt vs vp in; yet
 My vertue, wit, and heauen-helpt Counsailes, set
 Their freedomes open. I could not beleue
 But they rememberd it, and wisht them giue
 My equall care, and meanes, now equall trust:
 The strength they had, for stirring vp, they must
 Rouze, and extend, to trie if *Ioue* had laid
 His powres in theirs vp, and would adde his aid
 To scape euen that death. In particular then
 I told our Pylot, that past other men
 He, most must beare firme spirits; since he swaid
 The Continent, that all our spirits conuaid
 In his whole guide of her. He saw there boile
 The scerie whirlpooles; that to all our spoile
 Inclosde a Rocke: without which, he must stee,
 Or all our ruines stood concluded there.

All heard me, and obaid; and little knew
 That, shunning that Rocke, sixe of them should ree
 The wracke, another hid. For I conceal'd
 The heauy wounds that neuer would be heal'd,
 To be by *Scylla* opened; for their feare
 Would then haue robd all, of all care to stee;
 Or stirre an oare, and made them hide beneath:
 When they, and all, had died an idle death.
 But then, euen I forgot to shunne the harme
Circe foreward: who wuld I should not arme,
 Nor shew my selfe to *Scylla*, lest in vaine
 I ventur'd life. Yet could not I containe
 But arm'd at all parts; and two lances tooke:
 Vp to the foredecke went, and thence did looke
 That Rockie *Scylla* would haue first appear'd,

And

And taken my life, with the friends I feard.

From thence yet, no place could afford her sight;
 Though through the darke rocke, mine eye threw her light,
 And ransackt all waies. I then tooke a streight
 That gaue my selfe, and some few more receipt
 Twixt *Scylla*, and *Charybdis*; whence we saw
 How horridly *Charybdis* throat did draw
 The brackish sea vp, which, when all abroad
 She spit againe out: neuer Caldron sod
 With so much seruor, fed with all the store
 That could enrage it. All the Rocke did rore
 With troubl'd waters: round about the tops
 Of all the steepe crags, flew the fomy drops.
 But, when her draught, the sea and earth dissunderd,
 The troubl'd bottoms turnd vp, and she thunderd;
 Farre vnder shore, the swart sands naked lay.
 Whose whole sterne sight, the start'd blood did fray
 From all our faces. And while we on her
 Our eyes bestowd thus, to our ruines feare;
 Sixe friends had *Scylla* snatcht out of our keele,
 In whom, most losse, did force and virtue feele.
 When looking to my ship, and lending eye
 To see my friends estates, their heeles turnd hie,
 And hands cast vp, I might discerne; and heare
 Their calles to me for helpe, when now they were
 To try me in their last extremities.

And as an Angler, medcine for surprise
 Of little fish, sits powring from the rocks,
 From out the crookt horne, of a fold-bred Oxe;
 And then with his long Angle, hoists them hie
 Vp to the Aire; then sleightly hurles them by,
 When, helpleffe sprauling on the land they lie:
 So easely *Scylla* to her Rocke had rapt
 My wofull friends; and so vnhelpd, entrapt
 Strugling they lay beneath her violent rape;
 Who in their tortures, desperate of escape;
 Shriekt as the tore; and vp; their hands to me
 Still threw for sweete life. I did neuer see
 In all my sufferance ransacking the seas,
 A spectacle so full of miseries.

Thus hauing fled these rocks (these cruell dames
Scylla, *Charybdis*.) where the king of flames
 Hath offerings burnd to him; our ship put in
 The Iland, that from all the earth doth winne
 The Epithete, *Faultlesse*: where the broad of head
 And famous Oxen, for the Sunne are fed,
 With many fat flocks of that high-gone God.
 Set in my ship, mine care reacht, where we rod

R 4

She

The bellowing of Oxen, and the bleate
Of fleecie sheepe; that in my memories seate
Put vp the formes, that late had bene imprest
By dread *Ææon Circe*; and the best
Of Soules, and Prophets, the blind *T heban* Seer;
The wife *Tiresias*, who was graue decreet
Of my returnes whole meanes. Of which, this one
In chiefe he vrg'd, that I should alwaies shunne
The Iland of the Man-delighting Sunne.
When, (sad at heart for our late losse) I praid
My friends to heare fit counsaile, (though dismayd
With all ill fortunes) which was given to me
By *Circes*, and *Tiresias* Prophecie;
That I should flie the Ile, where was ador'd
The Comfort of the world: for ill, abhor'd
Were ambusht for vs there; and therefore, willd
They should put off, and leaue the Ile. This kill'd
Their tender spirits, when *Eurylochos*
A speech that vent me vtter'd; answering thus:
Cruell *Phyltes*! Since thy nerues abound
In strength, the more spent; and no toyles confound
Thy able lims, as all beate out of Steele;
Thou ablest vs to, as vnapt to feele
The teeth of *Laïos*, and the spoile of *Sleepe*,
And therefore still, wet wast vs in the deepe;
Nor let vs land to eate; but madly, now,
In Night, put forth, and leaue firme land to strow
The Sea with errors. All the rabide flight
Of winds that ruine ships, are bred in Night.
Who is it, that can keepe off cruell Death,
If suddainly should rush out th' angry breath
Of *Notus*, or the eager-spirited West?
That cuffe ships, dead; and do the Gods their best!
Serue black Night still, with shore, meate, sleepe, and ease;
And offer to the *Morning* for the seas.

This all the rest approu'd; and then knew I
That past all doubt, the diuell did apply
His slaughterous works. Nor would they be withheld;
I was but one; nor yeelded, but compell'd.
But all that might containe them, I afraid:
A sacred oath, on all their powres I laid;
That if with herds, or any richest flocks
We chanc't encounter; neither sheepe, nor Oxe
We once should touch; nor (for that constant ill
That followes folly) some aduice, and kill:
But quiet sit vs downe, and take such food
As the immortal *Circe* had bestowd.

They swore all this, in all severest fort;

And

And then we accord, in the winding Port;
Neare a fresh Riuer, where the longd. for shore
They all flew out to; tooke in victles store;
And, being full, thought of their friends, and wept
Their losse by *Scylla*; weeping till they slept.

In *Nights* third part; when stars began to stoope;
The Cloud-assembler, put a Tempest vp.
A boistrous spirit he gaue it; draue out all
His flocks of clouds; and let such darknesse fall,
That *Earth*, and *Seas* for feare, to hide were driuen;
For, with his clouds, he thrust out *Night* from heauen.

At *Merne*, we drew our ships into a caue;
In which the *Nymphs*, that *Phæbus* cattail draue;
Faïre dancing Roomes had, and their seates of State.
I vrg'd my friends then, that to shunne their Fate,
They would obserue their oath; and take the food
Our ship afforded; nor attempt the blood
Of those faïre *Herds* and *Flocks*; because they were,
That dreadfull Gods, that all could see, and heare.

They stood obseruant, and in that good mind
Had we bene gone: but so aduerse the wind
Stood to our passage, that we could not go.
For one whole moneth, perpetually did blow
Impetuous *Notus*; not a breaths repaire
But his, and *Eurus*, rul'd in all the Aire.
As long yet, as their ruddy wine, and bread
Stood out amongst them; so long, not a head
Of all those Oxen, fell in any strife
Amongst those students for the gut, and life.
But when their victles faild, they fell to prey:
Necessitie compell'd them then, to stray
In rape of fish, and fowle: what euer came
In reach of hand or hook; the bellies flame
Afflicted to it. I then, fell to praire;
And (making to a close *Retreate*, repaire
Free from, both friends, and winds) I wash't my hands,
And all the Gods besought, that held commands
In liberrall heauen; to yeeld some meane to stay
Their desperate hunger, and set vp the way
Of our returne restrain'd. The Gods, in steed
Of giuing what I prayd for, powre of deed;
A deedlesse sleepe, did on my lids distill,
For meane to worke vpon, my friends their fill.
For, whiles I slept, there wak't no meane to curb
Their headstrong wants, which he that did disturb
My rule, in chiefe, at all times; and was chiefe
To all the rest in counsaile to their griefe;
Knew well, and of, my present absence tooke

R 5

Hjs

His fit aduantage; and their iron strooke
 At highest heate. For (feeling their desire
 In his owne Entrailes, to allay the fire
 That *Famine* blew in them) he thus gaue way
 To that affection: Heare what I shall say,
 (Though words will stanch no hunger) euery death
 To vs poore wretches, that draw temporall breath,
 You know, is hatefull; but all know, to die
 The Death of *Famine*, is a miserie
 Past all Death loathsome. Let vs therefore take
 The chiefe of this faire herd; and offerings make
 To all the Deathlesse that in broad heauen liue;
 And, in particular, vow, if we arriue
 In naturall *Ithaca*, to strait erect
 A Temple to the haughtie in aspect;
 Rich, and magnificent, and all within
 Decke it with Relicks many, and diuine.
 If yet, he stands incens't, since we haue slaine
 His high-brow'd herd; and therefore will sustaine
 Desire to wracke our ship: he is but one;
 And all the other Gods, that we atone
 With our diuine Rites, will their suffrage giue
 To our design'd returne, and let vs liue.
 If not; and all take part, I rather craue
 To serue with one sole Death, the yawning waue;
 Then, in a desert Iland, lie and sterue;
 And, with one pin'd life, many deaths obserue.
 All cried, He counsailes nobly; and all speed
 Made to their resolute driving. For the freed
 Of the coleblacke, faire, broad-brow'd, Sun-lou'd *Beeues*:
 Had place, close by our ships. They tooke the liues
 Of fence, most eminent. About their fall
 Stood round, and to the States celestiall
 Made solemne vowes: But, other Rites, their ship
 Could not afford them; they did therefore strip
 The curld-head Oke, of fresh yong leaues, to make
 Supply of seruice for their Barly cake.
 And, on the sacredly enflam'd, for wine
 Powd purest water; all the parts diuine
 Spirting, and roasting: all the Rites beside
 Orderly vsing. Then did light diuide
 My low, and vpper lids; when, my repaire
 Made neare my ship; I met the delicate ayre
 Their rost exhal'd. Out instantly I cried;
 And said, O *Ioue*, and all ye Deities,
 Ye haue oppress me with a cruell sleepe;
 While ye confend on me, a losse as deepe
 As *Death* descends to. To themselves, alone

My

My rude men, left vngouern'd; they haue done
 A deed so impious, I stand well assur'd)
 That you will not forgiue, though ye procur'd.
 Then flew *Lempetie*, with the ample Robe,
 Vp to her Father, with the golden Globe;
Ambassadresse, to informe him, that my men
 Had slaine his Oxen. Heart-incens'd then,
 He cried; Reuenge me (Father, and the rest
 Both euer liuing, and for euer blest.)
Vlysses impious men, haue drawne the blood
 Of those my Oxen, that it did me good
 To looke on, walking, all my starrie round;
 And when I trod earth, all with meadowes crown'd
 Without your full amends, Ile leaue heauen quite;
Diu, and the Dead, adorning with my light.
 The Cloud-herd answer'd; Son! thou shalt be ours,
 And light those mortals, in that Mine of flowres;
 My red hote flash, shall grafe but on their ship,
 And eate it, burning, in the boyling deepe.
 This by *Calyso*, I was told, and she
 Inform'd it, from the verger *Mercurie*.
 Come to our ship; I chid, and told by name
 Each man, how impiously he was to blame.
 But chiding got no peace; the *Beeues* were slaine:
 When straight the Gods, fore-went their following paine
 With dire Ostents. The hides, the flesh had lost,
 Crept, all before them. As the flesh did rost
 It bellow'd like the Oxen it selfe, aliue.
 And yet my fouldiers, did their dead *Beeues* driue
 Through all these Prodiges, in daily feasts.
 Sixe daies they banqueted, and fluc fresh beasts,
 And when the seventh day, *Ioue* reduc't the wind
 That all the moneth rag'd; and so in did bind
 Our ship, and vs; was turn'd, and calm'd; and we
 Lancht, put vp Masts; Sailes hoised, and to Sea.
 The Iland left so farre; that land no where;
 But onely sea, and skie, had powre t'appare;
Ioue fixt a cloud about our ships; so blacke
 That all the sea it darkned. Yet from wracke
 She ranne a good free time: till from the West
 Came *Zephyre* rustling forth; and put his breast
 Out, in a singing tempest; so most vast,
 It burst the Gables, that made sure our Mast;
 Our Masts came tumbling downe: our cattell downe,
 Rusht to the Pump: and by our *Pylots* crowne
 The maine Mast, past his fall, past all his Skull,
 And all this wracke, but one flaw, made at full.
 Off from the Sterne, the Sternesman, diuing fell,

And

And from his sinews, flew his Soule to hell.
Together, all this time, *Ioue*: Thunder chid;
And through, and through the ship, his lightning glid:
Till it embrac't her round: her bulke was filld
With nasty sulphur; and her men were killd:
Tumbl'd to Sea, like Sea-mews swumme about,
And there the date of their returne was out.

I tost from side to side still, till all broke
Her Ribs were with the storme: and she did choke
With let-in Surges; for, the Mast torne downe;
Tore her vp pecemeale; and for me to drowne
Left little vndissol'd. But to the Mast
There was a lether Thong left; which I cast
About it, and the keele; and so far tost
With banefull weather, till the West had lost
His stormy tyranny. And then arose
The South, that bred me more abhorred woes;
For backe againe his blasts expell'd me, quite
On ravenous *Charybdis*. All that Night
I totter'd vp and downe, till *Light*, and I
At *Seyllus* Rocke encounterd; and the nie
Dreadfull *Charybdis*. As I draue on these,
I saw *Charybdis*, supping vp the seas,
And had gone vp together, if the tree
That bore the wilde figs, had not rescu'd me;
To which I leapt, and left my keele; and hic
Chambring vpon it, did as close imply
My breft about it, as a Reremouse could:
Yet, might my feete, on no stub fasten hold
To ease my hands: the roots were crept so low
Beneath the earth; and so aloft did grow
The far-spred armes, that (though good height I gat)
I could not reach them. To the maine Bole, flat
I therefore still must cling; till vp againe
She belcht my Mast, and after that, amaine
My keele came tumbling: so at length it chanc't,
To me, as to a Iudge, that long aduanc't
To iudge a sort of hote yong fellowes iarres,
At length time frees him from their ciuill warres;
When, glad, he riseth, and to dinner goes;
So time, at length, releast with ioyes my woes,
And from *Charybdis* mouth, appear'd my keele.
To which (my hand, now loos'd, and now, my heele)
I altogether, with a huge noife, dropt;
Iust in her midst fell, where the Mast was propt;
And there rowd off, with owens of my hands.
God, and *Mars* Father, would not, from her sands
Let *Seyllus* see me; for I then had died

That

That bitter death, that my poore friends supplied.
Nine Daies at Sea, I houer'd: the tenth Night
In th' Ile *Ogygia*, where about the bright
And right renoum'd *Calyssa*, I was cast
By powre of Deitie; Where I liu'd embrac't
With *Lowe*, and feasts. But why should I relate
Those kind occurrents? I should iterate
What I in part, to your chaste Queene and you
So late imparted. And for me to grow
A talker ouer of my tale againe,
Were past my free contentment to sustaine.

Finis duodecimi libri Hom. Odysse.

Opus nouem dierum.

Συν ὅρα.

